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MALLORCA
THE
MAGNIFICENT

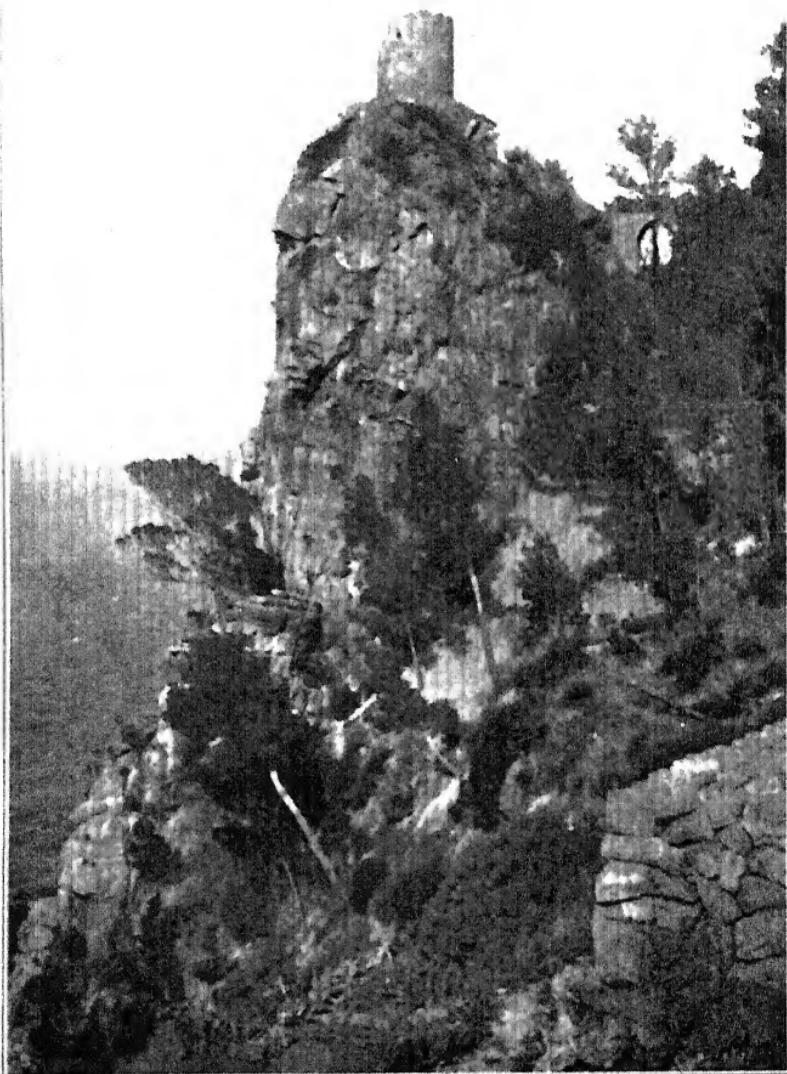
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FOREWORD

Mallorca, the largest of the Balearic Islands, lies in the Mediterranean about half-way between Marseilles and Barcelona. It is reached by a through train from Paris to Barcelona, where an up-to-date, luxurious steamer leaves for Palma, Mallorca, three times a week at half-past eight in the evening. The next morning at seven, one wakes to see the cathedral of Palma rising against a radiant sky amid such beauty of form, tint, and verdure as is rarely vouchsafed humanity to enjoy.

Before you land, the island's charm reaches out across the dimpling waters and claims your allegiance. On the horizon loom the mountains, august, fantastic in outline, rising from an impalpable mist of almond-blossoms. In the foreground rises Bellver Castle from among its pines high above the sea: built by a king; home of kings and prison of kings. The scent of orange-blossoms and roses drifts seaward with the sound of monastery bells. Painted sails are reflected in the azure and green

VILO SARMAD
OM



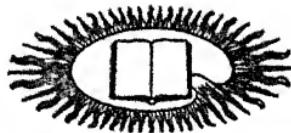
MOORISH WATCH-TOWER.

MALLORCA
THE
MAGNIFICENT

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
RALPH ADAMS CRAM



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FOREWORD

tide, and in the shadows of the dramatic shore one glimpses white beaches where children play.

This is our introduction to the island of Mallorca. We sense fascinations and odd experiences—waiting, but as yet we little realize the strength of the island's lure.

Picturesque places are often spoiled by an absence of hygiene and the presence of poverty, sordidness, and dirt. Ancient palaces line streets down whose center run filthy gutters. Scented gardens are a-flutter with ragged laundry, and half-starved horses drag the visitor from storied urn through much animated dust. But here is a land where microbes cease from troubling and the jazz band is at rest. Mallorca, set in summer seas, almost in the center of great civilizations, is sweet with cleanliness, green with verdure, calm with the dignity of centuries, and rich with architectural and historical interest. The spirit, mind, and body all receive revivifying sustenance among these lovely palaces which rise from among palm-fronds; these magnificent churches; the peace of sunny valleys and the majesty of mountain peaks.

It seems a fairy place pregnant with adventure; a gift from the past to our weary and disillusioned

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world. For many years curiosity has passed it by, but already the half-opened door to this paradise is opening wide, and before long—alas!—its serenity will be only a memory.

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Mallorca lies like a fallen sector of paradise on the pavement of azure sea. Fortunately long forgotten, unfortunately very much found at last, it preserved the integrity of its body and soul long after the culture of the rest of the world had declined into civilization. There is nothing else like it that I have ever seen, though much of Spain, outside the industrial and progressive centers, still holds its charm in a long afterglow, and as well the religion, the philosophy, and the social system of golden days long forgotten in other lands.

A friend once said that New Mexico was the only truly civilized State left in the Union, and with no more exaggeration one may say that Spain is still the most truly civilized state left in Europe. But Spain is very large, very bewildering, with varied cultures of many colors—Andalusia, Aragon, Catalonia, León, strange jewels threaded on the gold chain of immemorial and inextinguish-

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able tradition. Three thousand years and a score of racial dominations have marked each from each, and every jewel differs from the other in glory.

But Mallorca is a single unity, built on human scale. The history is there, and the varied blood, but all has fused in a realizable entity; it has the singleness of home. Land and people are married in unison. Beauty and character meet and remain. Less than in any other place do you experience the shock of the sudden issuance out of paradise into a livid scar of industrialism or the lurid by-products of its genius. The Peninsula itself spares you this for wide leagues, but in the end you encounter Bilbao, Barcelona, Madrid, or some other really progressive center, and the dream shatters.

Almost this is not so in Mallorca; almost but not quite, for the spirit of Advancement is moving on the face of the waters, that already are troubled, and one can mark approximately the course that has its end in oblivion. The first signs showed many a century ago when "the red, fool fury" of republicanism burst over all the Spanish lands, and even here in this sequestered isle mobs were found to wreck churches, and generally destroy good that evil might come. It was then that the Dominican monastery in Palma, the first no-[x]

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table work of the great master builder Jaime Fabre (who was later to build his masterpiece, Barcelona Cathedral) was utterly destroyed, its site now being more profitably occupied by banking-houses and the princely club. A little later the demolition of the mighty ramparts of the walled town was taken in hand, and only a noble fragment now remains. To the south the four-mile beach is degraded by a mean type of cheap sea-shore hotels and blatant "villas." The prosperous city spills out through the rents in its once guarding walls, in the regular type of yellow stucco suburb, while the fields and orchards of almond and olive between Palma and Terreno are scored by the harsh cuttings of new streets and adorned with the bill-boards of "realtors." Sad and disdainful, in the midst of these signs of progress, stands an old, abandoned mansion, half fortress; half manor-house, its great vaulted tower on Moorish foundations that were there, though with another superstructure, when El Conquistador held his siege against the Moslem capital, already there before Columbus launched his ships from Palos. Opposite in a little sheltered cleft of the rocky coast, down at the level of the malachite sea, a brick factory with its tall brick chimney

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blots the view of the ivory city with its honey-colored cathedral rising from the sea. It is abandoned, and one is glad of its commercial failure, but it is still extant and will probably start up again with better times.

Terreno has its blemishes, in the shape of vicious little villas all shiny tiles and silly turrets, but much of the old remains in the shape of quiet little sheltered houses of a century ago, and once within garden gates there is more loveliness of the cloistered sort than may be found elsewhere, for Terreno is a maze of walled gardens, while there is always the looming forest of Bellver towering behind, and the incredible bay just before.

Further along, a mile or two, is the most disquieting and ominous thing of all, and at Porto Pi, no less. Once this was the loveliest thing near Palma; a little sheltered inlet of still, blue waters, with drooping trees close along the sides, and at the mouth of the harbor two strong stone towers where a vast chain was stretched from one to the other to close the port. It was all so beautiful that the villas of the citizens grew up along its banks and on the heights above. So it all was until the war, and then came that event that is most omi-

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nous of a final ending of Mallorca as a hidden sanctuary of reality. Now all one side of the once shady and glass-paved glen has burst into an enormous eruption of bricks, galvanized iron, and structural steel. Towering elevators and cranes slash the sky, piles of coal and chemicals form sordid hillocks, spur-tracks run here and there with rumbling cars and clanking din, while over all, black smoke and nauseous fumes stain the air. It is a factory for the manufacture of chemical fertilizer, and is the forward-looking development of the richest man on the island.

Of course, if this sort of thing goes on—but why borrow trouble? These blemishes I have noted are, so far as I have seen, the only ones on the island, and all lie within five miles of the center of the city. Canker like this spreads, but must it be for all time? Before it covers the whole island, with palatial hotels, garages, movie houses, casinos, roller-coasters, and all the other products of civilization, may not the tide change, as always in the past it has changed when it has reached its full? As once, and with less cause, mobs rose to crush the monks and friars and devastate their treasure-houses of perfect art—Poblet, Santas Creus, Guadalupe, Montserrat, the Dominican

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cloister here in Palma, so on another day another mob may rise against the fertilizer factory of Porto Pi, and then the water may clear again, the trees and shrubs and flowers creep over the new mounds of débris, the birds come back, and with them the citizens of Palma to the villas they were forced to abandon when industrial progress drove them away.

Meanwhile let us take joy in what we have; forty miles east and west and north and south, as lovely a land as God ever made for His children to live in. The high sierra lies all along the north edge like a windrow of uncut opals, guarding the island from harsh winds. South stretches the level *huerta*, in February a sea of white almond-blossoms, broken by islets of gray-green olives. Over the mountains the scarps drop sheer to the sea in wild promontories and cleft glens, all thick with the rich foresting that is wholly absent from the farther side. Gray and yellow hill-towns emerge from the level to the south or hide in warm eddies across the sierra. Gardens in ruins and ruined castles, towered manors and rambling farms, gray windmills, watch-towers, arched bridges, rise into view at every turn. Infinite variety of land and sea and the works of man, and all in human scale,

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intimate, appealing. No frost ever comes, flowers bloom always, and every month is good (though in summer fiercely hot) except March, and March is vicious everywhere, except perhaps in the Hawaiian Islands.

Yes, the “Fortunate Isles” they were called long ago, and the Islands of the Hesperides, where grew the “golden apples.” Fortunate still, except where man has begun his inevitable work of degradation. He himself is also of the fortunate ones, if he comes once within the charmed circle of the sapphire seas that ring Mallorca; and if he comes once he is lost, for there is no rest for him until he comes again—perhaps even to remain, for the Circe of the Balearic Islands is the reverse of her of the Greek legends, for her task it is to transform swine into men.

RALPH ADAMS CRAM.

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MALLORCA THE MAGNIFICENT

THE ISLAND OF
MALLORCA

C. CATALUÑA, C. FORMENTO



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CHAPTER I

Conquest

IT is to be regretted that Washington Irving did not add to his literary laurels by chronicling the history of the expulsion of the Moors from Mallorca, as he did in the case of Spain. Only his pen could do justice to that tragic drama; for nothing in history presents more moving heroisms, medieval cruelties, and poetical incidents.

Historical events preceding this era were those of all countries bordering on the Mediterranean. In the shadowy past a powerful race, which remains a mystery, left monoliths to prove its presence on the island. Two thousand years later, Hannibal's brother swept down upon the primitive people and gained control of Mallorca.

Later, Rome coveted this gem of the sea and,

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one hundred and twenty-five years before Christ, made of it a Roman province, where her wise and liberal authority created prosperity and order. Alcudia became the capital, and Pollensa was founded, where those prehistoric monoliths of that still more ancient race still stand, mute reminders of an unknown past.

When Rome's power declined, the Visigoths, in 425, had their turn at spoliation; and nine years later Mallorca was conquered by the Moors and remained theirs until, in 1229, Christian Spain, under King Jaime I of Aragon, invaded and conquered it.

The vital history of Mallorca begins with this period, for the Saracens, during those eight hundred years, had brought Mallorca to a state of prosperity, wealth, and beauty which European civilization has never surpassed there. The intellectual development of the Moors at that time was of a high order. France was far behind Moorish Spain, and sent her sons to Córdova to learn mathematics, astronomy, and letters. Moorish architecture possessed an airy grace and elegance which still compels the admiration of the civilized world. Mallorca was to Moorish Spain what Pompeii and Sicily were to Rome—a place of ease and

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delight, luxury and refined pleasures. Palaces rose along the coast and, in Palma, above hanging gardens which crowned the plateau where the cathedral now stands. Luxurious baths, airy colonnades, secluded courts where translucent pools reflected solemn cypresses, made Palma a city famed for its beauty.

Inland, on lofty crags and in valleys under the lee of mountains, fortress-palaces were surrounded with gardens and waterways which to-day charm the senses. The olive-trees we now see on each side of the road to Sóller, for many miles, were planted by the Moors a thousand years ago; and the walls which follow the highway across the garden plain, inland to the mountains, are topped by runnels for waters which still sing as when Moorish knights reined their horses to drink from that elevated source.

On every side we see the ghosts of their taste and ingenuity: the great water-wheels turned by mules; geometrically designed tiles in patios, on stairways and floors; their watch-towers set on crags high above the sea. The very streets run crookedly as do their prototypes in Toledo and Fez. On a still night, when modernity sleeps, stroll through those streets beneath the same moon

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which saw those hooded shapes moving on slippersed feet among equally secret houses. If you will listen with the imagination, you will hear high above you a voice calling from a minaret: "La il-laha Allah wa Mahammed Rasoul Allah. There is no Conqueror but God."

These shades are more real than realities, and plead for remembrance and understanding. When we hear the wistful cadence of a peasant's song, it is Arab music. Oriental eyes brood in Mallorcan faces. The finely cut features of the people, their courtesy, self-restraint, dignity, and refinement are all heritages from those who created a paradise and suffered its loss.

When Boab el Chico, the last king of Granada, gave up the keys of that city to Ferdinand and Isabella, he felt no greater grief than did the last emir of Palma when he bowed before King Jaime I, the Conquistador, under the arch which remains in the Almudaina.

In 760 Mallorca was already a temptation to that part of northern Spain which had become an established Christian kingdom, wrested from the Moors, whose conquests extended from Africa to Tours in France. But it was not until the thirteenth century that that ambition for conquest was real-

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ized. On February 8, 1208, a boy was born in Spain to Pedro II and his wife, the heiress of Montpellier. This boy was Jaime I, the Conquistador, who married Violante of Hungary, who bore him eight children.

Jaime, while still a child, was sent to Carcassonne, to be educated under Simon de Montfort. But Pedro quarreled with the rulers of Carcassonne and was killed in the battle which ensued. Simon de Montfort, from malice, retained possession of the boy until the pope, then at Avignon, interfered and insisted that Jaime be returned to the land of his fathers.

Jaime, King of Aragon, was twenty years old when the conquest of Mallorca was decided upon. His authentic portrait is now in the Town Hall at Palma and depicts him as tall, slender, blond-bearded; dressed in a crimson robe of state over a golden surcoat with jeweled belt and necklace, and a golden crown upon his youthful head. His countenance is noble and benign, and history proves him to have been of a kindly disposition and scholarly tastes. Events demanded much from him which must have warred with his nature. His kingdom was his paramount care, and his many conquests involved him in constant and arduous

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warfare, among which his conquest of Mallorca was only an episode. His conquest of Valencia, nine years later, was a more formidable enterprise, for it took many years to reduce that country and rich city, from which he drove an entire population, replacing Moors with Christians.

History fails to give reasonable particulars regarding the making of war upon Mallorca, and these are contradictory and lack sincerity. Much is made of Moorish piracy, but at that time piracy was a remunerative and common mode of attaining wealth among all races on the Mediterranean, and the Moors suffered from it as well as their enemies.

The command to love one's neighbor was transposed into loving their possessions sufficiently to take them, when power or opportunity permitted. By nature the Moors are a gentle and peace-loving people, and the impetus which caused them to inundate Europe successfully was religious fanaticism. The Saracens were not the only race which gloried in such warfare.

But their tolerance for unbelievers was greater than that of the Christians at that time on the island of Mallorca, for a Catholic bishop officiated at Palma undisturbed among Christians domiciled

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there; and such was their admiration for holiness under any guise that in 1299 the emir of Palma permitted the monk Raimon Lull to preach in mosques and the synagogues of the Jews. History fails to record any instance of a marabout or "holy man" being allowed to preach in a Christian church, no matter how noble his life or his sentiments.

Some excuse, however, had to be found for making war on Mallorca, that rich and tempting morsel which lay so near Barcelona. Jaime was only twenty—an idealist, something of a dreamer and a scholar. He was also profoundly religious; so those more skilled in political chicanery than he made it clear to the lad that his own salvation depended upon the conversion of those pagans at his door. Little was said to him of material profits, for to Jaime the spirit was of more importance.

The church was paramount in Christian Spain, and a council was called at which church dignitaries did most of the talking. A "holy war" was decided upon, and in 1229 this was preached from every pulpit to impress upon all concerned how "holy" a war it was to be. The young king and his subjects became inspired by religious fervor to carry light to those who sat in darkness, and so

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warlike preparations were begun on a large scale.

The church took the most active part. Priests went from village to village, exhorting the masculine population to join this crusade against the infidels at their door, while civil dignitaries promised rich rewards in loot and honors for those who should take part in the undertaking.

Warlike preparations went forward with zeal and enthusiasm. To prove how religious a war it was, the bishop of Barcelona enrolled himself with 130 knights, one thousand soldiery, and a vessel of war, making oath from the steps of the altar that he would not return until the infidel island was conquered. The archbishop of Tarragona, too old to wear armor and embark, promised to equip at his own expense one hundred chevaliers and one thousand men. The count of Roussillon, Don Nuño, who proved to be the king's right-hand man, was spokesman for the *Ricos Hombres*, who each and all promised to equip soldiery. A rich merchant of Barcelona, Ramón Plegamans, engaged to furnish food supplies and stone-throwing cannon for a siege. A fleet of 143 ships was equipped and manned, of which the largest vessel,

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with three decks, came from Narbonne. Each contribution was occasion for churchly ceremonies of thanksgiving, indulgences, and absolutions.

Thus the fashion was set, and prelates, priests, and monks covered their shaven heads with steel helmets and embarked in full armor with the flower of Spanish chivalry for Mallorca, to destroy a peaceful people on a rich island to whom they were to carry Christ's command to love one's neighbor as one's self.

The great fleet set sail on September 1, 1229. It was a calm night, and the small, flat-bottomed boats which carried the soldiery followed in the wake of the slow-moving ships, whose every sail was set. Before dawn a gale blew with such violence that the navigators advised returning to Spain, but Jaime was never one to retreat, and, feeling that God was the pilot of this holy expedition, he, in his own ship, took the lead, and at sunset the following evening, the entire fleet lay off Pollensa on the northwestern shore of Mallorca.

But heavy surf prevented the landing of the Spanish forces, and they had to take to the open sea again. Following the coast south, the king

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leading, they reached the island, little more than a rock, called Pantaleu, on which the king and his suite landed, and there he spent Sunday.

This island was too small for landing troops. From its height a large force of Saracens could be discerned on land, watching. But they made no sign of opposition, and in the darkness, as the wind dropped, Jaime led the fleet into the pretty harbor of Santa Ponsa, on whose white sands part of the forces landed as inconspicuously as possible, while the rest of the army went farther south, nearer Palma, and debarked near the bay of Porrassa.

A youth named Riudemeya was the first to reach land and plant the king's standard. It is indicative of the king's faith in victory that then and there he graciously bestowed upon this young man the land of Santa Ponsa, which still belonged to the Moors.

Seven hundred men followed, led by two brothers named Moncada, the king's dearest friends. Other knights joined them, among whom was Bernado de Champans, master of the Knights Templar, armed cap-a-pie. Soon they met a troop of Moors and put them to flight. Jaime's fighting blood was up, and he himself then led another band, composed of only forty knights, to attack

four hundred Moors successfully, and put them to flight.

The war was on. Foes were equally matched in valor and incentive. The Spaniards had everything to gain and nothing to lose—but lives. The Moors had everything to lose and paradise to gain, if they died killing Christians.

On the wall of a corridor in the Escorial there is a fresco which covers all sides from floor to ceiling, depicting warfare between Moors and Christians at that period. It is admirably executed, and is still distinct despite the centuries which have dimmed its colors. It shows hand-to-hand fighting. Moors as well as Christians wear mail and corselets of beautiful workmanship, including steel helmets not unlike those worn in the late war. The Moors' helmets are sometimes surmounted by turban scarfs twisted about the head, while those of the Christians are gay with ostrich-plumes. The horses of both are magnificently caparisoned with velvet embroidered in gold and silver, deep fringes of silk, and netted cords. From behind the groups of the saddles on the Arab horses, silk draperies float downward over the haunches and tails. It presents a brilliant spectacle.

An odd detail is the calm depicted on Saracen

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faces even in the death-struggle. There is one Moor lying beneath his enemy's descending dagger, who contemplates his murderer with as much tranquillity as though listening to a concert in Albert Hall. The Christians, on the contrary, evince rage, excitement, and agony with disconcerting naïveté. What significance the artist meant to portray remains a mystery.

In the background are magnificent tents. Those of the Christians are of velvet or silk, ostrich-plumes atop tent-poles. Those of the Moors are embroidered with crescents and geometrical designs. Both would grace a garden-party at Buckingham Palace, and one wonders what happened to those splendors when it rained—especially to the ostrich-plumes.

The spectacle on this island must have been one of tragic beauty as foes met, struggled, and died. The background of mountain crags where eagles watched them; fertile fields gay with flowers, and a radiant shore palm-fringed—all made a brilliant setting for the drama.

Fortunately for us, the young king was a scholar of no mean order, and, like Julius Cæsar, he kept a diary. This was published at Valencia, in the Castilian language, in 1474; in 1557 King

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Philip published a Spanish edition, and in 1883 this was translated into English by Don Pascual de Gayangos.

Therefore we can read the clear, terse facts as the young king wrote them day by day—the disposal of troops, the successes, the failures; his grief at the death of the Moncada brothers, and, above all, his constant reiteration of the power of God to give him victory. He apparently respected his enemies and had no personal malice or vengeful bitterness toward them. He felt himself merely an instrument for the glory of God.

While these preliminary skirmishes took place and the rest of the army was debarking at Porrassa, news came that the emir, an aged man, was at the head of a considerable force near Porto Pi, a small promontory only three miles from Palma. The flower of Moorish chivalry was gathered there under the banner of red and white surmounted by a Christian's head.

When Jaime learned of this at midnight, he called a council of war, at which it was decided, at the king's suggestion, to allow a night's repose to the soldiers. At dawn the king, surrounded by his nobles, assisted at mass and heard a sermon by the bishop of Barcelona.

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Immediately the two Moncada brothers, impatient to earn laurels, galloped off with a handful of followers, to meet the enemy, five thousand strong. The count of Ampurias, alarmed, hastily followed with soldiers and joined the rash adventurers. But courage did not compensate for lack of numbers, and soon the Moors surrounded the advance-guard. The king, alarmed for his beloved friends, galloped to their rescue, accompanied by a single soldier, having given orders for reinforcements to follow with all speed.

The king was without his armor, so took that of a servant, Bertrand de Naya, and rushed to the rescue. On the way he met Guillen de Mediona, a famous jousting knight of tournaments, who was going to the rear because of a wounded lip. The king scornfully rebuked him for leaving because of so slight a wound, and the knight, covered with shame, returned and died like a soldier.

The king, escorted by only twelve soldiers, gained a hill which to-day is called El Collado del Rey, where he found Don Nuño disposing his forces before the great Moorish army.

The two armies came together with terrific shock; horses trampled the wounded to death; simitars and swords clashed and killed while

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results hung in the balance. But suddenly, sick of slaughter, the Moors broke and fled in such complete disorganization that the emir could not regain his capital and was obliged to fly inland to the mountains.

Exhausted by fatigue and hunger, the king partook of bread and wine under the tent of Don Oliner de Termans, on a hill between the neighboring mountains and the shore where now stands the great castle of Bendinat near Porto Pi. The name signifies *bien diné*, well dined.

The rout of the Spanish forces left the way clear for the siege of Palma. The king camped before the great gate of the surrounding city walls that is to-day called El Rey. The soldiery slept on the ships lying at anchor in the harbor, for the camp was well protected with strong palisades.

It was decided to break down part of the wall, and for this the stone-throwing machines donated by Ramón Plegamans were brought up and set in place, the most up-to-date artillery then known. The Moors had similar cannon, one of such range as to work havoc in the Christian camp fully half a mile away!

The king's ardor was effective, but that of a monk named Miguel Fabra stimulated them all

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from king to camp-follower. This remarkable man had preached glowing sermons in Spain which roused enthusiasm to a frenzy of zeal.

But one night, in spite of guards and spies, the emir stole into the city of Palma, where a terrified population acclaimed him as their savior. Starvation menaced; women and children, the aged and the soldiers, were stricken with fear, yet to capitulate meant worse horrors than death. The Spanish army lay before the city, their splendid tents in plain sight. Behind them were fruitful fields, water, and herds for nourishment, while within the city food was rapidly disappearing, and water, which was principally derived from cisterns, was growing scarce hourly.

Everything seemed in favor of the Christians. But one Moor named Fatih-Billah conceived of a plan by which the enemy might also be reduced to fatal thirst. The Spanish camp was on the border of a canal, whose water came from Canet in the mountains, and was almost the sole source of supply. Without it, those thousands of Christian dogs would be obliged to fall back on local wells which would breed fevers and death, or water would have to be brought on mule-back many miles—impossible for such a host.

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Fatih-Billah waited until a starless night gave shelter and a gale whistled through trees, drowning other sounds. With five hundred men he reached the hill at Canet where the spring was situated; and, stationing sentinels along the mountain gorge, this gallant company endeavored to turn the bed of the stream sufficiently to leave the enemy waterless.

In the darkness and amid the roar of the tempest they dug frantically in the rocky soil for honor, wives, and children; for did they succeed, a greater weapon than many stone-throwers would destroy the enemy.

But it was slow work, and before dawn word came to the king of what was happening. Swiftly Don Nuño and the Marquis Torella were sent speeding to Canet with a superior force. The stone bridge which we traverse at Canet was the scene of a desperate encounter. Fatih-Billah lost his life, and his followers were cut to pieces. The river-bed was choked with bodies, and for some days those once pure waters reached the camp reddened and unfit to drink.

In contrast to this heroism of a Moor, follows an incident which no historian seems to call by its proper name. If treachery means betraying one's

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country and giving aid to the enemy, then surely there never was a more despicable treason than that of a rich and powerful Moor named Benahabet, governor of Pollensa and Inca, who lived in a beautiful domain called Alfabia, which is only half an hour by motor from Palma. To-day one can appreciate his love of luxury and beauty from that lovely abode with its exquisite gardens, which still preserve their charm.

Benahabet was a shrewd politician, and, appreciating not only the power of the Spanish army, but also the power which lay behind it on the mainland, he decided that his own interests and ultimate reward lay with serving the conqueror, Christian though he be.

So with specious flatteries he sent word to the king that the domains he governed were at the king's disposal. This was important, for those domains were wide and Benahabet's influence paramount. With his accommodating message, he sent vast stores of grain and food which he promised to renew weekly. The king was naturally delighted, and, perhaps with contempt in his heart, graciously accepted and admitted Benahabet to his presence. The interview was short but to the point. Benahabet not only turned over whole provinces with

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their inhabitants to the king, but asked that they should be governed by Spaniards who would "administer justice."

In consequence two Spanish officers, one from Barcelona and the other from Montpellier, were delegated to see "justice" done among those Moors thus handed over to their enemies. One can fancy their bitter rage and helplessness, thus betrayed by their own governor, who by this shrewd arrangement avoided the subjugation of his own people and laid the burden of responsibility on Spanish backs.

History fails to give details of what followed, but the imagination can supply them. Mercy was not the fashion at that time, nor were the Moors easily broken on the wheel of adversity. One chronicler tells how several hundred fled to a certain mountain whose sheer precipice can be seen from the road to Manacor. The Spanish governor sent word that all who refrained from their decision to throw themselves from the cliff would be pardoned, did they come down. But the Moors had witnessed what happened to others when they were "pardoned" and preferred to die by their own volition. Others, with children whose lives had only begun, took the chance of trusting the Span-

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iards, returning to the foot of the mountain and into the arms of the soldiery. An example must be made. Dried wood was at hand, and soon fires were blazing, into which men, women, and children were thrown and burned alive.

One wonders what Benahabet felt when he heard of it, and how he slept that night at Alfabia among his singing waters and nightingales.

Meanwhile the great walls about Palma were crumbling, and the emir, realizing his desperate situation, decided to attempt compromise. With a brilliant retinue of kaïds and officers in all the gorgeous panoply of the East, he went to the headland of Porto Pi after a truce was arranged, and there pitched his tent. Choosing a trusted friend, he sent to the king the request to have a delegate come to discuss terms.

Don Nuño went and was received by the white-bearded emir with all politeness within his sumptuous tent, where, when each had had rose-water poured over his hands from a silver ewer, they seated themselves on a divan and got down to business.

The emir's proposal was that he should pay the entire cost of the Spanish expedition if they would reëmbark for Spain; he pointed out the impreg-

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nability of the island and the vain hope of success for Spain. Don Nuño, suave and non-committal, retired and laid the proposition before the king, who declined it as a childish offer.

The emir then requested a second interview, which was granted. Again the same offer was made, coupled with further reasons why the Spaniards could never conquer a people sworn to die rather than betray their faith: the probability of aid from the king of Tunis; the strength of other walled cities on the coast and among the mountains; the points of supreme advantage on rocky crests and in narrow gorges where no man could pass alive. He even urged the right of every man to worship as he believed; this to a good Catholic like Don Nuño seemed arrant nonsense, though he carried the message to the king, who again declined.

A third interview was given. This time the emir offered to pay five bezants for every man, woman, and child, along with the capitulation of the city, on the condition that he be allowed sufficient vessels in which to carry all his people to Barbary.

To this suggestion the king's kind heart was tempted to assent. Much bloodshed would be saved and an embittered population would be removed, leaving place for Spaniards to take over

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properties unhampered by antagonisms, and by
inevitable punishments and suppressions.

But, as usual, Don Nuño, and more especially
the relatives of the two Mondana brothers who
had died by Moorish hands, vetoed this wise and
reasonable course; and the emir received word
that no further negotiations would be entertained.

The emir returned to Palma, despair in his
heart, and called his people together. With fervent
eloquence he pleaded for their devotion. They
need not hope for mercy. Without the walls lay
an uncompromising enemy who, once victorious,
would wreak upon them every torture and ignominy. That night Palma lay still behind her
walls while the Spanish army gathered strength
for the morrow. From the minarets of the mosques
the muezzin's call was heard for the last time—to
the north, south, east, and west—"There is no
Conqueror but God." This call, high above the
roofs where women and children huddled, per-
haps brought them consolation. They had heard it
all their lives—at dawn when they woke to a
happy day; at noon when the hot sunlight found
them within their lovely courts; and again at
night, when the same stars which watched with

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them on this, their last night on earth perhaps, lent benison to their quiet sleep.

The marabouts or holy men gathered the people about them in the market-place on which the Town Hall now stands, comforting, exhorting, reminding them how truly God had made them victorious from Gibraltar to France. They were reminded that to die killing Christians was assurance of everlasting youth in paradise with houris forever young and loving.

All that night the Moors whetted their simitars and sharpened their arrows. Women helped demolish walls for stones to throw over parapets on the enemy. Jewels were secreted, and rich rugs, silver, gold, and silks buried. Every horse and mule was saddled on chance they might escape into the mountains. The sun rose over the bay, gilding minarets and white houses. Birds sang in the gardens; pet gazelles drank their fill from the peaceful pools under the cypresses, and children woke with laughter as though no enemy were at their gates.

A little after dawn a loud explosion rent the air, leaving a breach in the city wall forty yards wide, and through this the Spaniards sought to

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enter. But the Moors defended it with fury, and the Spaniards were forced to retire. For the time being, the Moors were victorious, and the mosques were filled with prayers of thanksgiving.

A few days later, the Saturday before the feast of St. André, another portion of the wall was blown up, but the king decided that a final assault should not be made until the next day. With every preparation of arms, souls, and bodies, the Spaniards threw themselves upon the city, using every known means of destruction. But, to the amazement of the Spaniards, the Moors still remained masters of the situation. They fought with indifference to life. Women threw burning oil and rocks over the parapets upon Spaniards on scaling-ladders, and the city still held. At last the king and his councilors realized the difficulty of their task and perhaps regretted having refused the emir's last offer to give up the city and take these obstinate Moors to Barbary.

On the last day of December, the Spaniards, mortified and enraged by repeated failures, decided to bring all their forces together for an overwhelming assault. Every man was engaged; sailors, servants, and soldiery. At dawn the troops heard mass and received communion, and the king

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addressed them, bidding them conquer the infidels as they valued their own salvation. He also took an oath that he would die with them, rather than accept another defeat.

At noon the Spaniards threw themselves upon that part of the wall called now Puerta Pintada and effected an entrance into the city over piles of dead Moors. The emir at the head of his troops met the invaders, mounted on a white horse, like himself in full armor. In the street now called San Miguel there followed terrific fighting. The emir seemed to seek death. Standing in his stirrups he swung his jeweled simitar with such fury that "heads fell about him like wheat before a scythe." His voice could be heard above the deafening cries of agony, the neighing of crazed horses, and the shock of weapons on shields and helmets: "Retreat not! Hold firm!"

The king and his immediate followers literally hacked their way through human flesh to the principal mosque, while the emir was beaten down a side street. When the Moors no longer saw their leader, they gave way, and Palma was in the hands of the Spaniards. To-day the Church of San Miguel stands where that mosque stood, and within it are the Virgin and Child from the prow

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of the king's galley in which he came to Mallorca.

The king at the head of his victorious army went to the Alcázar, or Almudaina Palace, which still faces the present cathedral and the sea. The inhabitants on their knees made his progress slow as they pleaded for mercy. Before the entrance of the emir's palace the king dismounted and, accompanied by his cousin Don Nuño, entered and demanded the emir. The old soldier appeared, dressed in a white burnous and quilted mantle, calm and resigned. He did not kneel or deliver up a sword, but bowed his head saying, "Maktoob" —it is the will of Allah.

The king treated so noble an enemy with every courtesy, gave him in charge of two knights, and promised him his life. The emir had a beloved son of fourteen whom the king adopted, sent to Spain, and had educated. This young Moorish prince embraced the Christian faith, received a large domain in Spain, and later married the beautiful Eva de Roldan and became the Baron de Hillueca y Gotor.

Meanwhile the king and his staff took up their residence in the Almudaina; and the emir, under close guard, was left in a wing of the palace. By careful search the Spaniards unearthed many val-

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uables in money, gold, silver, rich stuffs, gold-embroidered saddles, copper and brass vessels of value. The king spent some days within the palace recovering from fatigue, both physical and moral, for the task had been long and arduous.

No doubt as he paced those tranquil arcades whose beauty reflected the taste and happiness of a race he had come to convert or exterminate, his kindly nature shrank from the task which still lay before him. Perhaps some vague thought that the love of God did not reach humanity solely through the channel of his own church begot uneasiness in his mind. On all sides woven into the intricacies of the design of walls about him he read, "There is no Conqueror but God," and realized that, after all, this truth was the foundation of his own faith. Were not all living things prophets of God's power and love?

The rose-petals which strewed the tinted tiles under his feet, the doves cooing under the airy arches, the motes dancing in shafts of sunlight among the orange-trees, were they not each and all prophets of God? The nobility of his enemy in whose palace he now rested, from whence was that nobility obtained? King Jaime had too elevated a mind not to have been troubled by such

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thoughts. He had not that hardness which renders a man wholly joyous in victory. He was aware that without the palace walls the soldiery were busy sacking the city, for which favor they had been given eight days. He knew the meaning of it: the violence, crime, and ferocity which those rough men considered reward for their share in the triumph. In his own silent chambers his imagination heard the cries of fear, shame, and agony as wantonness had its will with a defenseless people.

So for those eight days the king remained hidden, a large share of the time at prayer or closeted with his spiritual advisers, who had the acumen to keep him engaged with matters spiritual. His was the mission to bring Christ to that island in which He had no worshipers. To cheer his depression they brought him 180 Christian prisoners rescued from Moorish dungeons. Their chains were struck off, and a *Te Deum* was sung.

Business brought brooding to an end, however. The streets, piled with the dead, had to be cleared and corpses buried. But looting had taken precious time and the pest broke out. Nothing was organized; the native population was still troublesome in the city and without; and among the mountains

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thousands of Moors still waited, unsubdued. Fever wrought havoc among the Spaniards, and one of the first to die was the king's dearest friend, the count of Ampurias. And although the soldiers died like flies, weakening the strength of the army, no reinforcements arrived from Spain. To keep the depleted soldiers idle was unwise, and for every reason they should be removed from the neighborhood of Palma. Thousands of Moorish warriors awaited a propitious moment to descend from the mountains, only eight miles away to the north. If they succeeded in attack it might be serious, and each day revealed further Spanish weakness.

So the king gathered his remaining forces together and set forth across the plain for Buñola, near Alfabia and half-way to Sóller, where among the peaks and gorges the Moors lay in wait. Fortunately the king's ally, Benahabet, held the impregnable castle of Alaró, perched on a crag nearly a thousand feet above the sea. Had antagonists held that stronghold, whose ruins to-day keep sinister watch over the surrounding country, the king's task might have proved impossible.

But his army reached Buñola at the head of the pass, and at once, like a whirlwind, the Moors

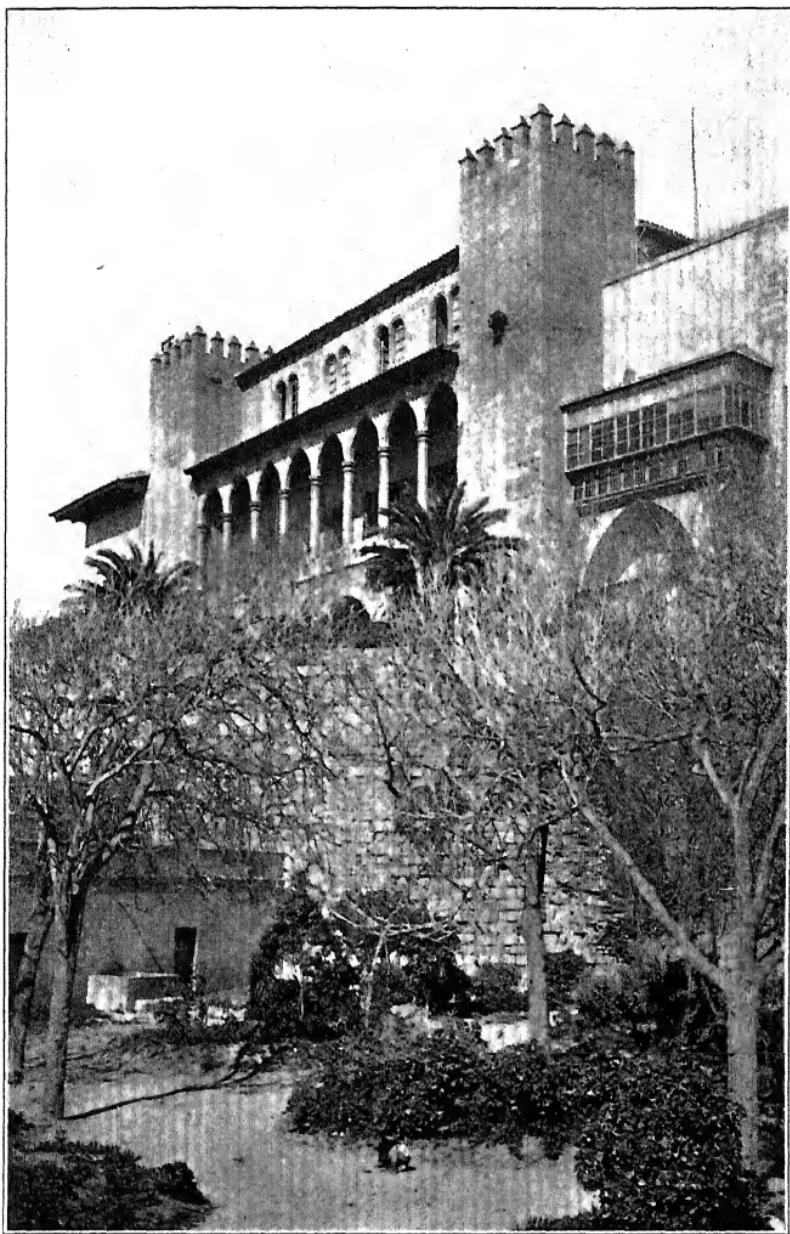
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swept down from their eeries and gave battle. The little valley was like a tempestuous sea of tossing blades, flying burnouses, glittering armor, and plunging horses. Moorish women and children watched the struggle from the mountain-sides, unable to discern friend from foe in that seething mass of human beings. Here the flag of Spain rose above the clash of arms. There the green flag of Mohammed came to the surface in that seething caldron of death.

Suddenly the king's forces broke and fled. No command could stop their headlong flight, and not until they reached Inca, in the center of the island, did they pause. The king, who had remained behind with only forty cavaliers vainly trying to stay the ignominious rout, at last was obliged to rejoin his army, bitterly reproaching them for cowardice.

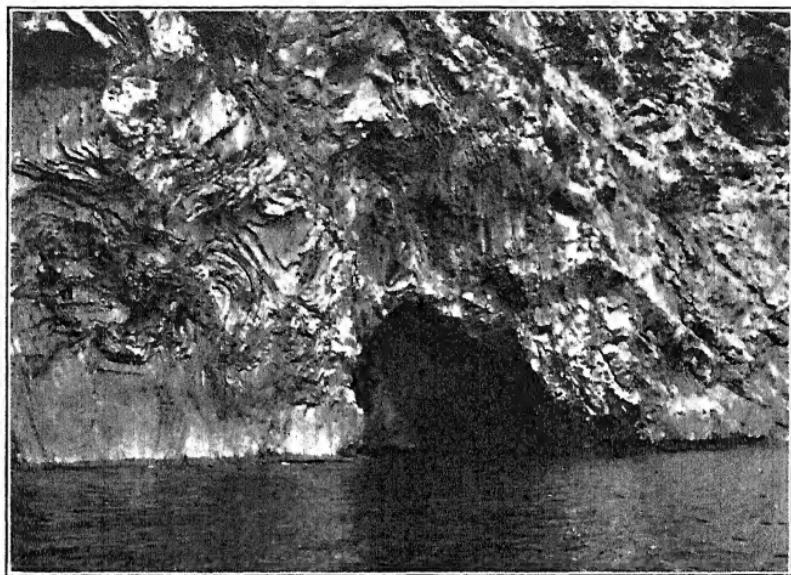
One can imagine the joy among those mountain eeries when the Moors returned, a Christian head on every lance, and how, from the little mosque at Buñola, the muezzin called, north, south, east, and west, at sunset, "There is no Conqueror but God."

At Palma, to which the Spaniards returned broken and spent, the triumphant delight of the Moors had to be concealed. Those eight days of

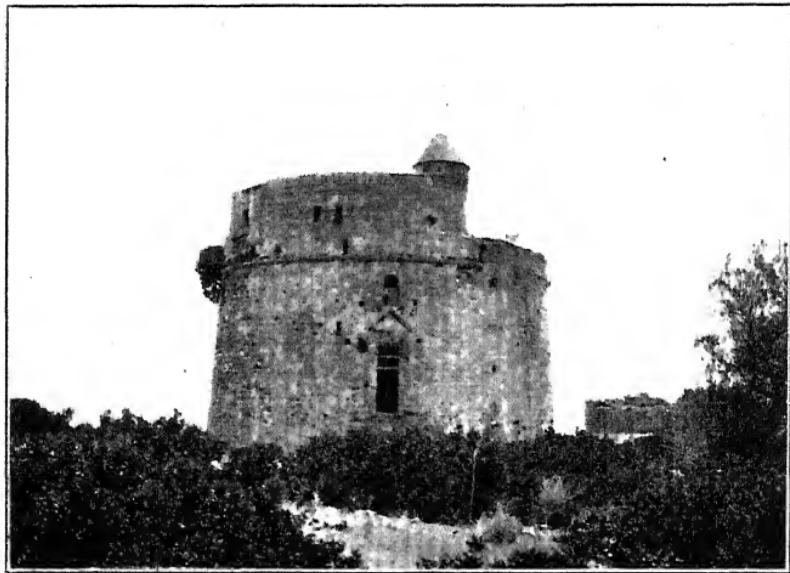


Courtesy of Mr. Arthur Byne.

THE ALMUDAINA.



SMALL CAVE ON COAST.



TALYOT OR MOORISH FORT.

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sacking had taught the meaning of revenge. The Moors hid in their flat-roofed white houses behind their blood-bespattered walls, not daring to glance over the parapets as their vanquished enemies passed beneath on jaded horses.

The king returned to the Almudaina, and for some time no one saw him save his spiritual advisers. He realized the insecurity of his position. The enemy was not only without, but also within, close at hand. At night, when he mounted, Moorish fashion, to the trellised roof, and his eyes traversed that network of silent darkened streets, he knew that behind every barred door hate lurked, for himself and all he represented. Death might find him in the wine he drank, the flower whose perfume he inhaled, the shadow behind a column; and without him, would the expedition survive? When he contemplated what would be necessary to subdue that heroic people, he shrank from the task. He had already seen that pitiless measures would be needed, and the material with which to execute them was lacking.

But his dark brooding was brought to an end by the arrival of reinforcements from Spain, more important in quality than quantity—fifteen knights of famous valor and military genius,

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headed by Hugo Alguer, grand master of the Knights of Jerusalem, a veteran in war, shrewd, brave, and devoted to the cause.

A council was held. Courage returned and scruples vanished. A decisive blow must be struck, and scouts were sent forth to reconnoiter the district where the bulk of the Moorish army had last been seen. But the messengers returned with the surprising news that the Moors had vanished as completely as though the earth had swallowed them. On investigation this proved to be literally the case. Thousands had hidden themselves in the many large caves, especially of Artá and Drach, where nearly two thousand men, women, and children, with cattle, grain, and other supplies, were impregnably housed at the eastern extremity of the island. These caves, among the wonders of the world in size and beauty, were on the coast and almost impossible to reach from the land. Their entrances were comparatively small; yet, within, vast halls, domed galleries, and lakes provided comfortable and palatial domiciles in which many people could maintain life for months.

The king at once left Palma, with a strong force, for the caves of Artá and camped on the top of the cliff in whose precipitous face was the

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sole entrance, reached only by a deep and narrow gorge below, too small to allow any force to pass. The entrance was two hundred feet above the sea, with a rocky platform before it, on which the Moors had built wattle huts.

The camp was soon sunk in discouragement, for the difficulty seemed an insoluble one. Food became scarce, as the farms had been denuded of crops, which were now underneath the very camp, within the caves, supplying the enemy with plenty. When eight days of inaction had passed, the king, Don Nuño, and their hundred men had but seven loaves to divide between them, while the rest of the force lived on what little grain they could scrape from the denuded farms. A lad, son of the beloved Moncado, had charge of dividing those seven loaves, which he did with such fairness that the coat of arms given him by his king was blazoned, *sur champ d'argent sept pains d'or*. His descendants bear those arms to-day.

On the ninth day empty stomachs gave two knights an idea. The wind blew a gale from the sea. If they were let down by ropes over the edge of the cliff, they could, with burning torches, set fire to the wattle huts on the platform before the entrance to the cave. The idea was hailed with de-

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light, and the two courageous men descended, tied securely; soon smoke rolled heavily along the surface of the cliff and into the cave, thick, stifling, and carrying death by suffocation.

One can picture the horror of those within as the smoke rolled in upon them, through those fantastic corridors, blinding the eyes and choking the lungs. There was neither outlet nor time to get down to the gorge below where the enemy awaited them, and so most of the tortured creatures threw themselves into the sea. Many died within, and later when the king entered he found women and children, cattle and men, strewn on those crystal floors among the shadows. Great loot was taken, especially food, grain, and wine. Other Moors concealed along the coast in other caves, fearing a similar fate, surrendered themselves and other stores with money, jewels, and gold. The wealth of the island was thus in the king's hands without further effort; and, well content, he and his army went toward Palma.

In the king's journal he relates that a mother bird had built a nest among the poles at the top of his tent, in which she had laid her eggs. Rather than disturb this domesticity, he ordered his tent left behind with the nest untouched.

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On the way to Palma other bands of Moors were encountered and vanquished with such severity that by the time the king reached the reconstructed gates of Palma the bulk of the enemy was subjugated.

Affairs of state necessitated the king's return to the mainland. Before leaving, he divided great tracts of land between nobles and knights. Don Bernado of Santa Eugenia was made governor and captain-general of Mallorca. His brother, the bishop, was the first prelate to officiate in that capacity. The Moors were set to work building roads.

The day of the king's departure a solemn leave-taking took place between him and those faithful knights and soldiers who had shared both trial and triumph. The king set sail from Palomera on October 28, 1230, one year and one month from the time he left Spanish shores. He was received at Tarragona with acclamations from his subjects, pealing bells, prayer, and thanksgiving. People clung to his stirrup and kissed his shoes as he rode beneath a crimson velvet canopy held above his head by four Moors of rank. Mallorca was won, and the Cross of Him who taught that Love is the greatest of all, replaced the Crescent of Mo-

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hammed. In Mallorca the Moors who submitted voluntarily were allowed to retain their homes on payment of rent and were obliged to till the soil. Some became Christians, and, before long, Spanish civilians emigrated from the mainland to this fruitful island and settled there.

When all seemed at peace the alarming news came to the governor that two thousand Moors were gathered among the mountains bent on mischief, and also that the king of Tunis was coming to the rescue of the island with a powerful fleet. Word was sent to the king with all speed, and he at once set forth with his cousin Pedro of Portugal. But when they landed at Sóller, they were relieved to hear that the king of Tunis had changed his mind and abandoned his project of invasion.

This was the king's first glimpse of the exquisite miniature harbor of Sóller, curved like a crescent, surrounded by precipitous cliffs with a narrow inlet from the sea. It was like a sapphire set in a platinum ring, and from it spread "a delectable valley" surrounded by stupendous mountains similar to the Dolomites in color and form. The king was charmed with Sóller's fertility and beauty, and climbed on foot up the pass which, to-day, the

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train follows on its precipitous course to Palma.

From this point the king enjoyed a full view of both sides: the flowering loveliness of Sóller nestled among its grim guardians of rock, and on the other, to the south, the equally lovely plain toward Palma whose olive-trees are still there to-day, twisted with their thousand years. Beyond lay Palma by the sea, with its snowy houses and minarets, soon to disappear forever. On the king's return to Palma, the people welcomed him with joy, proud to show him their accomplishments. Order had been restored, and many converts made; and the inhabitants of the plain were peacefully cultivating the soil.

Leaving his cousin Don Pedro as viceroy of Mallorca, the king returned to Spain. Don Pedro was a weak character and only made trouble for the Marquis Torella and his aide, Pedro Maza, a man of ability and acumen. But with this divided authority, the Moors in the mountains again grew troublesome. So much so, in fact, that again the king's presence was necessary, and he set sail with three ships carrying a powerful force.

He debarked at Porto Pi in May, 1232, and sent representatives to the Moorish leader with the command that he and his followers must submit

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or take the consequences. While awaiting the reply, the king inspected the cathedral, which had been commenced opposite the emir's former palace. The Chapel Royal was already finished where the high altar is now. Before long, word arrived from the Moorish captain that he and his followers would submit, but only to the king in person. This vouches for the respect in which Jaime was held, even by his enemies.

Therefore, with a brilliant retinue, the king set forth, and near Inca in a valley at the foot of the mountain the Moors appeared in equally splendid costumes. With ceremony the alcaid handed his simitar to the king, and would have knelt, but the king restrained him; and with mutual courtesy Moors and Spaniards parted. A large number of unreconciled Moors, who had climbed to the summit of the mountain to witness these ceremonies, threw themselves to their death below on the rocks rather than submit.

There remained the smaller island of Minorca to reclaim, and a certain priest named Ramón Serra advised the king that it was a propitious moment. This island is faintly visible from the eastern coast of Mallorca. The inhabitants were of a wilder type but not numerous, and the priest

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argued that if terror were instilled into their souls it would be an easy task to subjugate them.

So three war-ships were soon off the coast of Minorca; and Torella, Maza, and Serra were set ashore with an interpreter to parley with the Moorish chieftain, who received them with courtesy and requested a few days for consideration. This was granted, and while the ships remained in the harbor, the three knights joined the king on the coast of Mallorca. That night the king, accompanied by only six knights, went to Cape Pera, visible from Minorca. There they built great bonfires along the crest of the cliff, and all night flames mounted, now here, now there, giving the effect of a great army, encamped, waiting. The Moorish chief demanded the meaning of those fires and was told it was the Spanish army awaiting his reply. Needless to say, the following day Minorca submitted without the loss of a single life. From the king's journal, it is evident he took an almost boyish delight in this escapade.

The king returned to Spain and there remained until his death at Valencia, on July 27, 1276, after a reign of seventy years. He left eight children by his wife, Violante of Hungary. His son Pedro succeeded him in Spain, and his second son

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Jaime became king of Mallorca. The great Conquistador was buried at Valencia, which he had conquered, and where one can see his sword piously preserved. He was one of the great figures of the thirteenth century.

Meanwhile Mallorca prospered as Christianity spread its benign influence. The island became rich. Splendid palaces replaced the white houses of the Moors, made of stone and strong as fortresses, each with its great court supported by marble columns. The streets followed the lines of the former *soulks*, and shops replaced the tiny booths where Moors formerly sat cross-legged among their Oriental wares.

Church bells chimed where the muezzin had called for many centuries. The cathedral rose skyward with its mighty pillars and vaulted nave. Priests removed their armor, and on mountainsides the shepherd's pipe was heard again. Spanish and Saracen blood mingled, producing a race dignified, robust, and industrious.

Every year Palma celebrates on St. Sylvester's day the conquest of Mallorca. Distinguished citizens, dressed in medieval costumes, descend from their caparisoned horses before the great portal of

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the cathedral, headed by the bearer of the very flagpole of King Jaime the Conquistador; and the procession, headed by the flagpole, entwined with laurel, passes up to the high altar. The organ peals, bells chime, and an eloquent sermon is preached from the marble pulpit, twenty feet high. The pole is then blessed, and the brilliant procession, bishop, prelates, and medieval figures, pass down the main aisle, and out into the sunshine through the streets to the principal square before the Town Hall, whose façade is hung with rose brocade. In the center of the building is displayed the contemporary life-size portrait of the king in his golden crown and crimson mantle. His blond-bearded youthful face gazes down upon the mayor and other dignitaries as speeches are made and the military band plays. There is much cheering, more music, and the laurel-entwined flagpole, which witnessed bloody deeds in that very square, is carried within for safe-keeping until the next St. Sylvester's day.

But imagination could easily detect, among those cheering Christians, another people, hooded, slumped; ghosts of that race which once claimed the city as its own, and which died for it. Perhaps those

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invisible shades have gained a wider vision and realize that, in spite of these aliens, there is indeed “no Conqueror but God.” *Maktoob!*

Succeeding events for a time were of less dramatic interest. Jaime II was king of Mallorca but spent much of his time in Spain, and his ambitious and unscrupulous nephew of the same name took advantage of the easy-going monarch to usurp the throne. But the pope intervened, and the rightful Jaime returned and remorsefully devoted himself to the development of the island.

Palma, under his reign, became a magnificent city of paved streets, lovely gardens, and palaces. The present palaces, though they were built centuries later, claim our admiration to-day for the grandeur of their courts, staircases, and façades. The Almudaina was renovated and transformed, losing its Moorish character, and became a palace worthy of its history as well as its new tenants. Bellver Castle was begun and the Church of San Francisco with its incomparable cloisters. The cathedral made rapid strides toward completion and was soon the center of Palma’s existence.

King Jaime II died in 1311 and was buried in

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the cathedral behind the altar. Until a few years ago, one could see his skeleton dressed in a velvet mantle, a red cap on the skull. His second son Sancho succeeded to the throne, and to the peace and prosperity left by his father. He maintained a large navy, which perhaps explains the tranquillity enjoyed by Mallorca at a time when peace was rare on Mediterranean shores. He lived but little in Palma, for, being an asthmatic, he built himself a palace inland at Valldemosa near where the monastery now stands. He also introduced into the island those red-legged partridges whose descendants supply sport and the market to-day.

It is significant that already Moorish blood had become so absorbed that the king founded at Miramar, near Valldemosa, a school where Raimon Lull, reformed rake, saint, and philosopher, taught Arabic. But asthma drove the king to the Pyrenees in 1324, where he died, and he was buried at Perpignan.

With his death, peace ended for Mallorca. His successor was Jaime III, a child. His tragic existence began with the death of his mother, Isabel of Andria, at Catania, Sicily, when he was a month old. His father was then about to sail to recover his wife's domain at Marea, and he left his baby

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son in charge of Ramón Muntaner, his faithful friend, who was the chronicler of subsequent events. Muntaner, a veteran of many wars, gave up his post to carry the baby to his grandmother, who was at Perpignan.

He prepared a fine galley and chose for the child's nurse a peasant woman, mother of twenty-two children. He also engaged a wet-nurse and several maids and gathered together attested proofs of the baby's identity—birth certificate and baptismal papers. But he carried the boy in his own arms aboard the ship, followed through the town by two thousand sympathetic people.

As he embarked couriers arrived, bringing as a gift from the king of Sicily two dresses for the boy made of cloth of gold. At the same time word came that four galleys awaited his ship with its precious burden, to waylay the boy and carry him off to be disposed of by foul means.

Undaunted, the old warrior requisitioned twenty-four Catalan vessels as escort; and, thus supported, Muntaner put to sea in a terrible storm. All through that night he hardly let the baby out of his own arms, and although seven of the ships went down, he reached Barcelona in safety.

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There he engaged a litter, which, borne in turn by twenty men, contained within its silken curtains both baby and nurse. Perpignan was reached after an arduous journey, where Muntaner delivered the baby from his own arms to those of its grandmother. According to Muntaner's own account he wrote: "God does not give greater joy than that which my lady the Queen its grandmother then felt in seeing the child, its face wreathed with smiles and its body wrapped in cloth of gold."

Soon afterward the king returned to Perpignan and brought up the boy as his own son. On attaining manhood, Jaime III married Constance, daughter of the king of Aragon, who was succeeded by Pedro, rightly named the Cruel, one of the most perfidious monarchs of all time. Pedro was suave in manner, cold, ambitious, and unscrupulous. What he desired he took, by fair means or foul. Even his successes, gained by mean and unjust methods, estranged him from his people, and he was well hated by all his subjects and also by the pope, who from time to time endeavored to bring Pedro into the path of decent dealings—in vain.

Jaime's youth and inexperience made him fair

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game for Pedro, and as Mallorca was a plum worth stealing, some excuse had to be found to that end. As no legitimate reason appeared to be furnished by man, Pedro took Heaven into partnership by announcing that he had had a vision vouchsafed to him which revealed Jaime's intention to take him prisoner and shut him up in Perpignan. How far this deceived Pedro's councilors we cannot know, but before long he set sail for Mallorca with a large force. Jaime, unprepared for such infamy, was easily defeated in the attack which followed. Jaime fled to Perpignan, and Pedro took Constance and her two children as prisoners at Barcelona, where they were treated with great cruelty in the hope that death would relieve Pedro of their embarrassing existence. But Jaime had friends at Barcelona, and they connived at the escape of his persecuted family, who joined him at Perpignan, while Pedro ruled the island which Jaime had held too lightly.

Jaime, however, had now awakened to his kingly obligations, and selling his estates of Montpellier, with the money thus acquired he equipped an army in which were enrolled French, English, and even Italian sympathizers, and he set sail for Mallorca to recover his kingdom. But his forces

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were inadequate, and near Lluchmayor he suffered a disastrous defeat. One of Pedro's soldiers cut off Jaime's head, and Jaime's son, still a boy and wounded, followed his father's headless corpse under guard to Bellver Castle, where Pedro held him prisoner. Later the lad was carried to Barcelona and imprisoned in an iron cage, but further details of his troubled life are to be mentioned later. Here it may only be said that he never regained his kingdom, and died childless.

The Balearic Islands merged into the kingdom of Spain under Ferdinand and Isabella in 1479. At this time Granada was still in the hands of the Moors and at its height of power and prosperity. The Moors bitterly resented the conquest of Mallorca by Spain, and their private fleets constantly harried the islands. The population along the coast lived in terror of those turbaned warriors, who, without warning, appeared in their lovely bays, sacking villages, looting farms, and carrying off women. The watch-towers which we see perched on crags along the shore were never without their sentinels, but distances were great, and communication could only be had by flames at night and smoke by day.

The islands prospered, however, and waxed

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powerful. Charles V visited Palma in 1541 and remained a week in the Almudaina, charmed by the beauty of the island and the wealth it possessed. It is not generally realized how high a place Mallorca held in those days. Wealth poured into her coffers from European ports, for her seamen, with those of Barcelona, controlled the commerce of the western Mediterranean.

That beautiful structure called the Lonja, which still faces the harbor of Palma, was the exchange where traders in plumes and gold-embroidered velvets met and parleyed. The schools of Palma ranked higher than those of Spain; Mallorca's mariners used the compass, and its hydrographers were the best in Europe.

Splendid palaces rose on every side, their rooms frescoed or hung with magnificent tapestries or crimson damask which to-day give color in those somber domiciles.

Glass chandeliers came from Venice; silversmiths in "the Street" wrought magnificent silver braziers which supplied heat. There were carved and gilded mirrors, chairs covered with Venetian velvet. Chests mounted in wrought metal on velvet held priceless embroideries and linens, fans and rosaries, the rosaries surpassing modern work-

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manship, in gold set with precious stones. Spanish leathers embossed in colors were used on walls and furniture, and carpets made in Mallorca and dyed with vegetables still cover the floors, their odd wavy designs as fresh as though four hundred years had not passed them by. Life was luxurious to the highest degree. Banquets were given on cloths of Venetian lace, and flagons of gold and silver graced the board. The costumes of both men and women were of velvet and brocade embroidered in gold. The cavaliers' saddles also were richly worked with gold thread and worth large sums of money. There was extravagance, elegance, gambling, the tourney, and the hunt. The boats of the rich were carved and gilded, and carried silken sails. Hawking was a popular sport, and chivalry was at its highest perfection in gallantry and extravagant devotion.

History shows that no people can enjoy power and prosperity long without disaster. As in the French Revolution, the abyss widened between rich and poor. Selfishness was the fashion and the abuse of power prevalent. Even on this bounteous island, poverty pinched the many for the benefit of the few. Discontent grew, and bitterness and resentment made their voices heard; at first too

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faintly to disturb the equanimity of the privileged class, but as the sense of wrong deepened, the cry for justice waxed louder, until the smoldering fire burst into flame.

In 1528 Juan Crispín, whose portrait hangs in the Town Hall at Palma, felt indignant sympathy for the wrongs of the peasants and organized an insurrection. The viceroy of Mallorca and the nobles at first failed to realize the people's resentment of their power, and contented themselves with forwarding complaints to the king in Spain. But the king was too busy and too far away to appreciate the danger, and suddenly, without warning, the people rose and seized public buildings; Palma was in their hands. The viceroy fled to Iviza on the island of Minorca, and the nobles fortified themselves as best they could in their palaces. Many fled to Bellver Castle, but the peasants stormed and took it, put the fugitives to the sword, and burned the roof and part of the walls.

The revolutionists next turned their attention to Alcudia on the northern coast and on November 20 laid siege to it, but without success. All that winter the island was a place of fear and slaughter. The nobles, shedding their frivolities and luxuries, lived half starved in their country houses,

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which were also fortresses. In September the insurgents stormed against Pollensa, in vain. But they held Puebla and the surrounding districts, and in September, 1522, they again attacked Alcudia. Those who were sympathetic with the nobility had, however, during the intervening months, fortified the city and thus repelled the attack. Later Pollensa was also attacked in vain, and finally the peasants were reduced to helplessness, and the revolution came to an end.

But the island was ruined. Where prosperous villages had been, not a single inhabitant remained. Food was scarce and suffering widespread. For months the peasants fought sporadically, knowing that if the yoke were replaced it would be a heavier one than ever. Palma was still in their hands under the heroic leadership of Crispín.

The Emperor Charles V now decided it was time to interfere and sent five hundred trained soldiers to aid the lawful authorities from Valencia. This expedition was in charge of a remarkable young officer of twenty-three named Gusman, who, perhaps recalling Jaime's method of conquering Minorca with a fictitious army, sent word to Crispín, on the night of his arrival in the bay of Palma, that he had five thousand men, instead

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of the five hundred actually on his vessels. Crispín, too intelligent to hope for success against so overwhelming a force, and too honest to suspect the trick, wished only to spare his followers defeat. He replied to Gusman that he would agree to deliver the city into the hands of those whom the emperor thought just. He also sent the same message to the viceroy, still in hiding at Iviza. The viceroy and Gusman both agreed to this fair suggestion, and an envoy was despatched to the emperor. Charles happened to be far away at Brussels, and in those days a horse was the swiftest means of locomotion across France. During the ensuing month, while the messenger was on his way, young Gusman had the temerity to live in Palma with only thirty of his men, while Crispín's forces waited without the city walls.

When the envoy finally returned, the emperor's reply was addressed to Gusman, rather than to Crispín who had sent it. Gusman reported that Charles commanded that the city be placed under the authority of its viceroy. Crispín had agreed to abide by the decision, and with a heavy heart he surrendered the keys to Gusman, after which ceremony Crispín and his councilors were told to re-

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turn to their homes. They fancied their troubles over.

Elaborate preparations were made for the formal return of the vice-oy. The balconies of the palaces were hung with silks. Flags and coats of arms decorated the great gates of the nobles, who again appeared in fine raiment, to resume their old prerogatives. The peasants looked on helplessly and apprehensive of the future. Crispín and his councilors, having been assured of fair treatment, also appeared upon the scene, to learn the ominous piece of news that an order had been given that all citizens must turn out to pay their respects to the returning viceroy on the street through which he was to make his triumphant entry. Furthermore the men and women must come barefooted, and when the gates were thrown open they must kneel and plead for mercy.

This did not look much like "fair treatment" to Crispín, but he no longer was in position to show resentment. With acclamations the gates were thrown open, and the viceroy appeared mounted on a splendid horse surrounded by his staff. When the citizens of Palma beheld his arrogant and cruel physiognomy, they did indeed throw them-

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selves on their knees and cry for mercy, for their leader Crispín and all his councilors were straight-way manacled and thrown into prison. A few days later, when the viceroy had recovered from the celebration, Crispín was quartered, his councilors hanged, and four hundred citizens cut to pieces. The rage of the people knew no bounds, but they were powerless. They were spent with a long struggle, their leader was dead, the city in the hands of the nobles. The revolution was ended and their enemies victorious.

But the nobles also had learned their lesson. Aware of smoldering resentment, and remembering those months of privation when they had been hunted like wild beasts, they mended their ways, lived more modestly, exacted less from the peasantry; and peace was finally restored. But it was fully a century before class hatred passed away. During the two subsequent centuries Mallorca's government remained in the hands of viceroys, named by different Austrian monarchs, for when the Emperor Charles V divided his domains between his two sons, the Balearic Islands fell to Austria's share.

When France and Germany disputed the Spanish succession, Mallorca unwisely sided with the

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Germans and therefore suffered under Bourbon rule until Wellington drove out the French. Again Mallorca came under Spanish control, and the people have since lived in peace except for the period of the Spanish-American War, when the conscriptions from Mallorca were so heavy and caused such suffering that a law was passed rendering them forever immune from foreign service.

Mallorca has had the education which suffering affords and has learned that all men are brothers. The virility of her people is that of those who survive struggle and hardship. Her past has included shame as well as glory. She has borne great wrongs and rectified them. She has perpetrated follies and learned wisdom. Her present is a condition of peace and plenty, but her future holds greater things for Mallorca than she has ever known.

CHAPTER II

Religion and Customs

EARLY in the fourteenth century, Mallorca might be considered to have been thoroughly Christianized. The Moors had been converted to Christianity or had fled through the portals of death from persecution, and apparent peace and good-will settled down upon the devastated island, on which a new order was to be established. The church was triumphant; and the cross, emblem of gentleness, humility, and love, supplanted the crescent on all sides. It appeared on the new cathedral, above altars on the many other churches which were being built, in chapels which replaced the village mosques. It was carried with chants and ceremony into every hamlet, through gorges where stray Moors still lurked and hated. It was lifted high above the now unreddened waters of bays and streams, while priests invoked divine blessing, and purged Mallorca of Mohammedanism.

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But the peace was necessarily only superficial. Fear was its progenitor and expediency its hand-maiden. History says little of those first years of Spanish occupation, when Moslems trembled with rage beneath their burnouses as a priest made over them the sign of the cross, with the alternative of being burned alive or being driven forth with their wives and children to starve among the mountains.

Arabs have great power of dissimulation; and Spain, too busy rebuilding, organizing, regaining commerce, and dividing spoils, gave little heed. Spain was sure of her power, and so were the Moors; and gradually, as generations succeeded one another, the Moslem disappeared, absorbed by marriage into the loyal Spaniard. For a time tradition whispered behind locked doors or on roof-tops to children whose Oriental eyes widened with fascinated terror at the tales that were told; but bitterness died as do all evil things, and Mallorca seemed to enter upon an era of loving-kindness to all men.

As prosperity increased, so did the influx of aliens, a large share of them Jews, for where riches were, the Jews foregathered as do bees about a honey-pot. Subtle shrewdness brought

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their smooth and timely presence where money was owned or pressingly needed. They inhabited a narrow thoroughfare called the Street, where they dwelt like pariahs, accumulating wealth, power, hatred, and contempt.

At that time nearly all Mallorcan commerce was in their hands, and most of the ships which brought ostrich-feathers and ivory from Africa, mirrors and glassware from Venice, spices and perfumes from Arabia, and carpets from India were owned by the Jews. Their fleets sailed over pirate-infested seas to Alexandria, Asia Minor, Pisa, Genoa, and through the fogs of northern seas to Flanders, carrying Mallorcan oil, wine, embroideries, linens, carpets, furniture, and that Mallorcan pottery which is still an important industry.

Wealthy and improvident *caballeros* who lived in great luxury sometimes sought them secretly, procured loans with ease at exorbitant interest, mortgaged palaces and priceless furniture or pictures, with careless indifference to the day of reckoning. Before long, Jewish tentacles had in their grasp many of the nobles, who, foreseeing disaster approaching, now sought means of escape. The church proved a friend in need. Obliga-

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tions to unbelievers and “Christ-killers” might be speedily disposed of by the same methods that had proved so successful with the former owners of this fruitful island. Extermination was the solution. Nothing easier. Both God and the purse would be served by such means, and a dead Jew was no longer to be feared.

The Inquisition was in full swing in Spain. Synagogues were dissolved, and Jews were presently being “converted” *en masse* or burned at the stake. Soon bonfires were blazing in Mallorca, fed by Jewish bodies. The “spectacles” took place at the foot of the hill on which Bellver Castle stands, and were as fashionable as bull-fights are at present in Madrid. As one ancient chronicler, an eye-witness, said, “Spectacles were organized in accordance with the most brilliant functions celebrated by the triumph of the Faith in Madrid, Palermo, and Lima.”

Some of the Jews went to the stake clad only in hoods, their bodies painted to represent devils, with green candles in their hands. A Jesuit named Father Garau, head of the Seminary of Mount Zion, which stood where now is the Institute, wrote an account of the “performances,” in which he speaks of a Jew named Rafael Walls, a scholar

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and a man of wealth, who was so imbued with the spirit of Satan that he even cursed those who condemned him to death! The worthy father goes on to relate:

He stood like a statue. When the flames reached him, he fought them off and tried to shield himself, and so resisted until he could bear no more. He was as fat as a sucking pig, and being on fire inside, his flesh being consumed like burning wood, his entrails fell out in the middle, like a Judas. *Crepuit medium difusa sunt omnia visera ejus.*

People flocked by thousands to these *fiestas*. Ladies in splendid dress drove thither in gilded chariots or were carried in sedan-chairs, escorted by cavaliers on caparisoned horses. Peasants, women, and children jostled priests and merchants, while smoke rolled across the clean pine crests out to sea.

Recently a distinguished kaïd of the Algerian Desert, the Legion of Honor on his burnous, said to the writer, standing on the crest of a sand-dune near Touggourt: "Madam, we Moslems have heard much, for fifteen hundred years, of the doctrine of love on which your faith is founded, but we have never seen it in practice. With all courtesy, there seems to have been but one real

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Christian, and he was a Jew. His name was Jesus of Nazareth."

The drastic policy soon had the desired effect. Jews became Christians by thousands. They were herded like sheep under an *alguacil*, a sort of church policeman, who dressed them in distinctive mantles, in which they went to church amid cat-calls and flying stones. Under these conditions converts grew to old age and their sons' sons to manhood. They were called *Chuetas*, and at first some attempted to reach Spain, where converts were better treated.

A number of wealthy families met secretly in an orchard by the sea and took passage on an English ship, but a tempest drove them ashore, and they were taken prisoners as evaders of taxes; they were held for three years, and their property, representing millions of duros, was confiscated. The Inquisition profited, for with this wealth it built in Palma a magnificent palace, one of the most luxurious in the world. Many of the prisoners were tortured until they confessed the hiding-place of their riches and were then executed. Thus the debts of the nobles remained unpaid and forgotten.

The owner of one of the great palaces of Palma
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showed a priest's visiting-card of three hundred years ago which had been preserved as a curiosity. Below the name was a bonfire, surmounted by the conical hat worn by Jews, decorated with toads, snakes, and horned monsters. Above was a cross accompanied by an olive-branch and sword. On either side were crowns worn as marks of guilt by those who had been convicted of some crime. Chains, scourges, rosaries, and candles added a finishing touch to this elegant card. Needless to say the style is obsolete.

In Europe Jews to-day are friends of kings, attain high positions in the government, are respected in commerce and society; but in Mallorca the *Chueta* is still debarred from all intimate social intercourse, although he and his relatives have been Christians for four hundred years. The poorer class still inhabit the Street near the market, and manufacture silver bags and jewelry. Others have accumulated wealth, belong to clubs, come in contact with bankers, and associate in business enterprises pleasantly enough. But the convents evade acceptance of a *Chueta* girl as a nun, and the schools make the difference felt; they are descended from the "Christ-killers," and nothing will obliterate that taint. *Chuetas* like to prove

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their Christianity by every means possible. They cook their pork (which Jews consider foul meat) as near the window as possible. They are devout in religious ceremonies, yet at church *fiestas* all positions of conspicuous devotion are denied them and no *Chueta* ever dines with "a real Christian."

All this illustrates the profound influence the church has on Mallorca. The Middle Ages are exemplified in every sense. But to-day Mallorca labors for law, order, chastity, and respect for God and humanity. A Bolshevik would be laughed out of the island. Labor disorders or strikes are simply non-existent; the priests see to that.

Present misfortunes are borne with tranquillity because the next world is sure to be a better one. The priests are superior to the usual run of their kind among the Spanish provinces. They are polite to strangers, neat in dress, well educated, and on terms of affection with their parishioners.

One day when pausing for rest beneath the arbor of a farm among the hills, the writer found a little girl scrubbing a wee goat. Soap, water, and brush were rigorously applied to the protesting animal; and the child, on being asked for an explanation, replied: "This is my own goat and the good *cura* well understands my anxiety for its

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welfare. Hence it goes with me to mass. It is tied to the pillar just outside the church door, where the blessing of God may benefit it. The *cura* also brings a piece of sugar for my beloved goat, that it may not feel neglected by not taking part in communion."

This typifies the relationship between priests and parishioners. Kindliness predominates, but woe be to the transgressor. We are accustomed to a polite inattention during religious service, but here reverence is exacted. Religion is as actual a part of the daily life as food and drink. During the day at all hours one may see kneeling figures, richly or poorly clad, at prayer in the forty-six churches of Palma. It is evident that they are close to God and happy in that proximity. With them it is no conscious effort, as is often the case elsewhere, to tear thoughts from mundane matters to things spiritual. The two are so intertwined, so sympathetically related, that they move together harmoniously.

The club or *café*, and the poetic gloom of these vaulted naves, are almost synonymous. Both supply the need of the soul and the body, for, both being the work of God, soul and body must be cared for. The body must be kept clean, for is it

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not the shrine of the soul in which the Divine Spirit is expressed? And the soul must not be neglected, for it is the master of the body. The devil lurks in the background ready to insinuate himself through every opening of religious indifference. One has to watch carefully, for his Satanic Majesty frequently conceals his horns, hoofs, and tail beneath specious raiment; and once he is within, the *cura* will detect him in a trice. For those scurges, manacles, and crowns of infamy, while no longer on the *cura's* visiting-card, are nevertheless up his sleeve, to be used spiritually with most unpleasant results.

There is a saint's day for every one of the 365 of the year, and so many were celebrated until recently that the pope had to interfere, ordering that only those on the church calendar should be allowed to interrupt mundane affairs.

Many of these celebrations are as beautiful in their poetic suggestion as they are curious. As the people have few social diversions, the spectacles supply a need, and all classes enter into their spirit with naïve enthusiasm and lack of self-consciousness. They dress up with delight, and their Latin imaginations throw glamour on the proceedings.

At Epiphany is celebrated the Feast of the

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Three Kings, and presents are exchanged then instead of at Christmas. For days beforehand the children write lists of the gifts they desire and place them, addressed to the Kings, in special post-boxes supplied by the city. Meanwhile a public subscription is taken which amounts to a generous sum, and a few days before the celebration a committee empties the boxes and reads the lists; as far as possible, purchases are made according to the lists. Then each gift is wrapped up and addressed to the child according to its wish. Rich and poor are equally cared for and the arrival of the Kings with the presents is awaited by every child in the island with happy anticipation, as not one is overlooked in city or hamlet.

In Palma a torch-light procession of the Kings takes place. Three distinguished citizens in Oriental costumes, golden crowns on their heads, with ermine mantles, scepters, and richly caparisoned horses, are preceded by soldiers beating drums. Behind them follows the bearer of the "Star of Bethlehem," a huge affair of electric lights. Then come three Orientals with blackened faces, bearing gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, represented by a golden platter, a golden urn, and burning incense, whose sweet gray clouds lend an air

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of mysticism to the procession. Behind them are other distinguished citizens in Eastern dress—full armor or other medieval costumes—afoot and on horses, each bearing a flaring torch. Mallorcans evidently fancy that those who took part in the events of the story of the Nativity were negroes, as all faces are blackened.

Floats follow typifying Egypt, India, and Arabia, from which the Three Kings are supposed to have come. Egypt is a great sphinx, whose highly tinted and smiling physiognomy rises above the incense. India is a temple with columns elaborately decorated and garlanded with flowers. Arabia is nondescript; evidently knowledge or imagination failed to supply details of it.

A great motor-van brings up the rear, surrounded by the eager populace; for this commonplace vehicle, decorated with palm-branches, is the culmination of the procession, as it contains the gifts to be distributed by the Three Kings. The Kings do not shirk their duties, for during a large share of the night they go through streets and alleys, to orphan asylum and the children's hospital.

The distribution at the hospital is a touching one. The Kings descend from their horses, and

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in golden crowns and royal robes borne by pages, they go from ward to ward, giving each ecstatic child the very gift it has written for. The band plays below the windows of that house of pain as the golden crowns bend above the little beds and the sheen and pomp of Eastern glamour fill the rooms. What effect all this ecstasy has upon the temperature does not appear, and it is doubtful if the Angel of Sleep has a part in that night's celebration.

Then the procession passes on through the poorer quarter, not even omitting the Street, where little shoes stand on the window-sills of the lower floors so as to receive gifts without bothering the Kings to descend from their steeds. Incense mounts, torches flare on house-fronts, and throngs crowd the narrow way. Small boys have the privilege of blowing conch-shells to attract the attention of the overworked Kings. Meanwhile the bells of the forty-five churches ring, and awakened roosters crow, fancying it is dawn. In every hamlet all over the island the same ceremony obtains, though elsewhere it follows a simpler fashion.

The church in Mallorca well understands the importance of rendering itself a pleasant and agreeable factor in the lives of the islanders. From

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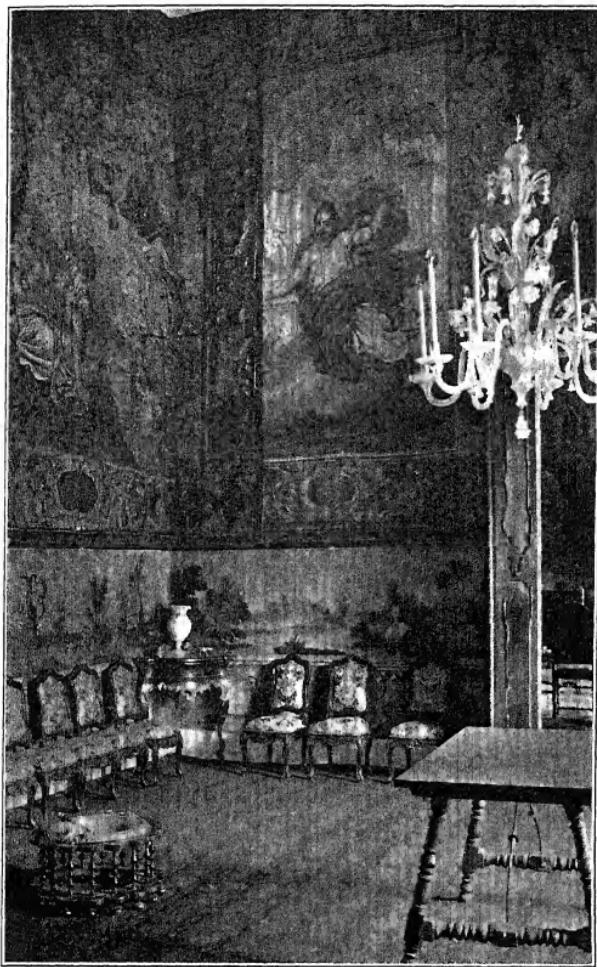
it the people realize that most of their simple joys come directly. The churches in small towns and the wee chapels in mountain hamlets are the centers of all the esthetic pleasure that is known. The altars are adoringly tended; flowers are always fresh before the Mother of God; and in the cloisters of San Francisco, bands of laughing children are always to be seen chasing one another about among the flowers and along the ancient corridors, while the friars coöperate with smiles and often join in the fun.

At Deyá the writer chanced into the tiny square one day to find an amateur theatrical performance in full swing, with a stage, rows of benches for the villagers, and the *cura* as stage-manager. Two village girls were the stars, and so well did the villain play her part that the peasant audience broke into hisses and remarks derogatory to the character she was depicting. The artist could not bear it, and she suddenly burst into tears and hopped down over the footlights. The *cura* at once admonished the audience, and, patting the artist on the back, soothed her into willingness to continue her rôle, which "only her great talent had rendered too realistic for fine sensibilities." When one contemplates the crimes perpetrated in our

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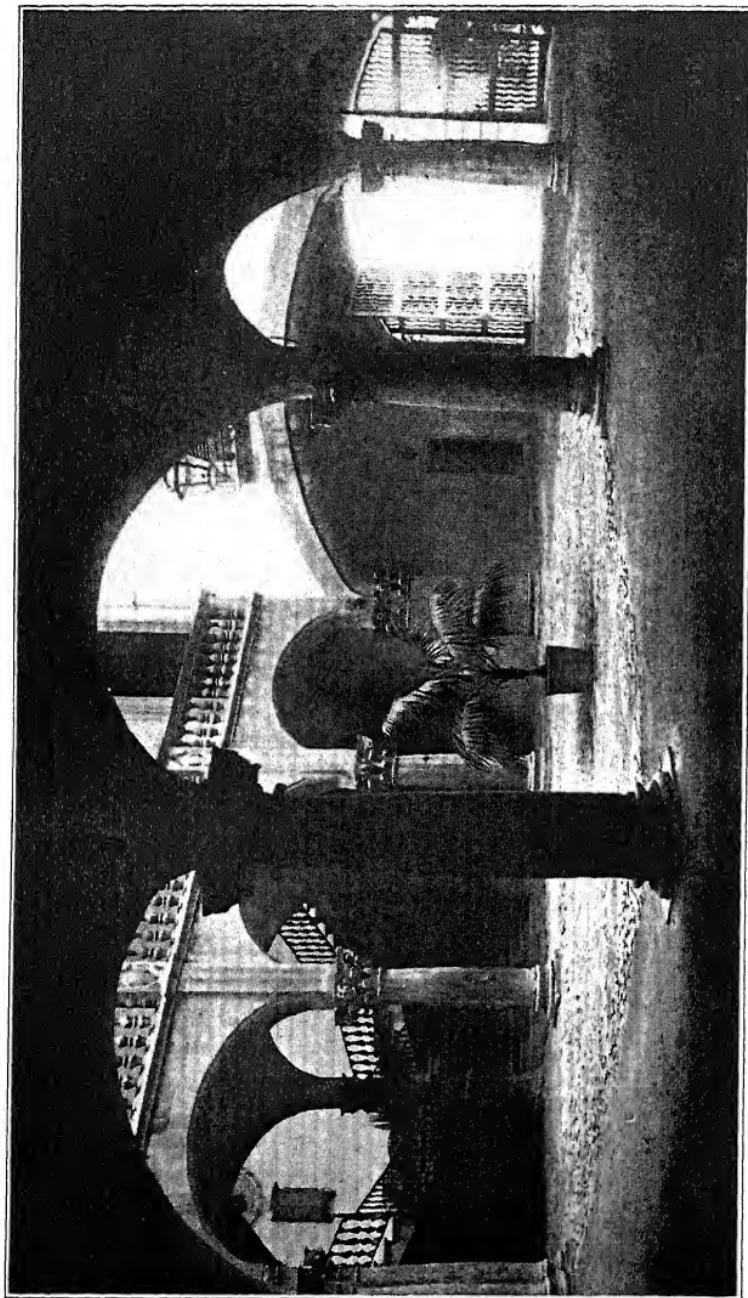
cities, the lawlessness and selfishness of that class which derides all religion, the effect of the present trend of modernism and the breaking down of obsolete superstitions, one also contemplates the result with apprehension and with the thought that perhaps ignorance is indeed bliss.

That Mallorcans are of this opinion is proved by the fact that to-day 59 per cent of its population is illiterate. In 1875 a law was passed making elementary education compulsory, and a school was provided for every five thousand inhabitants. But to erect a building among the mountains was one thing; to get children into it was another. Who was to enforce the law? Not the priest, for the education was purely secular and might lead to free-thinking. In fact, for these simple souls to think at all was of no apparent benefit to their souls, which, as everybody knows in Mallorca, are far more important than brains. The people were widely scattered and parents indifferent. As to the children, what child would voluntarily leave the flowering fields and laughing streams to shut himself into a whitewashed prison through whose small windows an exasperating glimpse of waving branches and song of birds beckons him to come and play? A severe person with the power to scold



Courtesy of Mr. Arthur Byne.

A DRAWING-ROOM IN THE MARQUIS OF PALMER'S PALACE.



COURT OF VIVOR PALACE.

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made him do silly things with chalk on a black-board. The small boy, like his prototype elsewhere, simply said, "Nothing doing," and continued his free existence beneath the wide panoply of sky. Authority again exerted itself in 1909, arranged for government inspection, and sent superior teachers into this intellectual wilderness, but with little result.

There are other little schools where nuns teach, and these, having the commendation of the village priest, are more popular, and to them the mothers send their children if the children do not too strenuously object. Here they learn to read and write under gentle and happy conditions, as games are a major part of the curriculum.

In Palma there are convents for the better class of girls, but even in them education does not fatigue the mental powers. To be clever is to be odd. A wide knowledge of literature is unpopular and would be considered a spiritual menace. Only the lives of the saints, childish tales, and highly moral poetry are permitted. The shutters of their minds, like those of the carriages and houses, remain closed.

On a certain occasion the writer mischievously endeavored to describe the life of the average

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New York woman to a circle of fascinated but horrified Mallorcan great ladies. We were seated in a vast dim salon before a minute fire, all the electric lights ablaze, though the sun was shining outside the closed shutters. Ancestral portraits of defunct cardinals, armored knights, and ladies in hooped brocades stared from the walls. In the group were two young girls, who in the middle of my discourse were sent from the room.

The ladies heard of our summer camps for girls, who played football in—trousers! of our balls in hotels, of political clubs, and of speeches on street-corners to defeat an incompetent mayor; of riding horseback astride (a shudder rippled through the group); of bathers at Palm Beach in one-piece costumes. (But I lacked the courage to describe the pictures of these ladies on the pages of our newspapers.) They listened to descriptions of our girls' colleges; of our lecture courses; of bridge, dinner, and social clubs; of the motor trips taken by unchaperoned girls across our continent alone—but I paused in pity.

Their aristocratic features expressed such bewildered horror that they with difficulty preserved their polite composure. I dared no more. There was a breathless pause, and the family portraits

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exhaled grim displeasure. At last my hostess murmured: "Our dear American friend will have her little pleasantries. But *what* an imagination!" They all nodded their heads, pale but bewildered; and I left, wondering what they said behind my retreating back.

However, if happiness is the rightful pursuit of man (and woman), are our lives proof that our methods are superior to theirs? The American national disease is nervous prostration, something which Mallorcan women are unacquainted with. They remain happily at home, which American women seem unable to accomplish. Our restlessness drives us all over the world. Serenity is not in our vocabulary. We go to "rest" at White Sulphur Springs, to Lick Springs for nervous indigestion, to Nauheim for overworked hearts, and to "cures" for overworked livers. Each and all are on some diet which renders the visit of guests a culinary upheaval.

European men complain that our young girls lack allure. They find it difficult to make love to a pretty, short-haired, knickerbockered, flat-chested being who smokes cigarettes, rides astride in knickers, plays basket-ball and golf with paralyzing efficiency.

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A Mallorcan gentleman remarked, "Thanks be to the saints, our young girls would get ill if they smoked, and they still possess the grace to fly from a mouse." The Mallorcan señor still has the inestimable pleasure of protecting the weaker sex, which, like the *mastodonsaurus*, is extinct in the New World.

The predilection for protecting the weak is evinced in kindness to animals. Pigs are prized above rubies. They are nice clean pigs, dark gray in color, and wander at will, sniffing for truffles in the black earth. In the autumn they are penned and fed on fresh figs, if you please, like *caballeros* of high degree. When the fruit happens to ferment, the pigs acquire a happy condition of intoxication and behave in an eccentric manner. They are not killed on the island, but sixty thousand of them are shipped to Spain yearly, where their fig-flavored flesh brings three pesetas a pound. When the boat sails for Barcelona, the skies are studied with care, not for the comfort of passengers, but for that of the pigs. They can be very seasick, and their bones are too brittle for stormy seas.

Mules are highly prized, and a superior breed is found in Mallorca. They are groomed like horses and are utilized in the same way. For

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country excursions mules are to be recommended, as they progress leisurely and allow passengers to appreciate the scenery. Motor-cars should be avoided for such jaunts. They are expensive and whisk the traveler through paradise as though the devil himself was concealed in their cloud of dust. As a mule is of a contemplative disposition, he can be left by the roadside while luncheon is eaten by some stream in the company of yellow butterflies and lizards. Then a nap beneath an olive-tree a thousand years old. Later, on some sequestered beach, one can bathe minus bathing-suit, for there is no one to be shocked but the saints and the gulls; Mrs. Grundy abhors solitude and is occupied elsewhere. When you return, the mule will not have budged at all. And on the homeward way he will be enchanted to pause to watch the shadows creep up the mountains and fill the gorges with dark velvet. Below burns the sea in its evening flame. The coast stretches away into the haze on the horizon, reflecting the rosy light on its gray flanks of rock. Nightingales begin their evensong; a scented breeze steals down the valley; stars drown themselves in still green pools; and from below, the surge of water rises, moving within the caves.

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Public carriages are two or four wheeled, surmounted by a pale yellow square body opening behind. One mounts by folding steps which open and close automatically with the door. The driver's seat is across the front. Two long seats face each other within under the taut yellow canopy, which has two square windows with little shutters like those on a canal-boat. These slide and are bound with felt to prevent rattling; the wheels, which are not rubber-tired, make up for this enforced reticence. A curtain, usually rolled up, divides the driver's seat from the interior, and on this he perches almost over the horse's haunches. It is not etiquette to smoke without offering him a cigarette. On the cloth-covered walls of the vehicle pictures are embroidered on linen squares, depicting religious scenes, such as the whale swallowing Jonah, saints or Jews at the stake. The horses are the owners' pride and delight. They are too plump for style, and their coats shine like satin. The writer has seen a driver black his own boots and then, with the same brush, polish the hoofs of his horses. Never argue the price of the drive. It is not done.

The scorn of automobiles felt by these horse-lovers does *not* lie too deep for words. Those ma-

chines of noise and smells which whisk the visitor through beloved scenes are not beneath contempt, but in juxtaposition with it. When a driver draws aside on the road in the endeavor to avoid the clouds of dust raised by that machine of evil, he will not move onward until the last grain of powder has settled on hedge or flower. Then he invariably points with his rarely used whip to the soiling abomination, and his language would greatly displease the fastidious. At the foot of a steep hill the driver descends. He also, without embarrassment or apology, sees that the stoutest of his clients also descends. If there is discomfort for man or beast, it is not the beast which will suffer it—if the driver can prevent it.

His language to his horses smacks of poesy as they strain up the hill. "Courage, my beloved ones, twin blossoms that you are. Make of your hoofs wings, my angels. Fly! Glory awaits you." The Mallorcan is quite aware that his animals are well cared for beyond those of other Latin countries, and prides himself on the fact. He has never heard of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; at least he never had until recently. His newly acquired knowledge occurred in this wise.

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There came to Palma an elderly English lady, who, never having been burdened by cares of husband and children, had busily occupied herself with the above-mentioned society, of which organization she was a strenuous member. She had seen and deplored the condition of horses in Italy and Spain, and, being extremely near-sighted, took for granted that Mallorcan horses were also starved and ill treated. Her horn spectacles and sympathetic imagination both led her astray.

As soon as the principal "sights" had been accomplished, her life-work regained its usual ascendancy, and she called upon the mayor. This gentleman, to her horror, had never so much as heard of that admirable organization which succored starved and beaten horses. He listened with interest and sympathy, doubtless somewhat bewildered, as he had never beheld a horse which was otherwise than fat, sleek, and happy. He found the idea admirable, however, and promised his support. Money of course was the first necessity, but how to raise it was the question. The English lady could furnish no suggestion, but at last the mayor hit upon a plan. He slapped his desk with enthusiasm.

"We will give a bull-fight, madam; and all

the proceeds shall go to this admirable Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It shall not be said that Mallorca is indifferent to the humanities.”

The English lady stared, rose, and with shaking fingers grasped her green sunshade. For a moment she was dumb with indignation, to be thus mocked. Then she shook her gray, cotton-gloved finger an inch from the amazed mayor’s aristocratic nose.

“Señor,” she ejaculated in stifled accents, “I had hoped for intelligent coöperation and understanding. I had hoped that before long such would be the happy results of our united efforts that the peasants of this benighted island would strive for prizes for the best kept horses; that a new era—”

But the mayor interrupted. “Madam, you mis-judge me. My heart is all for your service and for the starved horses; but alas! where shall we find them? The prizes would have to be offered not for the best kept horse, but for the worst, for the latter is the rarity.”

The English Merciful One backed away from the smiling mayor. Perhaps she is still wondering whether there was not perhaps some little joke somewhere—in execrable taste! The mayor told

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the story at his club on El Borne. It met with immediate and overwhelming success.

Poultry also holds an important place in the life of Palma, and no one is allowed to forget it. Hens, roosters, cats, pigeons, and partridges all inhabit, together, little tiled houses on roofs. At dawn, when church bells mingle their voices with those of the loquacious creatures, the result resembles a Chinese concert. One forms the habit of rising early in Palma.

Before Christmas fowls are brought to town by hundreds. They arrive in wagons, in baskets, slung by fettered legs to donkeys, hung about human necks, driven in droves by children or, as the writer witnessed, in a child's perambulator. For days they clutter patios, parks, shops, streets, and gardens; and every day they take the air on the Rambla driven by children with twigs with which to keep the birds in order.

But Mallorcan good manners forbid that the sensibilities of turkeys should be wounded by speaking of killing them. The reflexive rather than the passive is used. Shops hang out signs before Christmas which read: "Here turkeys will kill themselves two days before Christmas." Also

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at Easter, when lambs are eaten: "Lambs kill themselves here."

If the possession of a black cat brings luck, then no wonder Mallorca is "the fortunate isle." For there are invariably black cats in sight. They prowl in every garden, bask on walls, take the air on roofs with the poultry, share your bench on El Borne, gorge themselves in the market, walk uninvited into your drawing-room, attend service in churches, and scurry before your motor on the road. They lick their whiskers in doorways and on window-sills, catch your pet goldfish in garden pools, walk out from under your bed at dawn and argue with your dog. They are always black. From whence the breed came, and how it has retained its somber distinction, is a mystery. The writer has seen hundreds of cats on Mallorca, and with the exception of two slight digressions, they were all as black as Erebus. Strangers are sometimes distressed by the thinness of a certain breed of hounds used for hunting. They resemble Russian wolf-hounds, but are smaller and are white or fawn-colored with sharp long heads and possess great fleetness. But it appears that no amount of food will fatten them, and perhaps instinct pre-

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serves that visibility of ribs which is essential to good condition. They are not affectionate but extremely intelligent, and find their way home across mountains and plains with unerring speed.

There is an odd incongruity regarding walls on Mallorca. If a man contemplates the construction of a house, large or small, he first builds a massive stone wall, usually twenty feet high, of that beautiful cream-colored stone which is cut with a saw and is quarried all over the island. It matters not whether the house is in the suburb of Terreno, where there is nothing to guard but the perfume of flowers or the song of a thrush, or in the country, where there is nothing to guard at all. The wall rises, strong as a fortress, and frequently it would seem that the funds were all expended on the wall, or that the owner feared that his land might run away, for no house follows. One sees these neat and mighty masonries inclosing—nothing.

As for flocks, sheep and goats wander at will. No walls separate field from field except those which any adventurous cow could surmount. Herds are guarded by children or old men, and often a motor is brought to a standstill while flocks of brown goats or sheep block the road. It is a

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charming thing to see those massed backs go rippling by, parting like a wave, and meeting and merging again behind the car, while the shepherd's dog runs to and fro, bringing stragglers into line.

As heat drives flocks out of the valleys up mountain-sides in late spring, the pipes of Pan are heard, usually as twilight falls. These flutes are fashioned from bamboo, have five holes, emit a clear wistful note, and are an integral part of a Mallorcan atmosphere. Their music is purely Saracenic, such as one hears in nomads' tents in the desert. Their notes are poignant, burdened with that sadness which is humanity's heritage from the ages. Like life, their music seems to have no beginning and no end. It is a call, a plaint, and a question which has no answer.

These reed pipes are perhaps the oldest musical instruments known to man. Probably cavemen discovered their charm, and on down through the ages, men and gods utilized them to express something beyond the baffling possibility of human speech. In Mallorca they acquire a peculiar significance. Their history is that of the island in its detachment, its plea for peace, and its pain because of denial.

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Many civilizations have left their imprint on Mallorca. Ferocity, fanaticism, perversion of tastes, faiths, and customs; the restless tide of new tongues, strange creeds, slaveries, liberties, martyrdoms, and exaltations—each and all have mingled their polyglot influences under these quiet skies.

And from the beginning to the present, that clear small note of Pan has risen above the turmoil, surviving and dominating all. There has never been a time when those plaintive notes have not been heard, and few scenes which they have not graced.

CHAPTER III

The Palaces of Palma

ONE of the rare truths of history is that beauty survives all else. It is a misnomer to apply the word "realism" to that which is sordid and ugly. When an author deals with illiterate characters, coarse details of domestic life, and crudities of circumstances which have not even the benefit of being gracefully disguised, he is usually spoken of as a great "realist." But realism is reality, and reality is truth.

Beauty is truth and therefore indestructible. What survives of any people save the beauty they produced? The monoliths of prehistoric days; the poesy of Homer, the philosophy of Plato; the Acropolis which still glows in the sun; King Tut's exquisite tomb; the pottery of races in America whose very existence had not been suspected; sculptures hidden for cycles of time in the jungles of Yucatan—each and all have survived, while

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wars, hatreds, and other evils have vanished from the earth.

The palaces of Palma exemplify this truth. They rise in dignified beauty along the Borne and the tunnel-like streets, where their lovely façades are difficult to discern because of the near perspective. Many of them were built in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries by those nobles whom the king delighted to honor, though others are much later. Undoubtedly many of the older buildings replaced others of Saracenic origin, destroyed when Jaime's soldiery sacked the city. Here and there one still finds Moorish ceilings of the honeycomb design, painted and carved, and fountains in some patios are still gay with Moorish tiles.

When the older palaces were built, war was too recent not to have its influence. They were fortresses as well as residences. Their outer walls have few windows, and those are small at the outer opening and set high. Each has its great vaulted court, supported under its galleries by thick marble columns whose capitals are carved and whose bases are worn and disfigured by centuries of usage. Each has also its splendid staircase, divided above the first central landing and mounting to the upper gallery around the court. The

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arched entrance is always sufficiently wide to allow two horsemen in armor to pass, and each court could hold a regiment. The doors are of solid oak, studded with nails, and closed by ponderous locks.

The lower windows are invariably protected by thick iron bars; and above, under the wide eaves, there is usually a gallery from which missiles could be dropped on those below. These eaves are a distinct feature, for many are ten feet wide, and, on the lower side, are painted and carved in bold and beautiful designs.

The architecture of the older palaces is Gothic, while the more recent ones are Renaissance. Strangers pass through the streets, sometimes not more than ten feet wide, totally unaware of the magnificence behind the plain walls on either side. Not one traveler in a hundred has any conception of the intrinsic and historic wealth which lies concealed in the houses of Palma; and it is not surprising, for their exteriors betray nothing.

One may see an automobile enter the cobbled court and pause before the great staircase, and a black-robed figure mount the worn treads, over which hangs the emblazoned coat of arms. A door opens above, and the figure vanishes like a cuckoo

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into a Swiss clock. Profound silence returns when the motor has disappeared under the arches, where all the vehicles are kept. The leaded windows above are backed by closed wooden shutters as though sunlight bred disease.

These houses exhale sadness associated with a splendid past and stagnant present. Life has stranded them in a back-water where memory is the mainstay by which they survive. One wonders whether they do not feel the insolence with which life passes them by. But an invincible detachment breathes from their ancient walls, which have watched the centuries pass with indifference. Those events which once rippled against their massive impregnability have died away, and they remain, placid, indifferent, undisturbed, reflecting only the mirrored past.

But there is about them a delicate reticence to be admired. One is unable to detect from their mask-like exteriors either the manner of life or the moral and financial conditions within them. Pride stands at their portals, finger on lip, saying, "Curiosity may not enter here." Their worn exteriors disdain renovation, whether poverty or wealth is inside. The frescoes on their façades have faded almost beyond recognition; the marble

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columns of the courts have been marred by wheels of gilded coaches and knightly spurs; the treads of the stairs are so uneven as to endanger life and limb; but who would be the iconoclast to destroy or change these idols of association?

To give proper precedence to the palaces of Palma, the Almudaina takes first place at the feast of interest and beauty which is spread for our pleasure. The Almudaina was originally the Moorish Alcázar, residence of the emirs who governed Mallorca. It was here that the last emir submitted to Jaime the Conqueror, and here that he remained prisoner. It stands opposite the cathedral, facing the bay, massive, simple, and resembling the outer walls of the Mosque of Córdova. Far aloft is a weather-vane representing an angel, which has turned with the winds of fortune for six hundred years.

The present building was only a part of the original mass of construction which crowned this platform above the sea. It was in part a bastile or fortress, but it was also a palace richly ornamented by Jaime II, who had his own apartments decorated with paintings and bas-reliefs, the beautiful oratory built, and gardens laid out on terraces concealed by the main building. The

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sculptor François Campordon of Barcelona was brought to adorn these gardens with statues; and from its battlemented wall the king could see his other royal demesne of Bellver Castle surrounded on its hill by pine forests across the bay.

The writer, as it turned out, was fortunate in being unable to extract information from the smart sentinel who strode before the main entrance; so, taking courage in both hands, she entered the court with its Gothic arches. Not a soul was in sight. A wide covered stairway mounted to the left of the oratory, and up this she went on a voyage of discovery, to meet a closed door. Down again, and this time to a narrow stair upward round and round within a tower, where no one stayed the adventurer.

The stone steps were worn to breakneck hollows, but at last the top was attained, and I came out under the roof, whose eaves, ten feet wide, still held faintly their Moorish decoration. The sides were open save for a low wall and columns supporting the roof. A panorama stretched below, embracing the harbor with its fleet of craft. On one side the façade of the cathedral seemed almost within reach, its glorious flying buttresses and rose-window aglow with the setting sun. Doves

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circled and settled, cooing their astonishment at such intrusion. On every hand stretched other vast rooms. Sunlight and dust lay over all, as though a sleeping princess had rested there undisturbed for centuries.

But there were more important discoveries waiting, and so, on reaching the court below, another attempt brought me to a door in the opposite corner of the court and face to face with a charming young girl who smilingly asked my errand. I waved my hand comprehensively up the stair, toward windows looking down on the court, and through the iron grille to the tangled garden.

A smile of understanding lit her brown eyes.
“Madam wishes to see—the past?”

“Yes! And all the ghosts which haunt this place.”

She laughed and led the way, not through the grille, but up a marble stair and through a modern door into a great salon delightfully furnished with old Mallorcan treasures. She explained that her father, the Marqués Cabalcanti, was military governor of Mallorca, and their home was in the Almudaina. At the king’s request her father had written the only authorized and exhaustive work on the building. As she spoke, he entered; a

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splendid type of the Mallorcan gentleman, "ravished with pleasure" to exhibit his beloved palace. Speaking excellent French, he showed many unpublished plates of the interior which are unknown to the public.

Through a tiny door concealed in the wall he led the way from the salon directly on to a little gallery, with a wall on one side and open arches on the other. In the arches were latticed screens of Moorish design. He waved his hand: "Behold!" Thinking that a harem must be concealed, I at once peopled the mystery beyond with houris hung with jewels and in gorgeous raiment. I peered down—into the royal chapel! It was something of a shock. Far below was the high altar surmounted by a carved and gilded retable. Marble pillars divided the side-chapels, and only tinted sunshine traversed the pavement where armored knights had prayed while Jaime II or Charles V kept his eyes on them from the gallery.

We descended into a vaulted chamber only recently discovered. It resembled a catacomb of Rome. My distinguished guide explained that it was the secret workroom of the emir's alchemist, whose ovens are still intact, built into the stone

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walls. Where the fumes of his unholy mixtures went is a puzzle, as no chimney opened upward.

Then up and through bright and richly furnished rooms used by present-day government officials. Many fine pictures adorn the walls; two of them are of special interest, as they depict Jaime I at the death of his beloved friends, the Mondana brothers, slain in battle. They lie together on a bier in armor, while their youthful king stands beside them surrounded by the flower of Spanish chivalry. The king is in mail from head to heel, covered by a surcoat of pale yellow silk. A cap like that of a viking is on his blond head, surmounted by a dragon's head. The governor explained that the grave of the Mondana brothers is marked by a large cross on the left of the road to Andraitx, twenty yards from the highway.

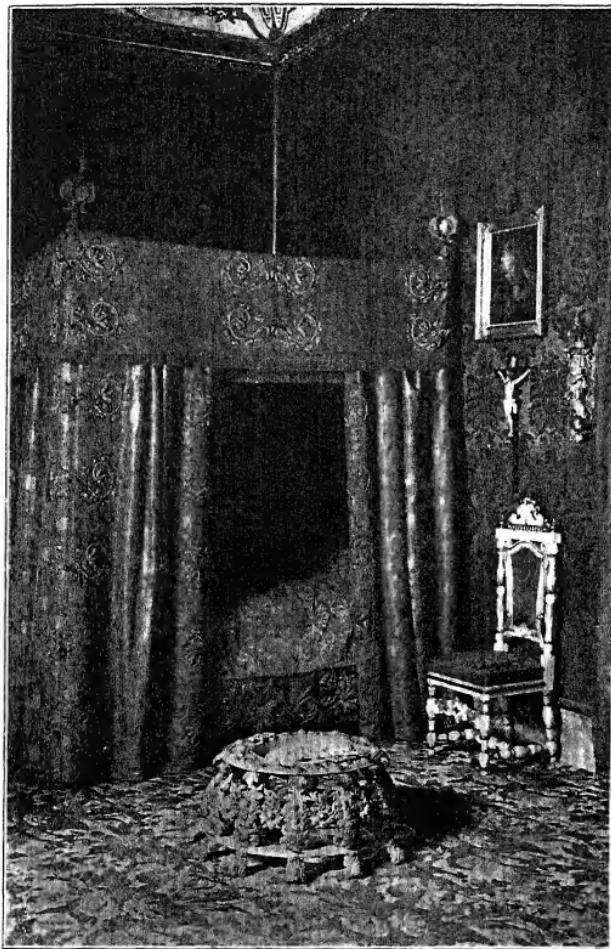
From there we went into a charming portico of slender Gothic columns and arches, through which one has a marvelous panorama. Around and below are a confused mass of buildings and part of the city walls. Beside one of the gates leading from the city have been found remains of Roman sepulchers with funeral inscriptions on them, for it was their custom to bury their dead without the walls.

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Below spread the bay in which the fleet of Charles V bearing thirty thousand men lay, on its way to the disastrous expedition to Algiers.

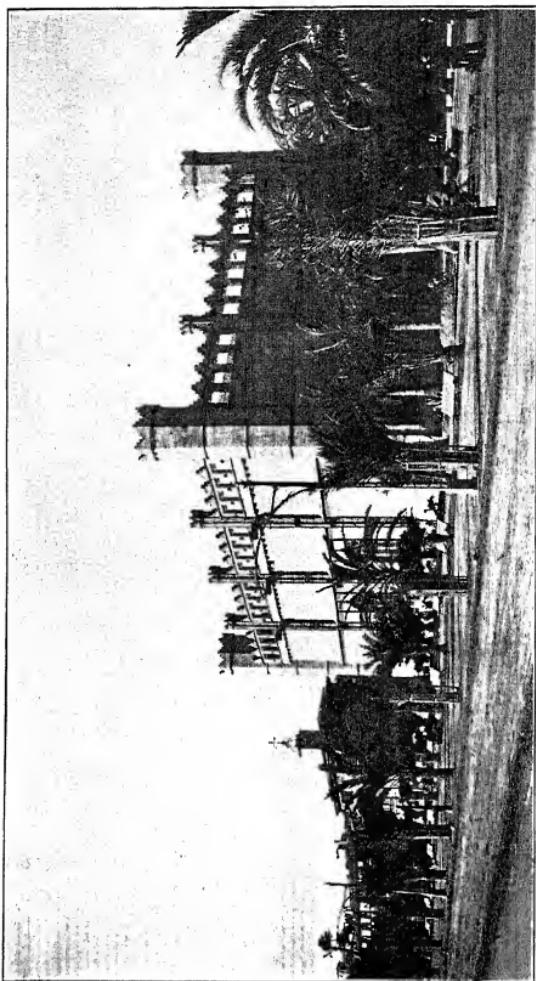
An ancient account called the “*Benventurada Vinguda*” relates the triumphant entry of the Emperor Charles V into Palma on October 13, 1541. He was mounted on a black horse, himself dressed in black, mourning for the empress. He was then forty years old, of melancholy temperament, already weary of his power, and so crippled by gout that when the bishop presented a piece of the True Cross the emperor was unable to dismount to prostrate himself. No wonder this monarch “reposed in this beauteous palace.” King of Spain at sixteen, emperor at nineteen, he had never known the normal light-heartedness of youth. The same chronicler tells of the pageantry which welcomed the emperor to Palma; the magnificent banquets and fêtes which lasted for days; the tournaments, jousts, processions, and ceremonies in the cathedral, then almost completed. Salvos of artillery speeded his departure, mingled with the acclamations of the people, but his profound sadness was evident to all as he went to his defeat.

From this gallery we passed through the house to that inner garden of Moorish origin which domi-



Courtesy of Mr. Arthur Byne.

BEDROOM IN VIVOT PALACE.



THE LONJA.

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nates the city. Here the ghosts of the past were easily evoked. This hanging place of peace surrounded by its battlemented wall rises above the labyrinth of streets below. Flowers there are none. Only orange and lemon trees, tangled verdure, and Moorish runnels for water leading to a pool, remain of former order and loveliness. But once it was a paradise. Far away rose the mountains, and, between, mile on mile of almond-trees, their diaphanous blossoms like clouds drifted from rocky summits.

Here the women of the harem dreamed the hours away like imprisoned birds in a gilded cage, free of responsibilities, ignorant of fear or cruelty until Christians drove them out to their death—or worse. Here their slaves played on ivory lutes or danced on rich rugs spread beside the pool whose marbles walled that mirror of the sky. Of the world beyond the horizon they knew nothing. Ambition, and that strife which ambition engenders, played no part in their hidden lives. Through the battlements they watched their lords on Arab horses come galloping home across the flowering plain. Civilization has done her best and her worst to this storied palace. Cathedral chimes have replaced the muezzin call, and the God of Chris-

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tian and Moslem holds the shuttle of destiny, while humanity still asks the question which has no answer: "Whence do we come, why are we here, and whither do we go?"

The private palaces of Palma closely resemble one another in size, architecture, and furnishings. That of the marquis of Palmer is one of the finest, yet it stands in a narrow street and is easily overlooked. Its façade is a gem of architecture with its carved window-frames, fragile columns, and wide eaves, worthy of a doge's palace. Erected in the fourteenth century, it bears little of the severity which marks other constructions of that period.

Fancy the shudder which ran through Palma when the agent of the late Mr. Pierpont Morgan offered an enormous sum for the entire façade to be transported to America. What sacrilege to have removed those mellowed stones one by one, to be numbered, packed, and shipped on a heaving steamer, and jostled from a New York dock! Fancy their feelings as the hurrying feet of thousands passed, while guesses were made as to their cost and origin. Would they not have exuded tears from their new joinings as the glare of American sunlight struck their old faces, and the

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hectic bedlam deafened them? They would surely have crumbled and disappeared, sick for the silence of their former dim and silent street, where ghosts kept them company and memories soothed their old age.

Within, the house is divided into three distinct habitations, which different members of the Palmer family occupy. One enters the *zaguán* or ante-chamber on the ground floor to face a magnificent window on the right. Ponderous doors twelve feet high lead to other rooms. The first is small. The leaded windows date from the fourteenth century, and large chests, covered with red velvet and openwork brass, flank a fine Ribera over the carved stone chimneypiece. Around the walls are thirty arm-chairs whose ancient leather seats and backs are secured by hand-wrought brass nails.

A great room opens from this, with walls covered with that crimson damask much used in Roman houses, spun of pure silk and dyed with vegetable coloring. Curtains and furniture are covered with the same glowing material, as fresh and intact as though three hundred years had not passed them by. No decoration breaks this crimson expanse save a dozen carved and gold-framed mirrors, on whose surfaces are cut delicate hunt-

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ing-scenes. The ceiling was painted by Mezquida, and below the damask is a painted design four feet high. At the doors are velvet hangings embroidered with the Palmer arms in gold and silver thread.

Opening from this, is another room fifty feet long and twenty wide, almost a duplicate of the first in furnishing and color. A dado painted on canvas five feet high relieves the monotony of red damask, and again the only ornamentation on the walls is thirteen great mirrors in their carved and golden frames. The carpet has been in use for three hundred years. It was made in Mallorca and is of that curious wavy pattern seen to-day in Mallorcan linen. All about the walls are divans without backs covered with the same damask. Before the fireplace, ranged *vis-à-vis* as is the invariable custom in the houses of rich and poor, are six or eight arm-chairs; and between them, back to the grate, are two wee chairs, exact duplicates of the carved chairs of state, for the children. It is not etiquette to draw the seats together, but conversation is carried on across the intervening guests.

On the wall opposite hangs a magnificent mirror of Venetian glass, and from the ceiling is sus-
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pended a great chandelier of similar make, fitted with electric lights. For warmth there is a superb brazier of solid silver three feet in diameter, which it takes three men to move. Every inch of this is wrought into cupids, garlands, and exquisite design.

The next room is as quiet in color scheme as the previous ones were gorgeous. All is willow green and gray; damask walls, carpet, and hangings. A great desk of ebony is inlaid with ivory and medallions painted on ivory. Priceless Sèvres vases are on a teak-wood table.

The adjoining room is a bedchamber with a four-poster hung in green brocade, with ponderous fringes and tassels mixed with silver thread. The coverlet is of similar tissue, with arms embroidered on it in silver. Other rooms are smaller but no less replete with richness and interest.

The principal impression received from the interior is that of great formality. The rooms, with their ceilings twenty feet high, were designed for elaborate costumes of brocades and velvets, lace and jewels. There was space for hooped skirts, profound courtesies, stately dances, and a throng of guests, when the sword must have room to evade silken draperies. The conversations those walls

heard must have been equally artificial and stilted. The only events were wars, and the discussion of such unpleasant subjects was not fit for delicate ears. As the ladies knew less than a modern child of ten, common ground for interchange of ideas must have been limited. Compliments, love-making, raillery, and religion must have borne the burden of conversation between cavaliers and great ladies at formal functions, while the inevitable church prelate in crimson robes and red silk gloves moved among them arm in arm with Mrs. Grundy.

But the chairs before the fireplace betray moments of comparative intimacy when even children participated, their backs to the blaze. As to-day, those chairs were for the selected few—relatives or friends with no masculine superiority to carry conversation to realms too lofty for comfort. Here the old *marquesa* can warn the young mother against the mad fashion of giving a baby a daily bath. Here the lover may cast amorous glances down the row of chairs at his sweetheart, where her face droops like a flower beneath her lace mantilla. Here a minute quantity of wine in priceless Venetian glass may be enjoyed, accompanied by an “English biscuit,” while the spiritual adviser and his hostess discuss the failings of their friends.

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Electric lights blaze from the Venetian chandeliers, for shutters are closed against the sunshine; and, from below, the pattering feet of a donkey, the drip of the patio fountain, mingle with the musical Spanish vowels, as tongues trip from scandal to scandal—the price of partridges, the new altar-cloth made by the American embroidery factory at Bononova, the amazing liberties that are allowed to American women. It appears that they read everything, even newspapers, and actually oppose the political views of their husbands! No wonder there are divorces in America. . . . They shudder and make the sign of the cross.

Modernity creeps within their palaces, slowly, but surely. Porcelain tubs are well on their way. Mah-jongg is ensconced, as well as jazz—may the saints preserve us! The latter lilts from phonographs with insolent *sang-froid*, right under the noses of those supercilious ancestors, whose powdered head-dresses seem to have risen high, from sheer horror at such behavior.

The most homelike palace of the city is the Sollerich, facing on the Borne, though its entrance is on the street to the rear. Its façade is broken by a beautiful, curved open gallery, supported by slender marble columns from the owner's own quarry.

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The house is worthy of the Grand Canal at Venice in its airy elegance, and one is surprised not to see water lapping its massive foundations. The court opens upon the rear street and enjoys the usual spaciousness and columns, the usual state stairway and galleries above.

Within, room after room contains the same crimson damask, mirrors, Venetian chandeliers, paintings of great value, tapestries, velvet-covered chests, and cut-plush hangings, with dozens of wonderful chairs ranged about the walls and before the fireplaces.

One room deserves mention, as it contains remarkable Empire furniture. The bedroom is fully forty feet square; and in its center, on a dais, stands the bed, a giant of its kind, seven feet wide by seven long. The four corners support imitation bunches of white ostrich-feathers atop gilded bronze rails raised above the foot- and head-boards, which curve outward. From a gilded crown attached to the ceiling, twenty feet high, descend yellow damask curtains, which pass over the rails and sweep from the dais to the floor. The rest of the furniture is of similar magnificence.

The library is sixty feet long by thirty wide,
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lined with books from floor to painted frieze. A ladder on wheels is used for reaching the upper shelves. The books themselves are beyond price: ancient missals, earliest examples of the printer's art; exquisite bindings of tooled leather; ancient chronicles on parchment; bindings of pale yellow kid, fastened with scarlet cords of silk.

Treasures were brought forth for me, among them a casket twenty inches square filled with rosaries whose beauty would convert a pagan to the faith they represented. Each has its medallion framed in gold set with diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones. The workmanship of their golden frames is worthy of Benvenuto Cellini. The medallions, painted on crystal or ivory, represent the Virgin and Child, or saints whose beauty is only properly appreciated through a magnifying-glass.

There is a watch of enamel within and without, painted by Jean André of Paris in 1662. The case is of sealskin, covered with an intricate design done in minute gold nails, smaller than fine pin-heads, the whole case measuring two inches in diameter. The edge of the watch, one third of an inch wide, bears microscopic landscapes on enamel;

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and the interior of the case, also enameled and painted with flowers and landscapes, is signed "Jean André Pinxit."

Another bedroom hung in dark green brocade has a four-poster of ebony, whose footboard and headboard are carved into fairy-like columns, inset with silver engraved with designs. The canopy has a silk fringe two feet deep threaded with silver.

On the walls of a salon are magnificent hangings of "cut plush," whose richness of color and design, threadbare as it is, is worthy of a museum. A Ribera hangs above the stone mantel, and a fine example of Lucas Cranach is opposite.

Here the windows remain unshuttered, and the sunlight reveals all this beauty gaily. A tea-table is spread with buttered toast and Anglo-Saxon delectables. The children speak English and enjoy their feast on their little chairs covered with faded coral velvet. A number of canaries hang without and add their voices to the sound of a fountain under the palms in the court.

The marquis of Vivot's palace is the largest in Palma. It is here that the queen of Spain lunched on her recent visit to Mallorca. The court is immense, with marble columns supporting the inner

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gallery, as well as wide arcades, beneath which are housed domestics, wine, and vehicles. From this court lead two others, one of them open, and walled opposite its entrance from the street by a fine sculptured gallery with statues on pedestals. The third is smaller and opens on another street. Through its farther grille a fine view is obtained of the interior beyond. The main staircase is a magnificent specimen of fifteenth-century construction. The curved vaulting above the double stair is very fine.

One enters the palace from the upper gallery through an oaken door studded with iron nails and closed by a lock which must weigh ten pounds. The vestibule is simple in treatment, with dead-white walls on which old family portraits are hung, framed in narrow black wood. Arm-chairs of tooled leather line the walls, and in two corners are fifteenth-century saddles. One is of emerald-green velvet with high croups before and behind, its faded covering heavily embroidered in silver. The other is of coral velvet embroidered in gold, with a sort of small cape sticking out behind and stiff with gold.

The first drawing-room is seventy feet long by forty wide, hung in crimson damask. One wonders

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on what the structure above rests, for no columns support the frescoed ceiling. Magnificent tapestries cover the walls, and the chimneypiece is of elaborately carved white stone. Two solid silver braziers serve for warmth, and divans follow the walls on two sides.

Beyond is another salon, somewhat shorter. Again splendid tapestries cover the walls, and below them is a dado painted on canvas. Three Venetian glass chandeliers hang from the white ceiling, and the usual row of chairs stands against the dado. These are covered with *petit point* of great beauty. Three small braziers of teak inset with silver, their basins and the accompanying ladles also of silver, serve for warmth; and a plain Mallorcan table lends a note of simplicity to the room.

These tables are distinctive of the island. The design is always the same: plain top, simple legs, and a curved piece of iron that holds all in place together. They are found in every native house from palace to peasant's cabin, and, being made by hand, are often charming.

A third drawing-room is cozier. The walls and furniture are all of yellow damask. The doors are exquisitely carved, and two cabinets of Italian

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workmanship stand at either end inlaid with mother-of-pearl, ivory, and silver, with painted medallions inset between the tiny ivory columns.

Beyond this is a bedroom, with others opening on the narrow passage paved with waxed tiles. Each room has its four-poster hung with silk brocade stiff with gold and silver embroidery; and each has its silver brazier, beautiful chairs, a religious painting, and a crucifix. The sides of each bed are carved in bold design, and the bedspreads match the hangings. In one bedroom the walls are entirely covered with Spanish leather, whose splendid colors have never faded in that darkened room.

Then one enters a little salon. On the walls are panels of cut plush, whose intricate designs rival in beauty Japanese cut velvet. The background is the white silk of the *fond*, and the crimson nap is cut into airy figures whose delicacy resembles a painting. Nothing of the kind in the Metropolitan Museum of New York can surpass this.

In a tiny room there hangs a remarkable piece of tapestry of the thirteenth century almost devoid of color; its white ground and pale fawn shades gleam like old ivory.

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There are houses in Palma which are not palaces, but which possess elegance and beauty of a simpler fashion. These have patios instead of courts, and their oaken doors stand open, that the passer-by may enter and admire their tiled pavements, growing bananas and palms, fine staircases, and invariable fountain; the fountains are surmounted by elaborate iron *grillage*, and if one leans over the marble rim and looks downward, the sky will be mirrored there, framed by the maidenhair fern which almost always lines the interior. There is often a lovely columned window, a glimpse of a church spire framed by amber-tinted roofs, a wrought stair-rail, or a noble arch to admire.

At the rear of this outer patio there is usually a more private garden shut off by an iron grille gate, where a jumble of flowers and trees gives shade and coolness in summer. No one ever appears. The tiled paths are swept, and rose-petals fall apparently unnoticed. The houses seem uninhabited, and silence inwraps them as though waiting for some dream to come true.

At No. 16, Calle del Sol, there is a fine Moorish ceiling on the arched entrance, painted with a geometrical design, proving that the house once belonged to a rich Moor. In fact the very streets

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on which these houses stand, narrow and crooked, must have been originally those of the Moors. No Baron Haussmann "did over" Palma when Spain took possession.

The squares we see were the markets where Arabs crouched on their heels before the little squares of white cloth on which their wares were displayed. The tiny shops, some six feet square, are those divisions in which suave and stately Moors sat cross-legged among their rugs, brasses, embroideries, and tooled leathers, smoking their perfumed pipes long ago.

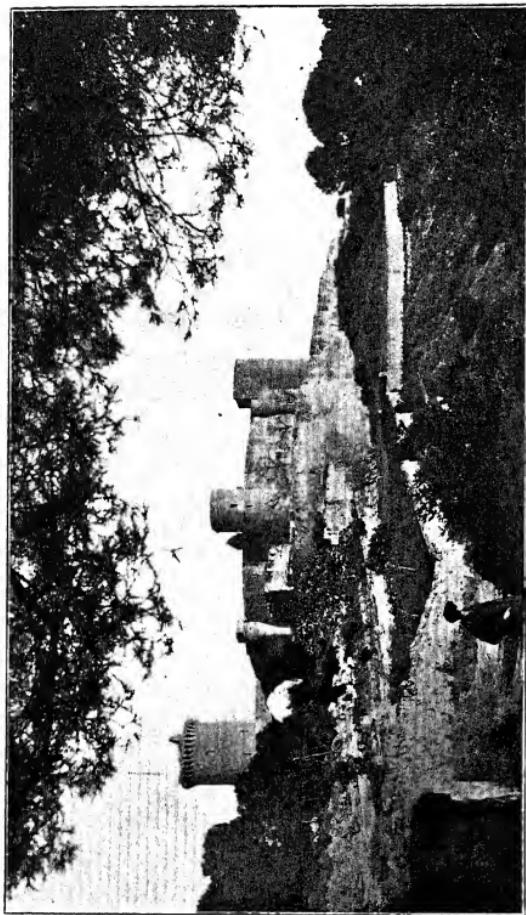
Back of the patios, high in the inner wall, one can trace the localities of possible harems, whose small windows look down on inner gardens. All is changed, yet the same. Line follows line; spaces have the same limitations; courts and gardens retain their seclusion. The very silence which broods in the streets and interiors is Eastern in its reticence. But the dirt, the shiftlessness, and the foul odors of the East are not here. Immaculate cleanliness prevails and lends distinction to the simplest abode. White marble is generously used for steps and pavements, and has its daily bath. Cleanliness in Mallorca amounts to a mania, for where else will you find a flight of sixty steps, a

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blue vase on each, scrubbed from top to bottom every morning as is the case at Terreno?

Even the little lanes are swept by housewives with brooms made of twigs, so that a fallen flower or burned match never is visible more than a few hours. In the poorer quarter the staircases, about three feet wide, mount from the street as they do in Moorish houses. They are made of blue and white tiles and are forever being washed. Considering that water is the one scarce thing in Palma and that it is treasured beyond price, this generosity is commendable. Many houses have only the rain which falls on their roofs. But garden walks are often cemented and are so laid between flower-beds that rain runs to one point and disappears into the cistern below ground, from which it has to be pumped into the house.

The scarcity of rain, while delightful for tourists, results in serious difficulty for others. On the coast beyond Porto Pi a magnificent palace has recently been erected high on the cliff directly above the sea. Architecturally it is good, large as it is, and worthy of Newport or Cannes. A French landscape gardener is laying out the grounds on a princely scale, with pergolas, walks, and ornate flower-beds. But there is no water on the estate!



BELLVER CASTLE.



CHAPEL OF RAIMON LULL EIGHTEEN HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE SEA.

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A motor with a huge tank built thereon passes the day going to and fro from the public fountain in Palma, transporting hundreds of gallons for use in garden and house. Five artesian wells have been sunk in vain. One wonders whether the architect is responsible, and if so, what the owner feels on the subject.

Along the shore just outside the city magnificent houses are being constructed. They are perched on the rocks facing the bay, and their carved stone terraces and galleries lend beauty to the shore as seen from out on the water. They, too, enjoy a view of the city and its glorious cathedral, which at sunset is all bathed in color as it rises from the water-line. These palaces are built without apparent thought of cost, with large rooms splendidly finished. Yet the disregard of the need for heating facilities is surprising, and one wonders whether the braziers of the forefathers are to be the sole comfort when the north wind blows.

But in spite of the new splendors of these houses, they lack the charm and splendid dignity of the old structures. Many windows of plate-glass pierce these modern façades, through which sunlight streams. No cobbled courts are within.

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Bath-rooms are installed, but the space, silence, cloistered seclusion, and shadowy grandeur of the old palaces claim a poetic supremacy which will not be denied.

The commercial prosperity enjoyed by Mallorca in the fifteenth century necessitated a palace of commensurate splendor; and in 1450 Guillermo Sagrera was commissioned to expend all his architectural genius on this unique and gem-like building, the Lonja, to be used as an exchange.

The Lonja faces the bay where ships from all parts of the world jostle each other on placid waters. Like Charles V, who stopped his attendants to admire its beauty, the visitor should give time and thought to an examination of its perfection. But beforehand go to the rear of the building and pass through an arch into the adjoining garden. The mind must be purged of modernity. Trams, automobiles, and steamers are beyond the outer wall of this place of peace, but they can be forgotten under the palms, and the mind can adjust itself to a past full of color and picturesque adventure. For here Jew in gabardine and Gentile in high boots, velvet, lace, and plumed hat for-gathered to do business long ago. Chroniclers of

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the fourteenth century state that in the bay of Palma there were frequently at anchor three hundred vessels of great size and six hundred smaller craft, carrying thirty thousand sailors of all nationalities. The diversity of languages, manners and customs, dress and merchandise, made of the Lonja a center of brilliant life in the Middle Ages. Palma was then at the height of her prosperity, and this exchange was its visible expression.

Gothic architecture finds its most charming perfection in this graceful and noble building, with its crenelated octagonal towers at the four corners and its ten other delicate tourelles. The windows are marvels of elegance, and the open gallery at the top lends lightness to the dignity of its massive walls. Over the front door an angel hovers with outspread wings in bas-relief. Saints will also be observed ensconced in niches. But these religious tokens were utilized generally in the Middle Ages in secular as well as religious construction.

The interior is divided into three parts by six twisted columns of stone, which rise and merge into admirable groinings, spreading like branches in a forest. A winding staircase to the roof affords a remarkable view of the bay, with its numerous types of shipping.

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A mediocre collection of pictures is on exhibition in the Lonja, which detracts from its chaste dignity, left unmarred by Time. The suavity of this building, the mellowness of its reddish sand-stone, and its remarkable proportions as it rests with reposeful solidarity on its foundations, render the Lonja a gem of Gothic architecture.

The château of Bendinat, near Cas Catalá is reached by tram and twenty minutes' walk inland. This more modern construction belongs to the count of Montenegro and is a poor copy of the style of the Lonja but much larger. It stands within a beautiful garden, which is surrounded by mountains on three sides and has a fine view of the sea to the south. Permission to visit the interior may be obtained from the majordomo in Palma, and it is worth seeing. The center of the house is a garden court of considerable beauty; and the great rooms, frescoed with historical scenes, are in the German style.

Bendinat was erected on the site of a poor cabin, which in its turn served as refuge of Jaime I when he landed for conquest, and it was here he partook of his first meager repast after the preliminary encounter with the Moors. Thus the

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name Bien-Diné became Bendinat and so remains to this day. Near-by can be seen the ancient pine-tree which marks the spot where the king's beloved friends, the Mondana brothers, died in the first battle, and further on is the tree which marks the place where the first mass was celebrated before the battle which defeated the Moors.

Dominating the inconsequent frivolity of Terreno architecture. Bellver Castle rises on the summit of its pine-clad hill. It was built in 1300 as a fortress palace, and to-day it looks impregnable to Time and royal indeed in its arrogant magnificence of outline and massive construction.

The drawbridge reveals the sides of the deep moat to be of solid masonry, smooth and forbidding—no crevice for climbing feet up those sloping sides from the bed ninety feet below. Opposite the entrance rises the great tower, crenelated, and pierced here and there by narrow iron-barred windows. From behind them many illustrious prisoners have, through the centuries, gazed out across the gentle landscape, so in contrast to their own intimate surroundings. In the dungeons far below, shut completely from all light, many have worn out their lives in black solitude.

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The inner court is one of the finest pieces of architectural construction extant. It is elliptical in shape, over one hundred feet in diameter, open to the sky, and supported by a double row of columns about a lower and upper arcade. At night, if one looks upward, the cupped eaves about the immense circle give the same impression of a star-emblazoned dome as does the Pantheon, but on a much larger scale. In the center of the court is a well of great depth, and by speaking just above its rim, a fine echo is evoked.

The outer formation is perfectly circular, surrounded by a double moat and flanked by four round towers besides the outer Tower of Honor near the entrance. The mildness of the climate has preserved the castle admirably, and it looks as though a genie had evoked its enchanted aspect only yesterday. Poignant memories breathe from this abode, and the evanescence of human glory and the injustice of human judgment are exemplified on every hand.

Set into the wall opposite the great central arch is a marble tablet commemorating the spot where General Luis Lacy was shot at four in the morning of July 5, 1817. Four years later his body was transported from Mallorca to Barcelona with all

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the pomp of military honors. His military genius and virtue deserve the inscription: "Died a martyr for the cause of liberty, which he so ardently loved."

In the Tower of Honor, high above the moat, is the cell where Jovellanos was a prisoner from May, 1802, to 1808, thanks to the jealousy of his enemy, Godoy, Prince of the Peace. But the nobility and deeply religious spirit of this illustrious prisoner won the hearts of his jailers and obtained him certain privileges—exercise on the sunny ramparts, and paper and ink with which he wrote some of his finest poems, many on the beauty of his exterior surroundings!

The dungeon called La Fosse lies deep in the foundation of this tower, where air and light only creep through a narrow slit in the stonework. Formerly, when it was used as a cell, the only entrance was by an iron trap-door through which food was passed to those who finally died in this dungeon. General Lacy was shut up here the day before his gallant death. One can read the inscription he cut on the wall with a nail in Spanish: "Imprisoned in this place, Lacy, dying of hunger, has begged bread of the sentinel." He doubtless asked in vain. Elsewhere one can read inscriptions

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traced by other prisoners, many in French, extolling the liberty of France, for which they lost their own.

The finest view of the castle is obtained by walking to the neighboring village of Genova, which is on another hill's summit across a gorge which lies between. From there the great mass of masonry stands more clearly revealed, unspoiled by Terreno's white villas. Looking west, the eye can see nothing but these towers, stretches of pine crests, and, beyond, the distant mountains, thoroughly in keeping as a background. Bellver thus stands in a semblance of primeval solitude as it did originally, when these forests were filled with wild beasts and wilder men.

The park surrounding Bellver is a place of enchantment on a sunny afternoon when the sun is setting. Through openings among the trees, especially from the terrace before the chapel in the wood below the castle, the view of Palma is beyond praise. The cathedral catches the full splendor of the sun, turning its cream-colored walls and spires into fairy gold, while the sea before it also shares in the many tints of rose and green, and the mountains in the distance seem to float upward from a sea of purple light.

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There are several miles of paths and roadways cut through the forest, carpeted with asphodel, wild anemones and hyacinths, violets and wild orchids. The breeze makes music among the pine branches. The reddish earth below your feet is the color of apricots on a sun-drenched wall. Nightingales sing as twilight deepens, and a thousand scents rise from the low verdure among the rocks. It was at the foot of this verdant pleasure that the Jews were burned alive to make a Mallorcan holiday, and it was up this broad and beautiful avenue, patterned by golden lights, that the prisoners were brought on horseback, fettered between their guards, to the fortress above. Bellver Castle is one of the keys to Mallorcan history.

CHAPTER IV

Raimon Lull

RAIMON LULL was one of the most remarkable men of the thirteenth century. His father came to Mallorca with Jaime the Conqueror. Raimon was born in 1235, and when we first hear of him he was a rich young page at court; a scoffer against the church, education, convention, and that *noblesse oblige* which, to an extent, controlled knightly behavior. For years his escapades, gallantries, and extravagances caused scandal. Enjoyment was his sole ambition. He scorned study and could read and write only with difficulty. Unscrupulous where women were concerned, he caused such havoc among susceptible hearts that his family persuaded the king to insist that his wayward but fascinating youth be married to some respectable girl, so that domesticity might curb his roving fancies.

The king arranged the matter, and Raimon was

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wedded to Isabel de Héril, who, however, failed to live happily ever after. Lull continued his erratic liaisons joyously enough until, at the age of thirty, he met his fate in the person of Ambrosia de Castello, the most beautiful and chaste woman in Palma, wife of a rich noble from Genoa.

His passion for this pious woman became his obsession. He could not conceive of failure, nor of the reality of virtue, and laid open siege to her heart. In those days admiration was expressed with a frankness which to-day would be called effrontery, but Lull's methods were too brutal to be tolerated.

Lull made it his business to follow his inamorata whenever and wherever she went abroad. He haunted her doors, which were kept closed to him. He followed her in the street, ever near her with all the charm of his youth, beauty, splendid costumes, and gay arrogance. But not one favorable glance did she vouchsafe him.

At last, stung to desperation, and wounded by that mixture of love and hate which some passions engender, he rode his horse up the nave of the cathedral to the altar before which she prayed, to show his contempt for spiritual laws and her obedi-

ence to them, and to prove that love was stronger than either.

This brought matters to a summary climax, and the gentle Ambrosia sent him word to come to her palace for an interview. Details of their meeting are given by his friend and chronicler in "Arbol de la Ciencia Maestro Ramon Lulio," and further appear in the biography, "Histoire Véritable du Bien Heureux Raymond Lulle," by Jean Marie de Vernon.

Ambrosia received Lull alone, in simple attire, and explained how his devotion was, in her eyes, merely an insult; that did he indeed love her, he would refrain from causing her pain and embarrassment. She begged him to cease, once and for all, this persecution, for she had nothing to give him save her prayers.

Lull could not brook denial, nor believe that he, Raimon Lull, was to be baffled by such frail reasoning. He became importunate; and at last she brought him roughly to his senses by saying, "I am a pariah from love; Death is my lover," and with a tragic gesture bared her breast before his stricken eyes. The once fair bosom—eaten by cancer!

With horror Lull received his answer and left

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her presence forever, a man so profoundly changed that it might be truly said he was born anew. His passion was purified. All his former habits were swallowed in an abyss of remorse and pity.

It is recorded that Lull, after that interview, recalled that during the night preceding it, while attempting to write a poem on the charms of his adored Ambrosia, a vision had intercepted him at each touch of pen to parchment. On leaving her, he entered his house, and falling upon his knees in prayer, he suddenly, like St. Paul and St. Augustine, heard a voice saying: "Raimon, follow me." That voice, or some inner moral upheaval, changed Lull from a libertine to the saint whose very name bears a nimbus of holiness and self-abnegation. And more than that, something certainly like a miracle was wrought, for the illiterate man of thirty became a profound scholar, poet, theologian, and philosopher. From what source he derived his suddenly acquired learning remains a mystery. Perhaps he possessed a remarkable capacity for absorbing knowledge, until then unsuspected and unutilized. Certainly most intensive study and powers for concentration were necessary to accomplish so extensive an education in a short period of time. But it is an undisputed fact

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that this ignorant man sprang quickly to fame for his erudition, and that the former profligate gained equal fame for the saintliness of his spiritual life.

He sold all his possessions except what was sufficient to maintain his wife and children and retired to the monastery of Montserrat, high on the mountainous coast near Barcelona, and from there went to a hermit's cell on Mount Randa on the island of Mallorca. There he spent his days and nights in prayer, meditation, fasting, and self-inflicted "discipline" of the greatest severity. The gay rake was dead, and a mystic had replaced him. Former friends visited him in his cell, incredulous of the tales regarding his changed life, but retired defeated from his presence, abashed by reverence and awe. He studied deeply and produced poems, philosophy, and books on spiritual matters of the loftiest nature. His powerful mind branched into many sciences, and, in the end, produced 486 works; the mere manual labor of which, in those days, when everything was written by hand, was a prodigious feat.

A touching proof of his newly acquired humility is his repeated assurance that his knowledge was purely a miraculous gift straight from God, and not of his own making. In his poem, "Desola-

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tion," he plainly states this, and in his work on "General Art" and his "Lectures on the Figures of Demonstrative Art" he emphasizes the denial of his own intellectual powers. He became the most brilliant scholar of his century, and his fame spread all over Europe. Jaime II, eager to meet this remarkable man, invited him to the court of Montpellier, where he astonished every one by his scientific and eloquent discourse.

He returned to Mallorca; and, at lovely Miramar, Jaime II founded a school under Lull's direction, where the scholar taught Arabic, which he had learned from a slave while in his hermitage in Spain. He spent a long period of time in that exquisite solitude. His cell was on the mountain-side just above the promontory where the residence of the late Archduke Luis Salvator of Austria now stands.

No better surroundings could be conceived for meditation on the power and love of God than those now about Lull. Below lay the majestic liberty of the sea. Above, mountain crags towered toward that heaven where he longed to be. In that solitude, as the moon spread its glory, it must have seemed to Lull like a silver censer swinging before the footstool of God. Here he could enter

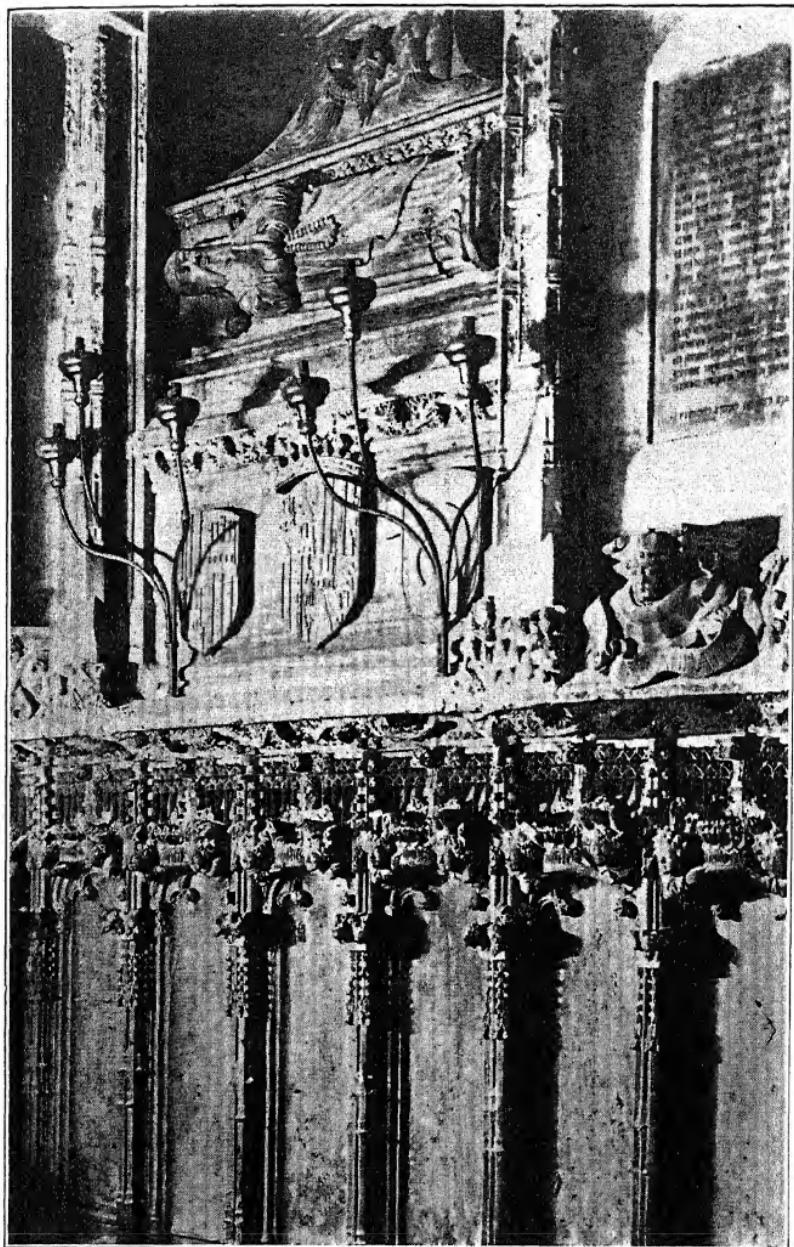
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the sanctuary of his own soul and before that inner shrine hear the Voice which had said, "Raimon, follow me."

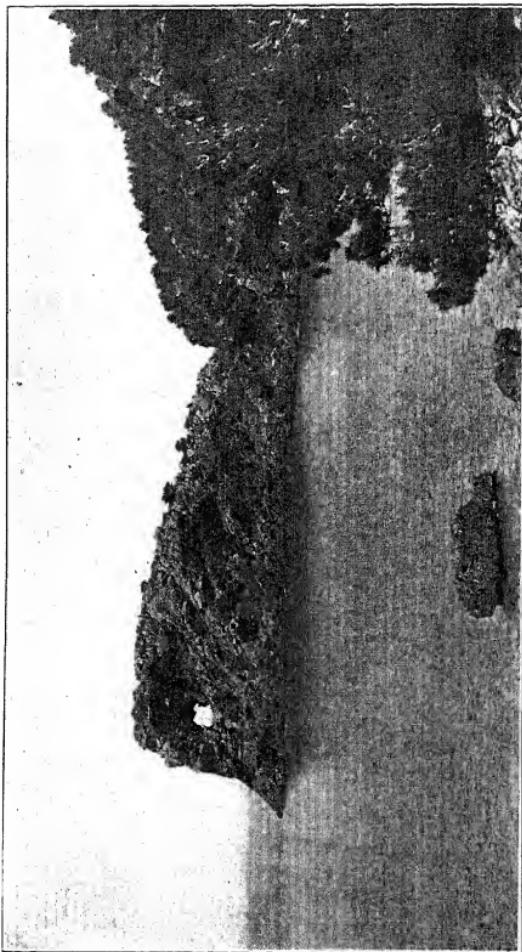
But tears and prayers did not fill his days at Miramar. In 1276 he wrote those abstruse works, "Alchindi" and "Teliph," in which he exposed the fallacies of Mohammedanism, and his book, "Laws Governing a Prince, His Person, His Palace, and His Kingdom," which Jaime II had requested as a manual of counsel.

But his poems written here reveal another facet of his brilliant mentality. They exhale a passion of tenderness for all living things. Lull seems to have regarded all the manifestations of nature as direct manifestations of their Creator, and as such he worshiped them. He was metaphorically on his knees, rapt in ecstasy before a flower, the flight of a bird, the mote dancing in the sunbeam while it did its part in maintaining the balance of creation. The wonder and beauty of the natural world was a source of intoxication to the monk who had found his soul.

But Lull did not strive for peace at the expense of others' salvation. That there were millions of unbelievers near at hand in Africa, seems to have fretted his conscience. As he spoke Arabic fluently,



TOMB OF RAIMON LULL.



SHORE OF MIRAMAR.
THE APERTURE IN THE ROCK IS SIXTY FEET IN DIAMETER.

R A I M O N L U L L

he made his plans; and at last, bidding farewell to his friends and pupils, he set forth on a journey which only a miracle could save from a disastrous end. In the thirteenth century travel was a dangerous and difficult undertaking on foot or on horseback, through regions infested with wild beasts and wilder men. Yet this former dilettante set forth and traversed Mongolia, Asia Minor, Egypt, Ethiopia, Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco, preaching the gospel of Christ.

Like St. Paul he suffered hunger, thirst, derision, abuse. Under a burning sun he traversed wastes, dared a thousand perils, and escaped a thousand deaths. From village to village he passed, dressed openly in his monk's habit, speaking in the market-places alone, among enemies. And yet he survived. As Lull said, "How then should evil have reached me when the arms of my Saviour held me to His breast?"

From time to time he returned to Spain or Miramar, where he applied himself assiduously to writing learned treatises. But the infidels were his constant care, and to them he always returned. So strong was the moral effect of his spirituality that in 1299 he was given permission to preach in the mosques and in the Jewish synagogues of Mal-

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lorca. But old age found him worn bodily, though with a soul still aflame. He knew death was not far away, and he longed to follow the example of his "best beloved" in finding eternal rest at the hands of those he loved and served. Martyrdom was the only honor he craved.

So, at eighty years of age, he set sail for the last time for Africa, where this "last grace" was accorded him. At Bougi he was arrested and sentenced to death. His executioners failed to kill him, but his apparently lifeless body was thrown to the populace. A merchant from Genoa named Etienne Columbo rescued him and carried him aboard his own ship, which set sail for Spain. Lull lingered a few hours, but life left the worn and weary body before the vessel reached Spanish shores. The longed-for last grace was accorded him, and he died at the hands of those he had so loved.

He was buried in the side-chapel of the Church of San Francisco at Palma, Mallorca. His effigy lies on its side, as though six hundred years had not sufficed for rest. Lull's monkish robes lie straight on his emaciated frame, which in its arrogant youth had been decked in splendid dress. The stranger, gazing at that noble face, wonders

of Ambrosia, that exquisite woman whom Lull loved. Did she live long enough to know the miracle which had been wrought, and in her own suffering did she gain solace in realizing that she had been instrumental in rescuing his soul from ignoble living?

May a digression be made to call attention to the strange similarity between Raimon Lull and his prototype, Count Charles de Foucauld of France, a latter-day saint, not yet canonized, for he died during the late war? Though over six centuries divide them, their birth, youth, reformation, and spiritual exaltation are much alike, and too striking in their similarity not to cause wonderment. Both were of noble birth and, in their youth, scoffers at religious belief, convention, and intellectual development. Both became suddenly and overwhelmingly devout Christians, and both left definite records that they had heard "the Voice" bidding each to "follow Me."

After having accepted this demand, both left the world, sold their possessions, and led the hermit's life of solitude, meditation, and penance. Both quickly became expert in the Arabic language and felt a particular obligation toward Mos-

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lems in Africa. Both traveled in the East, emulating Christ in poverty and humility, while surviving a thousand dangers and sufferings, until each attained the martyrdom in Africa for which he prayed.

Foucauld, like Lull, developed astonishing intellectual powers. His translations from the Touareg language, like those of Lull, became widely known and utilized. Foucauld's topography is used to-day by the French military government in Morocco and has brought him the very fame and honor which he wished to avoid, as did Lull's masterly scientific works. Both men decried and repudiated any personal responsibility for the fruit of their genius, asserting that all was miraculously accomplished by the power of God working through them for the glory of the faith.

Many centuries divided them, but they were one in ardor of belief and loftiness of spirit, as well as in the practical results of their mystical and intellectual accomplishments.

CHAPTER V

Monasteries

WHEN Heber wrote the hymn,

They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain,

he might have thought of the monks of Lluch, who long ago attained the perilous height where they founded their monastery. To reach Lluch, near Escorca and the northwestern coast, we had motored about fifty miles through orchards of almond-trees, a major part of them in full bloom. Our minds were under the spell of those clouds of frail and lovely petals which filled the valley from mountain wall to mountain wall, unfolding fearlessly to the radiant sky. They breathed utter faith and joy in the bliss of living and rested on the breast of the perfumed air with confident content. Ecstasy exhaled from their rose and white masses as though they were intoxicated with their own beauty, while a delicate arrogance held them

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above the ardent young wheat on which an occasional gracious petal fell, like a caress which promised fulfilment. The effulgent glory of blossoms was an assurance of rich fecundity springing from an irresistible source of hidden mysteries, eternal, wise, and beneficent. As the breeze stirred them, they seemed to whisper, "We are love and life everlasting."

Suddenly we found ourselves between stern walls of rock, shut out from that riot of joy. Beside the road ran a faint track, over flint, sun-baked earth and sterility, twisting upward along edges of precipices, through gorges and around jagged pinnacles. It was the ancient path by which the monks of Lluch, during the centuries, had gained their height "through peril, toil, and pain."

These mountains rise abruptly from the plain. Nothing could be more grotesquely magnificent than the vista of peaks piled one above another, gray and wrinkled like an elephant's hide, distorted into fantastic shapes. Their flanks are ridged into weird crevasses, gullies, and sinister abysses so narrow that they seem but dark lines in the gray surface of rock.

When Doré drew his landscapes for his illustrations of Dante's "Purgatory," he came to Lluch

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for material. One recognizes in his seemingly unnatural conceptions of nature this grandiose majesty of strange forms. It breathes remorseless solidarity. It is a defiance of change or impression. The watercourses are arid except for two months in spring and are burned dry by blasting sunshine which strikes back from these mighty ovens of rock, rendering gullies veritable furnaces which rob every living thing of existence.

Here and there pines are rooted among boulders, seeming to draw their sustenance from the air only. Eagles soar against the sky, but no living thing moves among the arid grandeur. The road, smooth-walled and a fine feat of engineering, mounts up and up, turning back upon itself as though hesitating before its task, but ever aspiring until the summit is reached—the crest of a hill rising nearly a thousand feet from a verdant valley sheer below on the other side, surrounded by soaring peaks.

The monastery is solid masonry, situated on this narrow platform. When the monks of St. Augustine were expelled, it became a college for priests, but at present it is a boys' seminary. Visitors are proffered free hospitality in clean and simply furnished rooms, formerly cells; but it is

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too cold for comfort except in summer, as there is no heat, and the stone walls, floors, and vaulted ceilings render it bitterly uncomfortable. The visitor is expected to leave a few pesetas for the fund. In truth, the monks do not care to have the monastery used as a hostelry for any length of time.

An excellent luncheon is served in the refectory, a room about a hundred feet long, supported by native marble columns and arches faced with the same polished marble. A neglected garden is surrounded by gray buildings, with their double rooms of cells along the gaunt corridors. Each thick wooden door bears a framed religious sentence in Latin.

The church is the one jewel. On its interior, color, carving, gold, and rich paintings have been lavished—not in good taste, but, after the grim and dismal scenes without, any glow seems grateful to the senses. There is, however, a modern painting on the ceiling above the organ-loft which is worthy of admiration. In the smaller chapel the famous Madonna of Lluch stands under a canopy of carved and gilded wood. She is about eighteen inches high and holds the Child in her arms. Her head is surrounded by a halo of silver. She is rich

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in jewels, which, some years ago, were stolen from her nimbus and body; and although they were recovered and the thief excommunicated, they are now kept in the cathedral treasury at Palma. The Madonna of Lluch is believed to have wrought many miracles.

One is glad to leave this somber interior of stone and sadness for the outer air and follow the “route of mysteries” which winds up the mountain to the summit. On the way, set in the rocky sides, are huge monuments of stone inset with bas-reliefs of bronze representing the stations of the cross. They are finely done. On the narrow pinnacle on the summit is a crucifix twenty feet high, lined with glass. In February when the moon is at a certain quarter, this glass catches the light in such a way that the cross becomes a thing of flame, visible for miles across the valley and peaks against the sky.

From here one can look down the dizzy abyss into the lovely little valley far below, misty with its almond-blossoms and gray olive-trees. Two streams spread sunnily among the orchards. From a crevice near at hand among distorted pines a cascade of water plunges downward over the sharp edge of the precipice, its voice floating to the upper silence. It seems to exult in its escape from a too

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exalted loneliness to the verdant bourne below. The monks of Lluch had no temptations of the world to harass them in their monastery. Nature at her hardest was about them. When tempests roared, and lightning played about their peaks, and darkness shut them in their solitude, God must have seemed very near.

But when they climbed their "route of mysteries" and glimpsed that smiling valley far below, where peace brooded with folded wings above the homes nestled there, what courage to close their minds and hearts to all that they implied! Below were beauty, earthly ties, sweet and tender. The dignity of labor and its resultant plenty, the songs of birds, laughing streams murmuring between banks of wild myrtle, childish voices, must have touched those monks with visions of another life which never could be theirs. The distorted bastions of their mountain fastnesses, where life had so little place, forced their spirits to the contemplation of that other world where love is not forbidden them, and lifted their consciousness from their worn and harassed bodies to that ecstasy of the soul which the almond-blossoms perhaps share and understand.

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Randa, unlike Lluch, exhales a happy peace. It stands on the summit of a mountain, which, with its mate, rises sheer from the plain to the east of Palma, visible from the city across the bay.

The approach skirts the beach and then passes inland across fertile gardens; treeless, flat, and ornamented by many windmills whose fragile fans move lazily against the sky.

The mountain rises sturdily, but without that effect of dramatic violence which pertains to many others on the island. The road to its base is admirable, but as it winds to its end half-way up the mountain's flank, sharp stones imperil tires and cause agony through thin-soled shoes. No trees and only scant foliage soften the way, but the thickets resound with the songs of birds, and the landscape is gentle and serene.

Then a curve is rounded, and the visitor suddenly finds himself on a rocky platform about fifty feet wide which is cut straight into the mountain. On it rests a long low building whose roof almost touches another roof of solid rock. This building rests like a mussel within two halves of half-opened shells. One feels that at any moment they may close upon the building, to be swallowed

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by the mountain like a titbit. At one side a terrace is backed by the cells of the former monks, who now reside on the summit.

Far below spreads the plain, patterned like a Persian carpet, with its sections of upturned earth and differing shades of greenery. Beyond is the sea, a shimmering glory of silver shrouded in mist.

The present residents of this building keep a primitive inn for those who will bring their own food. A table is spread on the terrace by an eager and smiling host, who provides wine, olive-oil, and those small black olives which are an acquired taste. As food is partaken, he explains that this was the main monastery many years ago, but as the brotherhood dwindled they moved to the apex of the mountain, where a small chapel commemorates Raimon Lull, who lived a hermit's life there on his return from Spain.

Further around the side of the mountain a cave is pointed out in which Lull meditated and "wrought in tears" his penitence. One suddenly comprehends that serenity which marked his conversion, and his swift adaptability to a life in startling contrast to his former existence of luxury and pleasure. For Randa is beneficent rather than austere. The lovely world is not excluded from

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either sight or contact, and the ascetic can feel that he has not been thrust from it by any force other than his own glad volition. It lies below within reach, not a temptation, but rather a reminder of the goodness of God.

Lull is so interwoven with the mysticism of Mallorca that to follow his footsteps on his pilgrimage toward perfection is to share with him those impressions and influences which gave his spirit ease. At Randa one can kneel with him before the altar in the church thrust into the mountain. With him the eye can embrace that widespread beauty of a serene landscape.

Also with Lull one can mount on foot to the summit where a little chapel, hidden garden, and concealed domicile for a few Franciscan friars preserve the sanctity of this majestic refuge of a harassed soul. In his time there was no refuge for him but a cave, and, like Moses, on that lofty eminence he found himself face to face with God.

Outside the little inclosed garden there is a grassy plateau on which two ancient trees cast their shade. From the edge a stone would fall a sheer thousand feet. On the afternoon of the writer's visit a happy chance brought there twenty little girls in charge of two young nuns to celebrate a

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feast-day. Each child wore white dress, stockings, shoes, and a big white bow in the hair. They were playing ring-around-the-rosy on the sward, whirling gaily, the nuns in the center. The shadows of the trees danced with them. It was typical of the happy atmosphere of Randa, and one was glad to know that those joyous young voices reached the ears of the monks within their cells.

George Sand says in her "Voyage à Majorque" that the drive from Palma to Valldemosa excels in beauty that of the Corniche. She is quite right, for nothing could be more unusual or more lovely than that splendid road skirting the coast whose dramatic quality is surpassingly beautiful.

Valldemosa lies in a hollow among mountains, about twenty-five miles from Palma, somewhat inland. The town is Moorish in aspect from a distance, and somewhat somber in surroundings except at noon, when the sun cheers the grim mountains. One enters the valley from Palma through a narrow gorge resembling those in the Pyrenees. Below the road on the right a stone-bedded stream follows the dividing wall, and from it rises in-folding masses of fantastic rock, in which pines have found root. At twilight this place indeed

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resembles Doré's illustrations of purgatory in its melancholy.

The town, perched on the hill, with its huddled white houses and its central tower, square like a minaret and roofed with green tiles, resembles Granada. The many cypresses add to this Arab aspect and accentuate its somberness.

The name of Valldemosa was derived from the fact that long ago it was the domain of a rich Moor named Musa who figures constantly in King Jaime's journal. Hence, Valley of Musa—Valldemosa.

On the plateau above the valley is the site of the former palace of King Sancho, second son of King Jaime II, who in 1321 took up his residence here, and introduced into the island its red-legged partridges and also the sport of falconry.

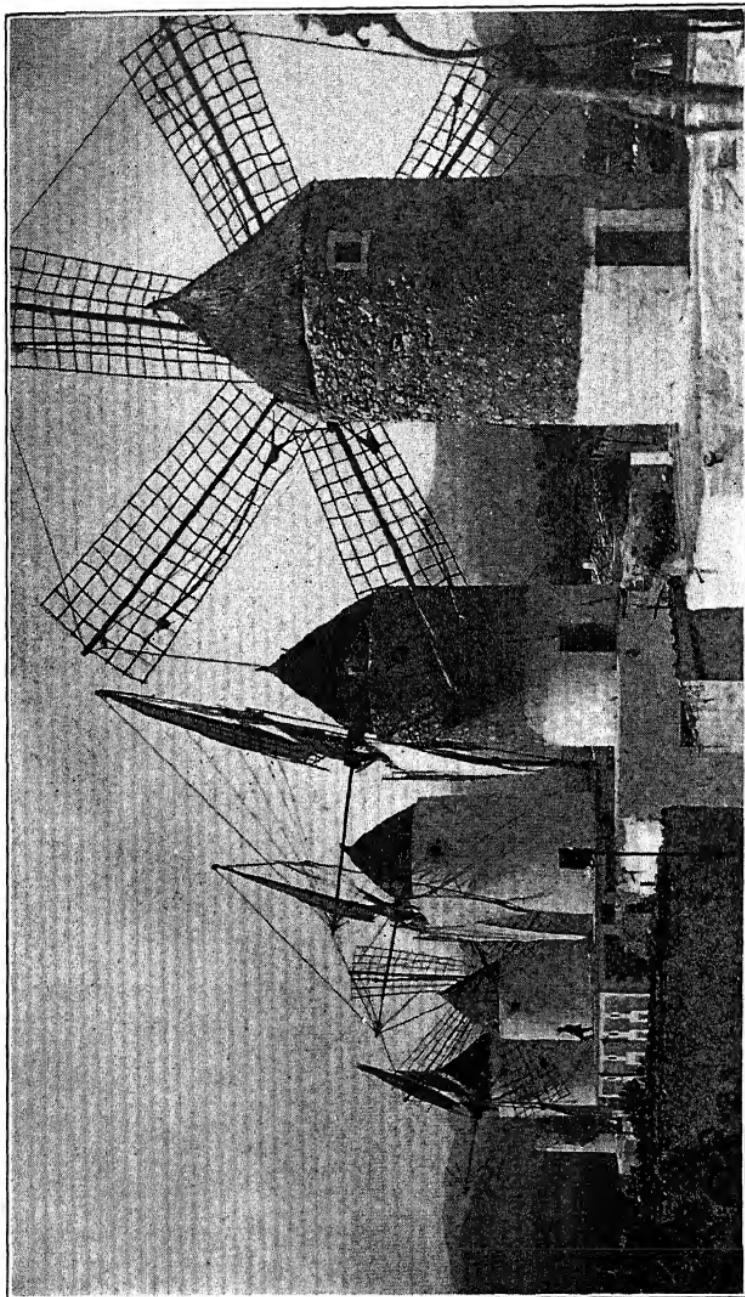
As one enters the town, it seems to be a city of the dead, for its houses present blind fronts, and its inhabitants live within their patios and inner gardens. Considerable business, however, is carried on in connection with the exportation of grain, olive-oil, oranges, dates, lemons, and pigs. A colony of artists also assemble there each winter, and the late John Sargent spent a season there painting the surrounding country. Madame Sureda, whose

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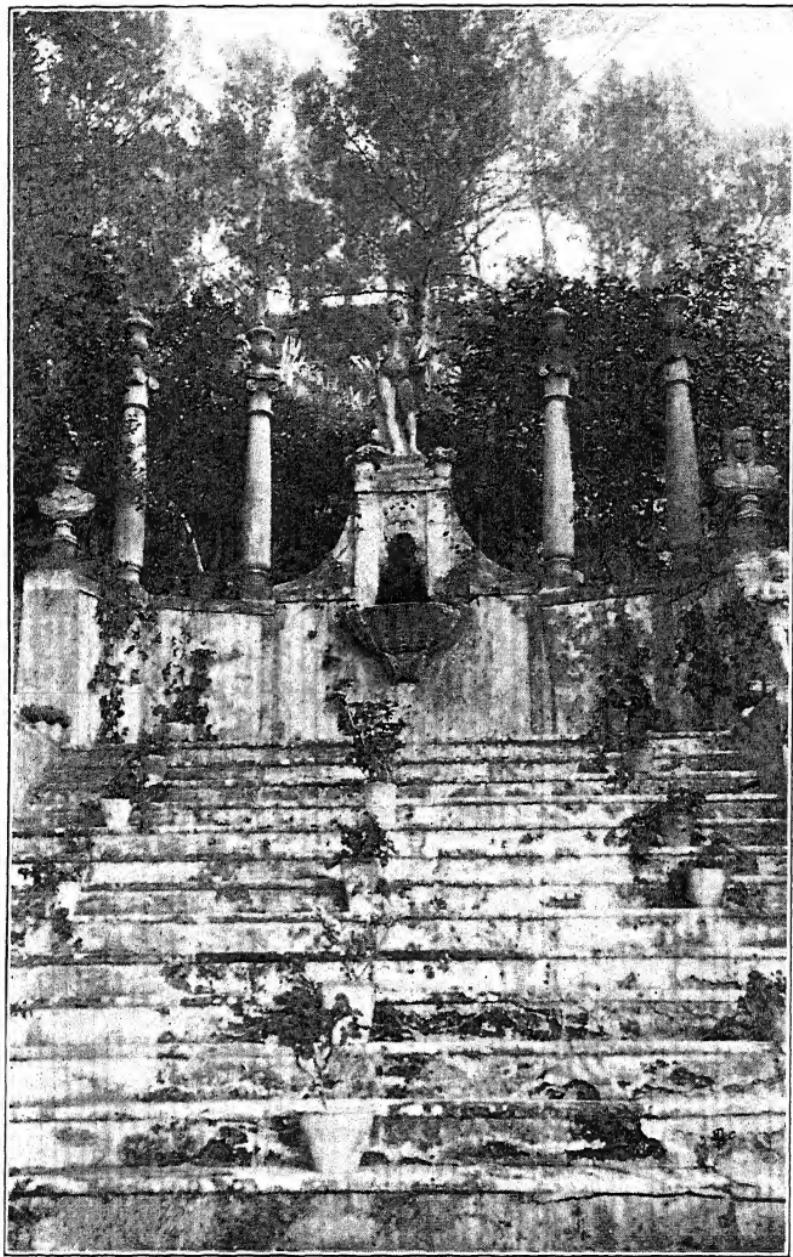
ancient palace is attached to the former monastery, is one of Spain's most distinguished artists. Her exhibitions in England and Spain are well known.

The church and cloisters are the heart of the town. The church, first built in the twelfth century, but wholly reconstructed in the eighteenth, was denuded of its florid portals by those iconoclasts who expelled the monks from Mallorca in 1835. This vast group of buildings was maintained for thirteen Carthusian monks. Twelve was the number allowed by the order, but by special favor an extra recluse was permitted. When the monks were expelled, sinister dungeons are said to have been discovered in which remained sinister skeletons. The order is vowed to perpetual silence, and the monks came to Valldemosa, lived immured, and died. Each was buried at night in an unnamed grave, his identity forever lost.

The church has nothing remarkably beautiful within, but its assemblage of buttresses and vaulted roof are impressive. Two cloisters adjoin, built at different epochs; the smaller and more gracious is surrounded by an open colonnade supported on pillars. The second is immense, with a high corridor partially inclosed on the garden in the center. These now untenanted places are cold in ex-



WINDMILLS ON ROAD TO RANDA.



STAIRCASE IN GARDEN OF RAXA.

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pression and construction. On the other side of the corridor are the former cells, which open on the other side into charming little gardens, whose walls overhang the valley. Each monk had his garden, cut off by a high wall. Merging into the end of the monastery is what was formerly a sort of fortress palace, attached to the building, yet apart. Its massive walls and towers prove their warlike necessity. Plainly it was once a luxurious abode, but now bats circle within its web-hung chambers, and the great iron-studded doors swing to the breeze within grass-grown courts.

The walks up into the mountains are among the finest on the island. Many are too wild except for the experienced climber but are well worth an effort. Paths lead through gorges and skirt abysses, mounting among dizzy pinnacles from which a panorama of the valleys and the plain between Valldemosa and Palma lies unfolded to the eye, with strange effects of light and shade. The summits of the mountains are capped with marble, which at times resembles snow. The vermillion, which pertains to mountains elsewhere on Mallorca, is absent here. All is gray and gray-green from rocks to the misty foliage of olive-trees which cover the flanks of the mountains up-

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ward, two thousand feet. The rock walls which support their terraces merge into the rock of the hillside, until the trees look as though they were not rooted in soil.

The air at Valldemosa is excellent for asthma, so dry and pure is it; and even at night there is an absence of the usual heavy dew. During a tempest, the precipitous formation of the surroundings renders the landscape liable to sudden torrents, which leap from new sources to the valleys with unexpected ferocity.

The monastery is partially tenanted at present by English and French, who have rented suites of the former cells, furnished them charmingly, and created homes. It is said that the rent for such an apartment is about fifteen dollars a month!

But romance casts rosy garlands about this grim abode. One winter's day in 1838 the idlers on the quays at Palma watched with curiosity four strangers descend the gang-plank: a man, a woman, a girl, and a boy half grown.

The man was Frédéric Chopin, then twenty-eight and at the height of his fame, but ill with tuberculosis, which soon after extinguished the flame of his genius. The woman was George Sand with her children. Her legal name was Madame

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la Baronne Dudevant. She had left her first husband, Jules Sandeau, some years before, and, playing with his name as she had with his heart, she became George Sand. She was now likewise at the height of her fame. Her eccentricities, charm, and ardent temperament had fascinated young Chopin, though she was considerably older than he. Her passionate tenderness inwrapped his sensibilities with a force that devoured him, as Alfred de Musset had been devoured before him by a similar passion. Musset expressed his beloved sufferings in his "Nuits," as Chopin did later in his "Nocturnes." As Louis Merlet said, "Ces nocturnes ont pris leur belle inspiration aux sources vives d'une tendresse *épuisante*."

Mais j'ai souffert un dur martyre,
Et le moins que j'en pourrais dire,
Si je l'essaurait sur ma lyre,
La brisserait comme un roseau.

George Sand had brought Chopin and her two children to Mallorca for the winter, hoping it would benefit his health. Nearly ninety years ago Mallorca was a simpler place than it is to-day. No hotels existed save primitive inns, and the splendid roads which now interlace the island were

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then more fit for mules than men. Few strangers ventured here. Mrs. Grundy, however, was very much to the fore, and the church was all-powerful. Those *amitiés amoureuses*, which France condoned, particularly when coupled with genius, were not condoned in Mallorca. Here, there were no gradations between black and white, and the "sentimental journey" of the two was very black indeed.

At first this odd family inhabited a small villa near Palma, but for an ill man its inadequate heating, thin walls, and dampness were dangerous. When the irregularity of the inmates' life became known, their landlord was anxious to rid his real estate from such damaging tenants, and so he made Chopin's infectious illness the excuse and bade them speedily domicile themselves elsewhere. George Sand hunted high and low, but it was plain that no other house would be rented to them. So to Valldemosa, ex-monastery, they went, and found shelter in the cells from which the monks had been evicted in 1835.

The monastery had been bought from the government for almost nothing, by ten persons who had clubbed together. The long, low building containing the cells faced the valley from individual

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gardens between high walls. "Each cell," as George Sand described their bizarre domicile, "was composed of three rooms; the middle one for reading, prayer, and meditation opening on the cloistered corridor within, and on walled gardens without, whose low front wall allowed a view of Palma in the distance. On one side of this room was a bedroom with its alcove shaped like a sepulcher cut into the stone wall. On the other a room for work and eating, with a small hole cut through the wall to the corridor for food to be passed through."

In this apartment the family was installed with the piano sent from France. A strange existence for this man and woman, whose genius the world acclaimed, but who had left it for one another. Their existence was difficult. Priests forbade intercourse with the irregular *ménage*. They were boycotted, though that word was unknown to the vocabulary of the simple souls who regarded the presence of the twain as profanation. The elements also combined to render life unpleasant, for during two months rain descended, deluging by its unprecedented violence the whole valley. Cascades thundered down precipices which had never known them before. Gardens were torn to tatters, and

the road to Palma rendered almost impassable. The English consul had befriended them from the first, and had it not been at this period that his influence and kindness procured them food, matters might have gone evilly with them.

The cells were damp and cold despite charcoal braziers, and wind whipped through crevices and sent rain in sheets across the plain below their little garden. Chopin grew daily more pale, languid, and apathetic, except toward her and his music. Villagers used to cluster in the cloister without, to listen to his inspirations while the gale swept through the arches. But if the door opened, they fled as from the devil. All this was fatal to so gentle a spirit as Chopin and withered his soul and body. He was habituated to the refinements and luxuries of Parisian life; and this solitude of physical hardship, ill as he was, was only tolerable because of his strange devouring passion for the woman who had brought him there. The intellectual sympathy was strong, but her whole person exhaled strange charm. Her low intelligent forehead with eyes set deep and wide apart, the dead whiteness of her skin and that mass of silken dark hair which she wore loosely, the perfection of her

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splendid body, all exerted a cruel and devastating power on Chopin.

Both remained active mentally. George Sand was writing "Spiridon," which shows in its superb descriptions of the sea and mountains the influence of her surroundings. The fantastic formations of the ravines, the mysticism which exhaled from those gray cloisters where nameless dead slept so near to her own chamber, all combined to form the background for that strange work of her restless and unhappy mind.

Chopin composed "La Tempête" while the tempest in his own soul wore upon his fading spirit. To watch the sufferings of those we love is a bitter experience; but to know that those sufferings are caused by one's own bad judgment, as did George Sand, must have eaten into her very soul.

When sunshine returned she knew that the end was not far away. Again he was able to walk in the garden, but not for long. Leaning on her arm, they paced the flagged walks between the rose-trees, while the pale moon silvered their world with unearthly loveliness. Flowers again gave their perfume. Soft airs wooed from the marble-topped mountains. It was a fair world Chopin was about to leave, but doubtless his weary spirit and body

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longed for that repose which the woman he loved had failed to give him.

When April came he was sufficiently better to attempt the journey back to France, but even that experience was a painful thing. When they left Valldemosa they were pursued by the peasants with stones and cries of execration. Children followed with hoots of derision those foreigners whom the *cura* and their parents had taught them to fear and hate. When Chopin reached Paris, exhausted, he was miserably ill but lingered on for some months. But the ardors of genius and of love were too strong for that frail being, and soon the flame flickered out into the darkness where George Sand's remorse could not follow.

CHAPTER VI

Modern Life in Mollorca

THERE is one person of paramount importance in Mollorca. She is found in all classes of society—pervading the austere seclusion of dim palaces, where the pride of ancient lineage is portrayed by armorial bearings painted in colors above the great staircase. She is invariably one of those groups of persons who sit about minute fires under the carved mantelpiece, dictating the trend of prolonged conversations on matters of no importance.

She is no snob, however, for she also makes her presence felt in the simplest homes, where social functions are comprised of gossip in doorways, or a glass of wine under the family fig-tree in the garden. This all-pervading lady is much to the fore even at Sunday bull-fights, dictating raiment, speech, and manners. The woman behind her flower-stall or at prayer in one of Palma's forty-odd churches, the stroller on the Borne, or the

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gaily attired gendarme, are each and all uncomfortably aware of this ubiquitous lady, and that she is not to be hoodwinked or cajoled. She exacts dignity, sobriety, and courtesy, and woe be to the rash one who flouts her exacting laws of conduct.

The name of this social tyrant is Mrs. Grundy. We have met her in all parts of the world, a somewhat boring person. But on this island her power is absolute. Class distinctions exist, of course, but not as in Europe. The peasant recognizes without rancor or envy the superiority of his overlord and accepts it with gratitude, for that superiority is his safeguard and support. If there were no one wiser than he, who would aid him in time of difficulty? If there were no rich, who would come to his assistance in time of need? But the wide chasm between rich and poor, which our own civilization knows to its cost, is absent in Mallorca. The "poor" are rarely in want, and the upper class do not find it necessary to preen their wealth, for to make an impression is their last desire. In fact the woman of the simple class, and the nobly born woman, when on the street, dress so much alike that it is difficult to tell mistress from maid. Both wear black woolen dresses, patent-leather shoes, dark stockings, and black veils over their hair; the rich

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lace mantillas of the upper class are only worn at church, the theater, and bull-fights.

A benign plenty pervades all conditions of life. The sun gives heat; the kindly earth and sea provide food bounteously; beauty is a common heritage; and a deep spiritual faith furnishes the imagination with still another heaven even fairer than this earthly paradise. The majority of the older generation of peasants believe that the earth is flat, and that the rim of the world lies on that blue horizon where sky and sea merge. The growth of all living things, the distance of the stars, the grandeur of storms among the mountains, the glory of dawn and sunset, are accepted as gifts from that Father in heaven who feels an affectionate interest in the smallest details of existence. Of course the devil is also an equally real factor. He has a complete outfit of horns, hoofs, and tail and is surrounded by an atmosphere of unpleasant fire and brimstone. But he is only occupied with crimes, and no one commits crimes.

Palma boasts of one detective, a kindly smiling person who is so elated by his calling that he spends a considerable portion of his time polishing his badge of office with a bandana handkerchief in public, explaining at once, on introduction, the

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nature of his profession. Were he called upon, by some extraordinary perfidy, to "detect" the criminal, he would have to dye his hair, change his features, and develop a hunched back before he could fool a Mallorcan pigeon.

The upper class are descended largely from the proudest grandees of Spain, and never forget it. But they understand the meaning of *noblesse oblige* and are simplicity and kindness itself to the simpler classes. Self-assertion, pretense, and display are unknown quantities in their social equation. They lead hidden lives. "Parties" are almost unknown, except of the most informal character at their country houses. Their palaces, grim in their outer aspect, are rarely opened to strangers, and a dinner-party is far rarer with them than charity. The chill of their houses, which are entirely devoid of heat, penetrates one's bones; and one longs to throw wide the ponderous wooden shutters to let in sunshine on the priceless furniture, cut velvet, tapestries, Riberas, exquisite bindings, silver, and crimson brocade, which is as unfaded after three hundred years as when hung on those lofty walls.

Money is often scarce, but elegance of manners, never. The costumes are not "smart." To be *à la* [156]

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mode is to be modern, progressive, and restless. The past is quite good enough for the Mallorcans, and tranquillity is the mainspring of their existence. One feels that, were they suddenly called to paradise unprepared, St. Peter would have to await their unconcerned and leisurely arrival, timed by their own good pleasure.

In Europe many of their class are only too pleased to know rich Americans, from whose plethoric pockets they may extract substantial perquisites for social introductions. It is doubtful whether in Mallorca such an idea ever percolated through the armor of proud unconsciousness of such vulgarity. Strangers come and go. Doubtless we are peered upon from shuttered casements as oddities from another sphere, but we do not touch their lives nor even arouse their curiosity. Their massive façades which frown on these narrow streets are veritable fortresses against all we represent.

Their city dissipations consist of driving in closed motors to the long mole of an afternoon, where they descend and stroll as the sun sets across the bay. Or occasionally they dance of an afternoon in plain costumes at the "circle" or club, to which ladies are admitted as a great con-

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cession to modern license. Afternoon tea is not customary, but it will appear for the stranger's edification before a fireless grate. The "movie," however, is well patronized by women, as is the pretty theater, where good plays and operas are given.

It is on the country estates that the family relaxes, and there the younger members of this very restricted society are allowed to enjoy themselves freely with tennis, hawking, swimming, and informal dancing. Falconry is particularly popular with young girls, who are adepts. It is both a pretty and painful thing to see the falcon, unhooded from a girlish wrist, soar upward and then swoop on its prey.

Football and baseball are popular and are well played by Mallorcans, and a fine stadium has been built on the outskirts of Palma, to which, of course, women rarely go. The bull-fight is not patronized by the better class, and in truth it is a paltry thing. The people, however, flock to the arena Sunday afternoons during the summer and on special fête days. But the scene lacks brilliance and retains only its cruel and sordid character. Those gorgeous shawls which women wear in Spain are absent here, for propriety does not admit of conspicuous rai-

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ment in the city. There are two good clubs in Palma, one of them owning the third finest club-house in Europe, costing more than two million dollars. It was built originally for gambling, but Primo de Rivera interfered, and gaming was abolished. It costs the stranger about a dollar and a half a month to enjoy its privileges of afternoon tea, luncheon, and the newspapers.

The other club on the Borne is smaller, shabbier, and more aristocratic. Needless to say the feminine sex is debarred. Mallorcan gentlemen pass a considerable share of their existences in wicker chairs before its doors. What goes on within, the writer is unable to say, but one hears that the reformation of the universe and the loveliness of Mallorcan ladies are the principal topics discussed.

The long paved walk on the edge of the town is called the Rambla, and there the populace was intended to ramble; but it is the continuation of it, more in the center of the town, to which the people go. It is called El Borne and is a charming cemented way one hundred feet wide down the center of the main thoroughfare. Trees shade it, and beyond them the façades of palaces and fine buildings rise on either side.

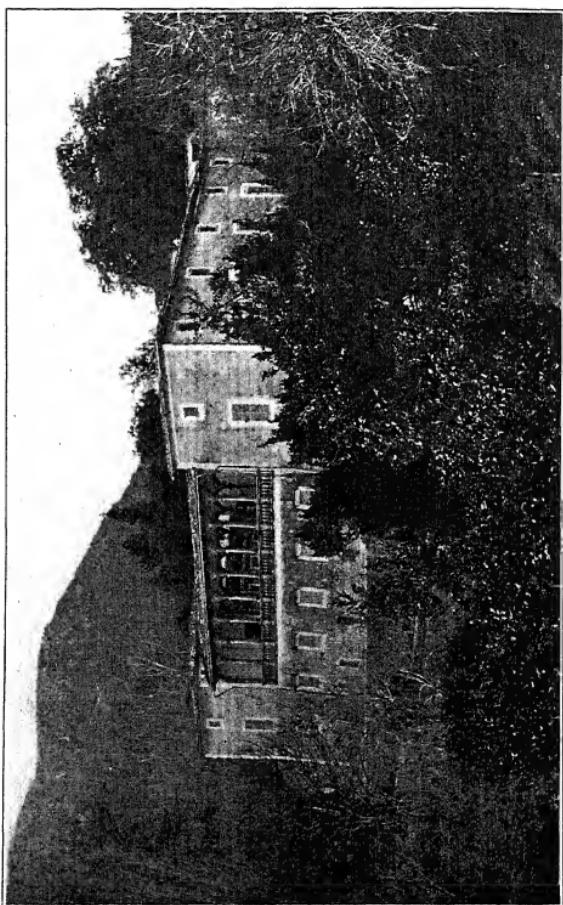
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The Borne is the club of the people and is never empty. Here the idle stroll or drowse on the benches; but how different is it from public squares elsewhere, where the dregs of humanity await their ultimate disaster! Here the idler is basking, not only in the sunshine, but in content. He is replete with satisfaction to be alive, that fountains sing to his drowsy ears, that palm-fronds rear their graceful beauty against a radiant sky, and that children's laughter is all about him, or friends, with whom he can exchange, at their mutual leisure, ideas of no importance whatever. Not far away, among those narrow streets where roofs almost touch, a clean house and amiable wife await his pleasure, and his gracious permission to render him comfortable.

If he wishes to dream behind his week-old paper, the façades opposite make dramatic background. The tinkle of a passing tram may easily be construed into the clinking armor of knightly figures. The same black-robed priests pass before him; the same Saracenic chants mingle with guitars; the roses of yesterday flaunt their loveliness over the same garden walls as when the seigneurs rode forth on caparisoned steeds. The same moon looks down over cathedral spires, illuminating ex-



POOL IN GARDEN OF RAXA.



Courtesy of Mr. Arthur Byne.

LA GRANJA.

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quisite *grillage*, delicate columns of balconies, and amber-colored roofs of four hundred years ago.

It is the idler's privilege to be a Mallorcan and a part of this repose and dignity. He feels that he must be worthy of the honor, so that strangers, who glance upon him as he rests on his bench, must find his boots polished, his clothing speckless, his hat at a properly rakish angle, and a flower in his buttonhole. He must never betray ill humor, haste, or anxiety. If a lady asks him the way among these intricate streets, he must spring to her service, heels together, hat laid across his breast with the proper sweep of chivalric humility—which is pride incarnate. With alacrity he must conduct her in person, be it ever so far or the sun ever so hot. That she speaks no Spanish and he no other language is no bar to fluent conversation concerning all they pass. Pointing finger, uplifted expression, reverent gesture, make all clear as they go; and when he leaves her to return to his bench, it must be made plain that he is cut to the heart to leave so distinguished and charming a lady unprotected. Again he clicks his high heels with a profound bow from the waist, with the most delicate appreciation of her condescension in having allowed him the never-to-be forgotten

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privilege of having conducted her feet to the
portal of the haberdashery.

The Borne is also the rendezvous for business discussions, which are never hurried and always courteous. Difference of opinion is expressed quietly, for have they not all the time there is to come to an agreement? Their oranges are ripening leisurely; their olives await their pleasure on distant mountain slopes; their gray clean pigs are in no hurry to be killed; there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught; and their bank-accounts are satisfactory. There is always a *mañana* (to-morrow), so why hasten to-day?

Mrs. Grundy forbids men and maids to walk together on El Borne, and so young girls stroll in laughing bands, arms enlaced, chattering like parrots. Their dress is usually gray, black, or brown, their skirts of modest length, and their heels so high that one wonders how they preserve their equilibrium. Their masculine acquaintances may answer glance with glance, or exchange a word in passing, but Mrs. Grundy permits no conversation except through the bars of windows or before their elders at home.

The market is the club for the peasants. It is a daily affair held in a square to which one climbs

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from the main thoroughfare by wide low steps. An arched arcade surrounds the market, lined with shops. The pavement is drenched with water and swept every evening, and its booths are roofed stalls, a riot of color. Vegetables, piled fruit, fish, flowers, olives in great jars, tinware, china, bright cottons, straw mats of brilliant colors, make the scene tempting to an artist.

A cobbler plies his trade; basket-weavers form before your eyes designs like mosaics; donkeys munch their meals from hempen sacks tied under their chins; and shrill voices echo from end to end. Doves swoop down from wide eaves for scattered grain; and purchasers, each with her basket, go from booth to booth, less for buying than for conversation. Acquaintances from distant villages inland can meet here and gather the latest news regarding the baby's new tooth; the marvelous knitting-machine which María has received from Barcelona, on which she makes stockings in her mountain eerie, and sells at a good price; the electric light newly installed in an ancient *fonda* at Deya, which the strange foreigners seem to take for granted in the most surprising fashion. The play which the *cura* is getting up to be held in the plaza, with dancing afterward, to a machine which

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sings out of a disk that whirls. Ah! yes; one can hardly keep abreast with events. In all the world there can be no such exciting place as Mallorca.

The bickering and bargaining which obtain at French markets are unknown. Everything has its fixed price, and to argue would be a breach of good manners. Honesty is a paramount quality. Small lies, sharp shifts in dealings, haggling, and wrong change are unheard of. Even in trams, it is bad form to count change. At the hotel each door has a key, but in the corridor there is also a hook beside each door on which the guest is supposed to hang the key. The keys are all alike, and if by chance the stranger has left his key with the concierge below, the neighbor's is requisitioned. Quite simple. One day the writer bought an article in a little shop on the Borne, and by mistake sufficient change was not returned. A week later, as she sauntered by, a cry of joy pierced the air, and the shopman came running, relief depicted on his countenance, saying: "For days I have watched for the señora, knowing neither her address nor name. Behold! Three pesetas do I owe. Had I not found her, I should have been obliged to place them in the poor-box by the church door."

The simple class are friendly and without self-
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consciousness. The street beneath my hotel window on one side is so narrow that my neighbor's roof is only a few feet away. Three chickens inhabit a cozy nook among the yellow spurge which is rooted among the tiles. Their mistress appears every morning to clean their house and give them food. We have become friends, and when I admire the flowers, with eager pleasure she commences to cull and toss them to me across the intervening space. I expostulate, but the golden blossoms continued to rain upon my balcony. Her chickens are named Santa Catalina, Santa Eulalia, and Santa María. Each is obliged to give me a salutation, held squirming between its mistress's gnarled hands. Their protesting squawks may be cordial, but they lack that suavity which custom exacts.

The upper class are late risers, and dine between nine and ten at night. Once in a decade they give a formal dinner, perhaps in honor of a stranger who, they are aware, is accustomed to such civilities elsewhere. Conversation rarely touches other than Spanish affairs, except for veiled curiosity concerning Anglo-Saxon customs, which evidently they consider more remarkable than wise. There is usually a priest at the table, who speaks French

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and is more conversant with cosmopolitan matters than his host. The food is prodigious in quantity and the wines numerous, served with formality by maids who wear white gloves and kerchiefs with black dresses. Butlers are unknown. Conversation never lags, and an idea is expressed swiftly and gracefully. Oil and garlic are too much in evidence for European palates, but as everybody knows, the success of a dinner depends more on what is on the chairs than on what is on the table.

There is another club of profound *inactivity*. It has no roof but the sky, and no lounge but stone. It is the *quais*. Here repose the sun-worshipers. They will tell you they are "waiting"—for the steamer from Barcelona or Marseilles, for a breeze, for calm, for some one to hire their little boats; but to the uninitiated they appear to wait for the Last Trump. They sit or lie on the hot masonry hatless, coatless, but clean. Where they pass their nights, where they eat, and how they pay, is a mystery, for a job is apparently not one of those things for which they wait. They lie with closed unprotected eyes in the glare, bodies inert with bliss. They seem to commune without words, absorbing the radiance about them. The steamer arrives, and its passengers descend the gang-plank.

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From quite another source spring men as spry as katydids, who walk off with your luggage, minus orders. Later, as by magic, it arrives in your rooms. The sun-worshipers stir not, neither do they spin —your coin. They glance indifferently at this commotion through half-closed lids, and relapse into inert bliss.

In utilitarian Europe, a stranger is a commodity to be dealt with in businesslike fashion. His value to the community in which he may find himself is measured by what may be extracted from his purse. He must give or spend to be tolerated. But Mallorcans prefer to do the giving, be it a flower or a better seat than the ticket-office has provided for the play. Even in hotels, hospitality is exemplified by the custom of exchanging meals with other hostelries. The different managers have arranged among themselves that if a guest finds himself at the meal-hour at another inn along the coast, he may eat and not pay. Señor Blank has paid for his lunch. Simple fairness demands that he should not pay for it twice. Therefore if it can not be eaten at his own board, then it must be eaten at another. This adds diversity to existence, and in the end no one is the poorer.

The Grand Hotel, which is the principal hos-

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telry in Palma, is quite an ornate structure facing the Borne, from which rises a street of wide shallow steps. This hotel is extremely Mallorcan in its methods. It has a lift which at times fails to function, and guests are politely requested to descend on a ladder from between stories. It has steam-heat, but sometimes the pipes fail to work. Each room has hot and cold water, but at times they refuse to fulfil their obligations. But the lounge, where one partakes of tea and little cakes, is gay and comfortable; rooms are clean and food plenteous. As the cost is that of a hall-bedroom in a slum of New York, no one complains, especially as the manager deplores these eccentricities as much as his guests, but seems powerless to rectify them.

Christmas night a dinner was given without extra charge which surpassed anything in one's Continental experience. Our great dining-room was decorated with palm-fronds. In the center was a tree lit by electricity, and an orchestra played Spanish dance music and Christmas carols. At each place stood five wine-glasses, into which were poured five kinds of excellent wine, including champagne without stint. Each lady had a Mallorcan basket filled with bonbons and each gen-

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tleman a fine cigar with all kinds of liqueurs. The buffet groaned under marvels of jellied *langouste* and *pâté de fois gras*. Nine turkeys, which had led a happy existence in the garden until their last day upon earth, were carried into the room, their upstanding legs elegantly dressed in pink tissue paper pantalets. Mallorcan officers in dress uniform, persons of quality in civil life, and the predominant English in correct evening-dress, drank to each other across the room, to Spain, to America, and, toward the last, to everything and everybody suitable to so joyous an occasion.

At midnight we had listened in the cathedral to exquisite music from the great organ, one of the finest in the world. The organist is a Dominican friar and a great artist, formerly of the Seville cathedral. He had recently given up that position for this more modest one to live with his aged mother. As the triumphant notes soared among the great arches and hushed themselves to sleep above the tombs of dead kings, we thought of this musician as more spirit than man. But he too was at our dinner, between the detective and the inspector of highways. One was pleased to see he missed nothing in the way of either food or drink, and that beneath his religious garb there

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still lurked appreciation for the pleasures of the world.

Afterward the guests congregated in the lounge to witness native dancers, two women and two men who performed to the music of bagpipes resembling their prototypes in Scotland. The women were dressed in very full skirts made of brilliantly flowered cotton. A cape of the same material hung down their backs over black velvet, laced bodices; and a kerchief of silk covered their heads. Spotless white stockings and black leather pumps were worn by all four. The men wore full trousers to the knee, of blue and white striped linen, wide scarlet sashes and ties, low-cut linen coats and colored kerchiefs knotted about their heads, on which were perched hats of prodigious brims rakishly balanced over one ear.

They never dance together. Mrs. Grundy abhors such familiarity. So the couples face one another and circle above *vis-à-vis*, modestly raising their feet only a few inches from the floor. Their arms gyrate in the air like windmills, and their movements are energetic rather than rhythmic, for custom forbids any appeal to the senses. The steps are intricate and timed with exactitude, and the

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dancers stop at precisely the same second with mathematical precision.

The country people love these dances, and one comes upon small children in the fields or on a bit of sward beside some stream emulating their elders, while companions sing the music.

Genial friendliness pervades all classes, and the peasants especially will invariably smile when passing in a road. If one speaks Mallorcan, which is quite different from Spanish, conversation is never lacking. The stone-breaker by the road, the shepherd tending his flocks, the wayfarer trudging to town, or the seigneur sauntering through his orchards will all gladly exchange ideas or offer a branch of almond-blossoms with charming courtesy.

It is a pleasant experience to wander up among the idyllic hamlets of the mountains and have hospitality offered by the women sewing in their doorways. A chair in the shade, a glass of wine, a fan is proffered. If the meal is spread, a cordial invitation is given to share it, at which fish fresh from the sea, honey made from olive-blossoms, delicious brown bread, and wine are served on a spotless cloth. Ham is the usual *pièce de résistance*,

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and no wonder; for pigs are fattened on fresh figs, as perhaps they were in Eden before man shut them up in pigsties. Never offer money for this pastoral feast, for it would wound your hosts to the quick.

Life in Mallorca is a serene thing. There are no climbers, as there is no social goal to which to climb. There is no "keeping up with the Joneses," as every one knows approximately his neighbor's income, family skeleton, and family tree. Unpaid bills and mortgaged houses are rather fashionable among the upper classes and are a proof of lofty disregard for money. Working girls do not aspire to silk stockings, fur coats and vanity-cases, dance-halls and excitements. Their elders desire peace and financial solidity rather than Ford cars and mortgaged homes. Ambition rises no higher than a modest surplus in the bank, good crops, personal cleanliness, stockings without holes, and a hair-parting of meticulous exactitude. There must also be a dole for the church, and not too grave sins for confession. The result is evident, for nowhere can be found faces of more serenity, kindness, and robust health. Even the city government looks after public manners. In the trams is posted this quaint extract from the law:

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CODE No. 9. It is forbidden to say or do anything whatever which is contrary to good manners, morality, or the comfort of others.

BLASPHEMY. Any one uttering blasphemy against religion is subject to fines in three grades, from five to fifty pesetas. In case of insolvency, the offender of the grade amounting to five duros is subject to one day's imprisonment.

One wonders just how much "blasphemy" is allowed for the price paid, and who decides which "grade" the offender has indulged in. It would appear that a wealthy man could swear luxuriously. But blasphemy is not simple swearing. It must be against the Catholic faith to be the real thing. A man may tell another to "go to hell" with impunity, but to utter sacred names is costly.

It is also to be remarked that "good manners" take precedence of morality or blasphemy, and this is typical. No doubt bad tempers are part of a Mallorcan's make-up like the rest of the world, but the stranger at least rarely sees them exhibited. Kindliness and good humor are the usual qualities. One day a baby cried at one end of the tram. The entire company was distressed. At last a woman on the front platform discovered a walnut in her bag and passed it to her neighbor. It went from hand to hand and from seat to seat

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until the baby's fist closed delightedly upon it and tears were stayed. A sigh of sympathetic relief was heard from every one. Smiles and nods of satisfaction were exchanged. Even the motorman, whose back had been turned recklessly to his job, waved a congratulatory hand to the appeased infant.

Two or three times during the winter elaborate balls are given at the Circle or Spanish Club in a ball-room worthy of Versailles in size and richness of decoration. To this the aristocracy bring their daughters, and, truly, nowhere would one be able to find more fresh and modest beauty. The toilets are simple in the extreme, and no jewels are worn by any woman under forty.

One of these dances is always "fancy dress," and on this occasion magnificent costumes are unearthed from ancestral chests—ancient brocades spread on vast hoops trimmed with tarnished silver lace; velvets as brilliant in color as though made yesterday, slashed, puffed, embroidered in gold and silver: plumed hats, white wigs, swords whose scabbards are works of art; high leather boots with spurs five hundred years of age. But these splendors are the exception. The majority of cos-

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tumes are of the simplest description, depending on color for effect, or merely embroidered shawls of priceless beauty and gorgeousness, with high combs of silver or tortoise-shell and white lace mantillas worthy of a royal function.

The most noticeable feature of these balls is the dignity thereof. Jazz is there, but so purged of savagery, so delicately done, that it seems a beatified ghost of the vulgar product known elsewhere. It is a gracious and happy thing to watch the young dancers move quietly, demurely, respectfully, carrying themselves with pride and elegance. Between dances, in which there is no "cutting in," the young girls are returned to their mothers, who sit in red velvet chairs against the mirrored walls. The masculine partner bows profoundly to both and backs away as from an august presence; or, sometimes, he is allowed to sit beside the young girl for a few moments' conversation, to which the parental ear listens, while her black eyes are elsewhere.

Supper is served in the charming restaurant and comprises everything known in the way of delectability from lobster *à l'américaine* to that delicious champagne which is never exported. No one

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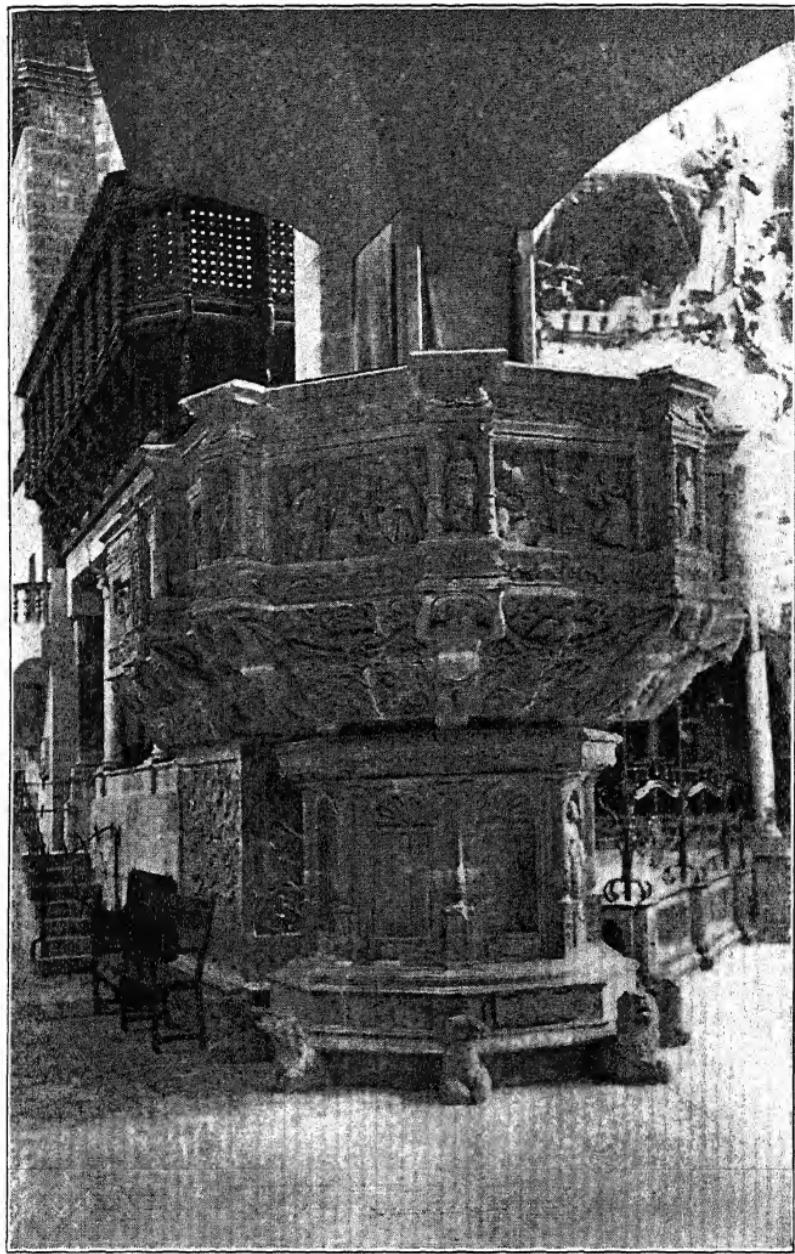
dreams of going home until five in the morning; and as many walk to their domiciles, dawn witnesses strange visions of a bygone period.

Mallorcans have an inordinate pride in their being—Mallorcan. It is considered almost an insult to speak of them as Spanish. They will at once correct the ignorant stranger by saying: "This island belongs to Spain, but we are not Spaniards. We are Mallorcans."

Anything they are able to extract from Spanish coffers gives them untold delight, as though they had gained an advantage over an enemy. So strong is this feeling that once in a decade, when a law-breaker has to be sent to jail—and as there is no proper one on the island he goes to Spain—he is hailed on his return as a hero who has enjoyed free shelter, food, and drink at Spanish expense. He will enlarge on the elegance and luxury of his "domicile" as though it were indeed a "castle in Spain" to which he had cleverly gained access against the wishes of its proud proprietor. But such an experience is rare and becomes a legend, gathering wonders in the telling, until the average peasant acquires the belief that a prison is a thing of luxury and something of an honor. Were it not that exile from their beloved island and



INTERIOR OF PALMA CATHEDRAL.



PULPIT OF PALMA CATHEDRAL.

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family ties were an unpleasant part of the affair, more crimes might be committed.

The delight in "doing" the Spanish government is a factor in smuggling. Tobacco is the chief contraband, and the caves along the coast, inaccessible bays, and passes allow a very lively business to prosper. "Authority" is represented by gendarmes, who hunt in couples, very smart as to khaki uniforms and funny hats with brims grotesquely upturned behind. Rifles are slung across their backs, hobnailed high boots serve for mountain-climbing, and brass buttons shine from ardent polishing. The villagers know them, and they are friendly to all; so friendly, in fact, that they are suspected of being such good Christians as to forgive sinners seventy times seven.

One may approach a village *fonda*. On the terrace a table is spread, at which a swarthy man, roughly clad, is eating. His glance is unquiet, and sudden sounds make him nervous. His host and hostess treat him with furtive respect and even affection. He relates some story which reveals his strong white teeth in laughter (not too loud), while always his black eyes dart here and there—across the valley to the white road which winds among trees, up to the mountain's side

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where boulders can conceal enemies—and suddenly, when a child comes running, whispering some message with frightened eyes, in a trice the visitor vanishes, usually into the house, while every vestige of food disappears magically from the table.

A moment later Authority appears and is greeted with courteous pleasure. More food and wine is brought, which, when consumed, is followed by a nap in the best chair just vacated. Authority appears to lead an idyllic existence. At last the officers of the law rise and ask whether a certain smuggler has not been seen in the neighborhood recently. The proprietor's eyes twinkle as he blandly disclaims any such knowledge. His is an honest house, and no perfidious thief of a smuggler would be tolerated beneath his roof.

“Ah!” says Authority. “I suppose not. By the way, are there by chance any of those admirable cigarettes remaining which you so generously allowed me the ecstasy of inhaling last month?” It appears that a few do indeed remain, and Authority goes on its way, puffing, serene, and at peace, having done its duty. A moment later a black head appears from behind the chimney on the roof, and presently the roughly clad stranger is again seated at his ease in the chair which Authority recently vacated.

CHAPTER VII

Country Houses

RAXA lies under the lee of mountains about six miles from Palma. The name (pronounced Rasha) reveals its Moorish origin, as it is pure Arabic. King Jaime I presented it to the Count d'Aspurias in token of gratitude for the count's brilliant services in the subjugation of Mallorca, among whose inhabitants was the tribe of Araxa.

Early in the fifteenth century the domain passed to the family of Sa Fortesa; and in the seventeenth century it became the property of the Despuigs, whose palace in Palma, one of the finest and most historic, has passed again into other hands, and the post-office now occupies part of its ground floor.

Raxa, like all Moorish houses, is deftly concealed from public view. One traverses the plain back of Palma on the main road to Sóller, and, turning to the left, enters a rough lane running

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through olive-orchards. The lane twists this way and that without apparent intention of ultimate destination, as do the entrances to Moorish houses, whose first door only reveals at right angles another inner doorway, preventing any view into the house.

Suddenly the lane slips down a declivity and pauses before a high arch set in a wall twenty feet high, above which palm-fronds stand against a background of mountain-side. Through this arch one passes into a cobble-paved court with a great chestnut-tree in the center. A pleasant custodian appears, surrounded by children, whose boots are blacked and "pinnies" as neat as if dressed for a party. One never ceases to be surprised by this inevitable cleanliness in Mallorca.

The custodian will lead you through another arch to the right of the main house into a vaulted chamber emitting an odd odor, explained by the great olive-press with its immense stones and runnels for escaping oil. Around it is a sunken path made by generations of donkeys that have gone round and round turning the wheel of the press. Then to the right, up narrow worn steps, and one comes out into a scene of enchanting beauty. Below stretches the main house in the sunshine, its

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pale yellow walls smothered in vines. Above, terraces rise tier on tier, each bordered with flowers and shadowed by ancient trees, with equally old stone benches below them, from which the Moors once contemplated with their strange immobility, the lovely view of the valley below, and, beyond, of Palma and the sea. Above are the mountains, sheltering Raxa from northern winds, their grim sides sparsely green with pines and chestnuts.

The garden is a mass of verdure—cacti, palms, plane-trees, heliotrope fifteen feet high, roses, massed calla-lilies beside dim pools, purple and white iris, narcissus, violets. A thousand perfumes mingle, and butterflies and birds play with the shadows and shafts of sunlight on the mossy paths. Everywhere is the sound of running water from runnels of yellowed marble six inches wide which irrigate the flower-beds. Further along a tree-lined walk cut into the side of the mountain is a vast pool, nearly two hundred feet long. On one side is a round terrace with steps leading into the water. A stone table and seats under a stone canopy invite repose.

The gem of Raxa is a stairway which mounts through the terraces, a miniature of the one at the Villa d'Este near Rome. At the top is a Roman

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statue, one of those which Cardinal Despuig excavated, and down each side in the balustrade are little fountains whose waters fall downward from one to another. Maidenhair ferns tremble along the edges of the basins and fill crannies of the stairway, which is older than the discovery of America.

Then one climbs up through lovely paths to the top of the hill, passing Moorish lookouts, and comes upon an artificial lake on the summit, reflecting the blue of the sky in its depths. From here the view is unsurpassed of mountain range and valley, orchard and field, and Palma's cathedral spires. The place is redolent of time, repose, and dreams. No sound reaches the ear but the songs of birds, running waters, and goat-bells from the herd unseen in the valley below.

Little that is Moorish remains in the house, which is large and of noble proportions. On the other side a more formal garden lies below the arched gallery on the façade. Formerly the Despuig collection was kept here, but it is now stored in the municipal cellars. One of the most interesting objects was the original map of Amerigo Vespucci. When George Sand was examining it, she placed an inkstand on a corner of the stiff

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parchment, which, having been rolled up so many centuries, upset the ink. So frightened and chagrined was she that she fled from the house, leaving a servant to repair the mischief as well as he could.

A sentimental interest is attached to Raxa in the story of that remarkable child, Catalina Tomás, who, because of her saintly life, was canonized. “*La bien heureuse Catalina*” worked at Raxa as a little servant in 1550, when her halo of sainthood was only partly discerned. A quaint and authentic account of her life is left to us by no less a person than the great Cardinal Don Antonio Despuig y Dameto, archbishop of Seville, who wrote it in 1797. It is ingenuously entitled “*The Life of the Blessed Catalina Tomás, Professor of Religion in the City of Palma, Capital of the Kingdom of Mallorca.*” The *Beata* was the seventh child of a farmer of Valldemosa, and her piety was proved even in babyhood by her refusal of her mother’s milk on Fridays. When still a child in arms she was carried to church, and in the crowd her arm was dislocated. In great pain, she begged to be carried to the same church the following day, when straightway at the door the dislocation was cured.

As a little girl she refused those gay toilets

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so dear to the peasant mother; and at the age of three, says the cardinal, "she was enlightened by the eye of Faith." From then on, she shunned all secular diversions; and at fêtes, where children joined in games, Catalina retired into a corner and "wept for the blindness of their passions." While she was still three, the cardinal states, the Lord chose that time for her divine instruction, and her grandmother was astonished to see the child through the chink of the door "being harassed by a beautiful boy," while a blinding radiance filled the room. Suddenly the boy disappeared, and the infant pretended to be combing her hair; a subterfuge by which, says his Eminence, "her grandmother was not deceived, knowing how foreign such care of her person was to the child's nature."

The cardinal continues with examples of her astonishing piety and indifference to things of this world. Even the death of her father was a matter of concern rather for his soul than for her own loss. So fearful was she, that an angel assured her he was safe and happy; but as she was not entirely reassured, again an angel appeared before her in the cemetery and positively stated that her father was in purgatory. As an example of her dis-

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like for worldly pleasures, when her aunt bade her dress for a children's party, she speedily crawled under the bed. When dragged forth and dressed, she prayed then and there for her father's soul, when suddenly "a venerable personage, surrounded by heavenly light, appeared and pointed her father's soul out to her, enjoying happy eternity."

So deep was her austerity that when a woman jokingly said she hoped her son might marry Catalina when she grew up, the child "burst into tears of shame." She was then four. At five years of age when aiding her grandfather up a mountain pass, superhuman strength was given her to carry him; and at six "our crucified Saviour" appeared to her saying: "See what thou costest Me. Thou art Mine because I bought thee with My blood, and thou shalt be Mine eternally." His Eminence then tells us of her many temptations and visits from Satan disguised as a negro. On one occasion his Satanic Majesty offered Catalina jewels, "which she spurned," when a venerable personage, again "supposed to be Christ," appeared to her and commended her behavior.

When Catalina was ten, her mother died, and the child went to Raxa to help with the cooking

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and farm work. In a neighboring field she built herself an altar of stones surmounted by a cross made of olive-branches; and there, while tending her goats, she worshiped. Goats are proverbial wanderers, and Catalina's betook themselves to a neighbor's field. But no harm was done, for, says the biographer, the goats were so imbued with Catalina's piety that "they only admired the crops without eating them, that her uncle might understand that an invisible hand detained the cattle, that they should not injure the fruits of the earth while Catalina nourished her soul with those of Heaven."

Other visions and miracles were showered upon this remarkable child, and her fame spread until a noble named Castañeda, who later became a monk, gave her spiritual instruction and placed her in service at Palma with one of the great families. Here she was taught reading, writing, and the domestic arts, for which in return she instructed her employers in spiritual matters. But the seclusion made her ill, and she was taken back to Raxa, where again the devil tormented her, this time disguised as a hermit, who endeavored to dissuade Catalina from the "disciplines" (beating herself with twigs) which she then practised. His

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Satanic Majesty evidently emitted sulphuric fumes, for the cardinal assures us that "he left so bad a smell that the perfumes of many days were insufficient to dispel it."

Her noble friend Castañeda brought his influence to bear and enabled the girl to enter the Convent of St. Mary Magdalen without donating the usual dowry. Here, says the cardinal, "her cell was the poorest of the community," whether because of the absent dowry or her piety he does not specify. Her furniture was a humble bed, crucifix, breviary, devotional books, and "the precious disciplines; iron chains, waist-bands sewn with nails and other instruments of penitence; adornments the much more worthy from their becoming every day more rare and absent from us."

She was popular with the nuns for many reasons, one being that when they desired sweets Catalina went into an ecstasy "and was found upon her knees, and in her hand a loaf of sugar whiter than snow, as it was celestial."

Many such occurrences brought Catalina spiritual as well as earthly honors. She was elected prioress of the convent, but her humility caused her to decline that high office, and she died a simple nun in 1574. Her body lies in a magnifi-

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cent marble sarcophagus in the convent, and is exhibited once a week to the faithful in the church by drawing a curtain from within.

For many years the Mallorcans paid tribute to her saintliness, with such fervor that the pope at last, in 1625, prohibited such worship to one who had not been canonized by the church. Indignant, Mallorca appointed a commission consisting of six jurists and seventy-one councilors who took steps to procure her beatification. Forty-six witnesses were examined, and the business continued from October, 1625, to August, 1627. Eleven eye-witnesses of Catalina's miracles testified, with many others who had heard of them from other eye-witnesses. The decree of canonization was given in August by the pope, when great and solemn ceremonies were celebrated at Rome and Palma.

Whatever one's creed, the gentle spirit of this peasant girl is part of Raxa's poetic charm. Like Joan of Arc, she tended her flocks on hillsides where God speaks to those who are pure of heart.

Further along the road to Sóller from Palma, to the right, is Alfabia, originally the domain of Benahabet, the Moorish governor of Pollensa and Inca, who betrayed his countrymen to Jaime I

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by turning those important strongholds to the enemy, as well as supplying the Spanish army with food. Needless to say, Jaime I was grateful, and Benahabet was rewarded by being allowed to retain this lovely place. It was here that the king rested for the night when on his way from Sóller to Palma on the occasion of his second visit to the island.

Nothing on Mallorca better expresses the luxury and beauty with which the Moors surrounded themselves. One leaves the main military road and traverses a lane half a mile further, through a stately gate and a long avenue of hoary trees, which ends before a paved tunnel-like entrance opening into a great court. This arched way is domed by a carved wooden ceiling, painted with once brilliant designs of the "honeycomb" type resembling those in the Alhambra. Entwined in the design is the Moorish inscription in Arabic: "The law is God. Mercy is from God. God is great. Wealth is from God."

Below, built in as part of the massive wall, are stone benches, their edges polished by centuries of usage. On these, as is the custom in all Moorish houses of the rich, retainers sit awaiting their masters' orders.

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Before the visitor enters the house, which is of a later period, excepting a tower of Saracenic origin, the gardens should be seen, for there the past is easily recreated. Along an ancient wall, twenty feet high, stone benches face a broad walk, on one side of which is a large pool, roofed, but open at the ends, used for bathing. Beyond, one enters a veritable maze of intricate paths, and bosks rich with verdure and flowers. A pool, surrounded by immense palms, lies before the main façade of the house, bordered by violets. Trellises smothered in roses and jasmine, groups of prickly pear with their edges bulging into scarlet fruit, borders of purple and white iris, heliotrope, orange and lemon trees, and walks arched by giant bamboo, render the garden similar to those of India.

The chief interest of the garden is the pergola about two hundred feet long covered with roses. At either end is a fountain, and the sides are protected by a low stone wall, on which, at intervals, are shapes of stone resembling vases. The pavement of pebbles, set in intricate design, slopes downward to the lower fountain, which contains a device which, when manipulated, suddenly fills the shadowy arch beneath the pergola with interlacing arcs of water. With airy grace they curve

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and intertwine, catching the sunlight here and there, and losing themselves as they fall in the moss between the stones of the pavement. One can fancy Benahabet forgetting his troubled conscience beneath this lovely retreat.

Here and there one comes upon a terraced point of vantage from which a glimpse of the valley is obtained. Above it, close at hand, tower mountain peaks which seem to spring upward, abrupt and sinister, as though suddenly petrified in the midst of creation's windy chaos. The contrast between those jagged crests and the peace of the garden is startling.

The house contains many fine examples of old Mallorcan furniture; velvet chests decorated with cut brass; chests of carved and emblazoned wood; portraits of mailed ancestors, charming settles, and the ubiquitous rows of leather-covered, brass-studded arm-chairs. One of the rooms is walled with that hand-woven blue and white linen of a curious wavy pattern made only in Mallorca.

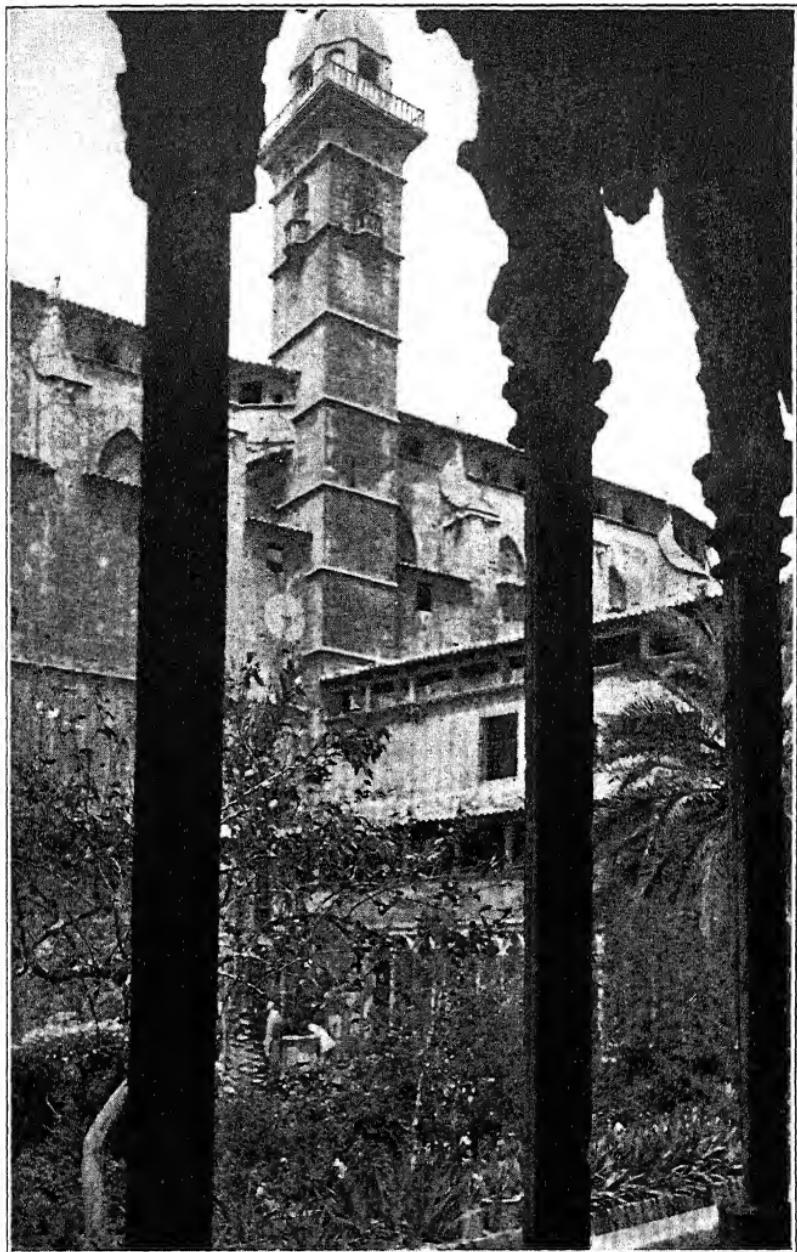
But the great treasure of Alfabia is the famous chair which rivals that of Scone in age and historical interest. It was sculptured for Arnilo de Santa Cilia in memory of the tragic lives and deaths of King Jaime III's two children, to whom,

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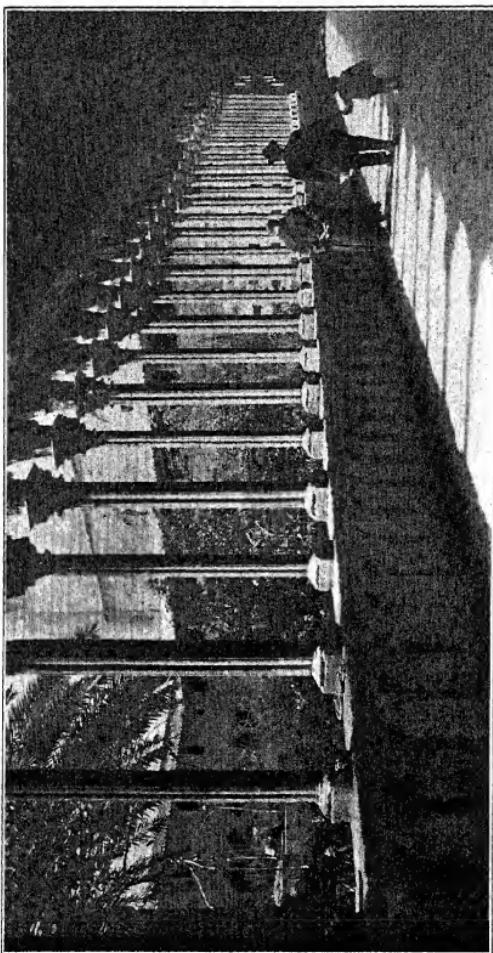
as to their father, he was a devoted friend. The chair depicts the incidents of the king's history, and the costumes and pageantry of that period.

Jaime III, the last king of Mallorca, was the victim of Pedro the Cruel, king of Aragon, his brother-in-law, whose unscrupulous avarice and jealousy invented reasons for making war on Mallorca. It is needless to detail Pedro's machinations and odious accusations; when these were disproved, Pedro announced that by a vision he had been shown that Jaime III desired his death and his kingdom. This time he did not wait for probation or investigation, but speedily set sail for Mallorca, which he conquered.

Jaime had two children, a boy of nine and a daughter aged six, whom, with their mother, Pedro imprisoned in Barcelona, while their father took refuge at Perpignan. Pedro announced the annexation of the islands to the crown of Aragon and then persecuted all those who had been friends of the legitimate king. When Pedro returned from Mallorca he prepared for the conquest of Jaime's continental possessions. He advanced on Figueras, where he received a messenger from Jaime bringing a letter asking for an



CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.



CLOISTER OF SAN FRANCISCO.

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interview. Pedro's sole response was to begin the destruction of Perpignan.

Jaime was in desperate straits, for, with inferior forces, he realized the certainty of defeat. Thinking that Pedro might be capable of generosity to a fallen enemy, Jaime then made complete surrender. But Pedro simply took Perpignan and agreed to give Jaime a small income if he would relinquish all his possessions and sovereign rights. The only favor granted was to allow Jaime's wife to rejoin him. Meanwhile the two children imprisoned in Barcelona awoke sympathy and indignation against their own king Pedro among certain nobles. They demanded the release of the children and, not getting it, forced the prison doors and sent the children to join their parents. Pedro was enraged but had other and more important matters on his mind at that moment, for Jaime had obtained the coöperation of France, and, also, messengers came from Mallorca demanding the return of their rightful king.

Jaime sold his barony of Montpellier to Philip of France, and with that money raised and equipped a small army and fleet with which to regain his Mallorcan possessions. The king of

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France as well as the queen of Sicily aided the expedition, and soon Jaime set forth with eight galleys, presents from the French king, and several other vessels, with three thousand infantry and four hundred cavalry. With Jaime went his beloved son, aged fifteen. The little army came into contact with Pedro's forces, twenty thousand strong, near Lluch-Mayor, twenty miles from Palma, and suffered total defeat. King Jaime, who had fought desperately in the midst of the struggle, fell from his horse in hand-to-hand fighting, and a brutal soldier cut off his head.

His boy, who had fought beside his father, was badly wounded, and was carried on a litter to Bell-ver Castle beside his father's headless corpse. But Pedro's hate descended to the son, and he imprisoned the boy in a dark dungeon in Barcelona. The pope and relatives besought in vain to have the torture of the lad mitigated, and Pedro's own nobles again sought means for his escape. But Pedro was suspicious and shut the boy up in an iron cage, which guards watched night and day.

Pity will find a way. Jaime de San Clements, an officer attached to the cathedral, resolved to deliver the young prince. Carefully he chose his confidants, bribed the jailers to allow an impression

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to be taken of the key to the cage, and laid his plans carefully. One night, when the captain of the guard slept, the other jailers were overcome and the doors of his prison opened. The boy fled with a few faithful adherents and joined his mother, where he remained for three years, consumed with but one ambition, to avenge his father and regain his kingdom from the usurper.

Meanwhile the husband of the queen of Naples died, and when suddenly there appeared at her court a young and charming prince whose tragic history aroused the sympathy of all hearts, she married him, and thus the prince without a kingdom became king of Naples. But his oath of vengeance still obsessed him. Although his friends begged him to content himself with the kingdom of Naples, he did not rest until he had gathered about him adherents and an army financed by his devoted wife. The little army included French, English, and Italians who were glad to have a share in the hoped-for restitution; but wiser heads pointed out the inadequacy of Jaime's forces, fearing defeat and ensuing persecutions, if not death, for the young king.

But the memory of that decapitated father, and of his happy childhood at Mallorca, whose inhabi-

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tants longed for his return, overcame Jaime's judgment, and with his little army he invaded Roussillon, near the Spanish border, legitimately part of his rightful kingdom, where his sister joined him. The happy meeting of these two young and unhappy creatures was of short duration. Jaime continued over the Pyrenees by the pass of Puigcerda to Urgel. There Pedro accomplished his purpose and his last crime against his young nephew. Instead of giving battle, he employed a less conspicuous criminal than himself, who secretly poisoned Jaime at Valderan. The lad died in his sister's arms without having avenged his father or regained his kingdom, but he died on territory which was his by every moral right and law. He was buried in a Franciscan monastery in wild Soria in 1375. His race became extinct upon the death of his sister in Gascony in 1379.

This is the history depicted on the carven chair of Alfabia, wrought under the personal direction of his father's friend. It is eaten by age and redolent of tragedy, but stands in the sunny drawing-room, a token of life's injustices.

La Granja, unlike the two estates previously mentioned, is not of Moorish origin. But centuries
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have mellowed its dignified walls and covered its fountains and waterways with mosses. La Granja stands at the head of a verdant valley near Es-porlas, a town half-way between Palma and Vall-demosa. The road allows magnificent views as it winds up the side of the mountain. Like many large Mallorcan country houses, this one is surrounded by many acres of fruitful farm land, and, like others, has in its basement an olive-press. These basements are within the great bastions on which the upper houses stand. The living-rooms and often the inner gardens are thus high above the natural level, giving air, sunlight, privacy from the servants and farm work, as well as an advantageous view over the surrounding country.

The chief beauty of La Granja is its abundance of water on an island where that commodity is seldom sufficient. As one mounts the valley toward the house, which dominates its surroundings, the sound of its waters greet the ear. The beautiful façade of the house, nearly two hundred feet square, with its airy open colonnade, stands against a background of wooded hill.

One enters a court, in the center of which is an old fountain, its stonework almost covered with moss. A stair mounts at the left to the first floor

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and opens directly into the principal drawing-room sixty feet by twenty-five. Its dead-white walls are covered with family portraits, many too dark from age to betray more than a jeweled head-dress or bit of armor. Opposite, a door opens upon a most surprising garden, level with the floor, which is fully thirty feet above the court. Facing you falls a cascade straight down into a pool, over the edge of a cliff. The long wall behind it is thick with maidenhair fern, ivy, and wild myrtle. An inclosed garden basks in the sunshine with trim beds filled with masses of flowers. The paths are green with moss, a rarity in Mallorca. Trees are massed to the right, their top branches reaching the rim of the cliff above.

To the left, by mossy steps, one comes out on a platform covered by a trellis supported by six rows of marble columns ten feet apart. These are entwined with rose-vines, which spread their beauty above. At the side, over a low wall, one enjoys an exquisite view of the valley far below. Close to the wall of the house on the front lies a long narrow pool, and on either side water runs and falls in stone runnels. In fact, that refreshing sound is never far from one's ears at La Granja.

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From this pergola a twisted flight of mossy steps mounts against the cliff to a little bridge, which leads to the top, among statuary and bosks, from which the cascade descends into the inclosed garden below.

The interior of the house is too large and too stately for Anglo-Saxon ideas of comfort. Room after room has the usual row of chairs against the walls, family portraits above, and timbered ceiling. The bedrooms are made for summer heat, and so have no windows. Their walls, three feet thick, have no openings except into the main room, for the bedroom is really a mere closet, containing nothing but the four-poster, hung and spread with brocade, and a black crucifix on the wall.

There is none of that magnificence which glows in Palma's palaces. There are no curtains at the long windows, nor brocade on walls and furniture. The bath-room is outside the house at the further end of the platform of the pergola, and it is truly a quaint affair. The room appears to be cut into the side of the cliff, with one small grated window overlooking the valley. Were it not for the tub, it might be a mausoleum. But the tub gives it meaning. It is made of black marble; and

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the silver faucets, representing swans, come out of the rocky wall. Twilight prevails, and also a penetrating chill.

The kitchen is a wondrous affair with its great hooded chimney in a corner and a sort of room built around it, open for a few feet above the floor. The division walls have seats built in them, so that on a cold night that room within a room is thoroughly warm.

But the chief charm of the house is the dignity of its architecture. The grace and proportions of the central loggia are admirable and an effective note in contrast to the massive foundation and simplicity of the wings of the house.

Castillo Surada, an ancient country-house at Valldemosa, is hard to find, for one end of it merges into the monastery, and the entrance is on a narrow lane leading from the principal square, walled by medieval buildings which date from the fourteenth century.

But Señor Surada will, on request at the Balear Bank of Palma, give permission to inspect the storied pile, for the fact is that he wants to sell the property for a hotel. This would be a boon to the traveler, for no good hostelry exists at Valde- [200]

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mosa, and this building, with renovation, would make a uniquely beautiful and romantic abiding-place.

The entrance is under a Gothic arch in excellent preservation. The entrance-hall is small and leads directly through another arch into a beautiful cloister, whose stone columns and fretted arches, vaulted ceiling and old pavement, call for monkish figures. But, instead, within the cloister is a garden, filled with verdure and palms so tall and so old that their fronds roof the central spaces like curtains of green silk.

From the cloister different rooms open, the principal one being the ball-room. The history of this pretty place of gaiety is melodramatic, for it is the veritable former chapel of King Martin's palace built in 1315, on the site of which now stands the monastery of Valldemosa, and this remnant was incorporated into the present domicile two hundred years later. Where the altar stood is a pretty stage, where the ten children of the Surada family give amateur theatricals.

The rest of the great house, excepting the fine dining-room, is redolent of the past: narrow staircases, tortuous passages, walls five feet thick, floors paved with priceless tiles whose surfaces in places

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have disappeared from generations of passing feet; giant palms which rustle against deep eaves and shadow balconies, from which a view of unsurpassed grandeur is obtained, embracing mountain peaks, the valley-plain between Valldemosa and the sea, and, in the foreground, bold pinnacles of rock. Immediately below are the gorge and little valley, green with verdure.

The library would tempt a book-lover to almost any crime, to gain possession of those wonderful volumes, piled carelessly and without apparent appreciation on tables, chairs, and floor. First editions, missals on vellum, old Gothic and tooled leathers worthy of a museum.

The bedrooms are about twelve feet square, almost bare of furniture, with doors carved in chestnut of great beauty. A few old chests, beautiful cabinets, and braziers remain with many magnificent paintings done by Madame Surada, who is one of the leading artists of Spain. When John Sargent spent a winter at Valldemosa painting, he became such an admirer of Madame Surada's work that he took several of her pictures to London and exhibited them with his own. The sixty rooms have sheltered many illustrious persons, including Jovellanos after his seven years' captivity

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in Bellver Castle. Also Ruben Dario, who slept in a cell-like room looking on a garden next to the monastery.

Let some capitalist, with taste and appreciation of such treasures, remake this once lovely abode into modern comfort, that the many may enjoy it, rather than the rare visitor who longs to remain, in vain.

CHAPTER VIII

Caves

THERE are two hundred caves on the shores of Mallorca, many of them inaccessible except by boat, but several are well worth visiting. Those which are entered from the sea have been, in the past, used by pirates and, to-day, by smugglers. Others are fishermen's homes, their several rooms furnished comfortably.

The caves of Artá on the eastern coast are among the most remarkable in the world, surpassing in beauty those of Cuba and Bermuda. They are reached by motor from Palma in two hours, through cultivated country, except the flanks of the hills near them, where only pines cling to the rocks. The town of Artá lies inland four miles, and resembles a village of Brittany in its dusty inactivity, silence, and straight bare façades. A fine but uninteresting church rises in the center, surrounded by deserted streets. Unlike any other

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Mallorcan town, it is devoid of gaiety or beauty.

Going through the town the road debouches on a large bay. A lovely beach curves between promontories whose giant cliffs rise sheer from the sea a thousand feet, formed of that strange rock which glows with vermillion shading into every shade of gray. There is no sign of human life. It is an idyl of sand, sea, and primal grandeur where the spume of breaking waves is tossed backward by the wind in long shafts of sunlit mist on the dark blue surface of the sea.

A path rises from the shore on the left skirting the mountain's flank, shadowed by primeval twisted pines. As one mounts, the surf breaks far below against fantastic pinnacles of colorful rock, unlike anything ever seen before. The path follows the cliffs as they jut seaward or curve landward to translucent bays of a thousand tints of green, purple, and turquoise blue, so clear that even at great depth the clean sea-bed is visible, small rose-colored fish moving among rocks. This is one of the most beautiful walks in the world, for nowhere is the eye confronted suddenly by such majesty of form and color, such height, boldness, and gentle loveliness.

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The entrance to the caves of Artá is worthy of its surroundings. Formerly the entrance was in the face of the cliff, approached only by a narrow gorge, or by being let down from the plateau above to the rocky platform before it. When King Jaime I pursued the Moors to Artá, sixteen hundred men, women, and children with cattle, grain, and riches sought safety in the intricate mazes of this almost inaccessible cave.

The formation of the entrance is nothing that the human mind could conceive. The great opening is one hundred and fifty feet high and wide, and yawns in the face of the cliff like a wound. On either side are half-formed columns ten feet in diameter which seem to support the roof. Within one enters a realm of such august solemnity that the human voice is involuntarily hushed as within a shrine. It is a study in black and white done by a Titan. One descends into this underworld through serried ranks of gigantic columns supporting a roof so lofty that it can only be dimly discerned. These columns are fretted and sculptured with a fancifulness which beggars description. Unlike those of most caves, they do not betray their origin as stalagmites and stalactites

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that have grown upward and downward to their final merging, but seem to have been created intact, of ivory inlaid with ebony.

There are domed halls and galleries whose walls are fluted and carved with a precision of conventional design which lead to others whose floors are black and smooth and whose roofs are supported by columns ninety feet high, each different in design but of similar coloring. There are fringed banners of stone which a breath would seem to move. Abysses whose bottoms are problematical yawn on every side, black and terrible. The guide strikes a pillar, which gives forth a note like that from an organ-pipe. These hollow columns are formed by upward growth only. The convolutions, like lotus-petals, spring upward layer on layer, their pale surfaces polished as though reflecting moonlight.

Near the base of one of these mighty shafts we noticed a small excrescence on which a drop of water fell as we watched. Imbedded in it was a silver duro, the size of a five-franc piece, its surface already filmed by solidifying matter. By this a geologist is testing the time necessary to complete a column six feet in diameter and eighty

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feet high. It takes twenty years to make one fifth of an inch. At that rate, to complete the column like those about it, it will take ninety-six thousand years. One wonders whimsically what that column would think of Einstein's belief that there is no such thing as time! Some of the halls are more inspiring than enjoyable. Their proportions, bizarre and tortured into a multiplicity of vague undefined forms, resemble in their grandeur strange beasts. Above are great slabs of stone which seem ready to crash downward from their frail supports. Recesses leading to unknown and remote places of darkness are rimmed by dizzying platforms where the eye fails to find beginning or end of the ebon mystery of formless spaces. The mighty domes above, caverned and wrought in weird sculpture, are so high that they seem to vaporize into the world where shades wander.

These caves seem haunted by the pain and fear of those Moors who perished here. Death crept upon them in no comforting guise. The cries of children must have echoed strangely here; and those ignorant Moorish women, whose simple minds knew nothing of this underworld or its causes, doubtless thought it fit for fiends. But human fiends awaited without, and so for weeks



DOORWAY OF SAN FELIO CHURCH.



ROAD TO SÓLLER.

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they cowered here among these monstrous shapes until death found them.

The Caves of Drachs (dragons) are near the Bay of El Cristo, also on the eastern coast of Mallorca, a fishing-village so gay yet so tranquil, small yet dramatic, with such impossibly pretty terraces rising from the water, that it resembles the picture on a stage-curtain. On one side rises a cliff topped by a pink villa surrounded by trees. On the white curve of the tiny beach, *opéra-bouffe* men in caps and red sashes mend their brown nets spread beneath plane-trees.

A wee inn under a trellis furnishes an excellent luncheon for so small a price that it too becomes a part of the illusory spectacle. The narrow outlet to the sea is walled by rock, and the whole place has the air of being entirely self-sufficient and not to be cajoled. Like the stage-curtain, it reveals nothing but gives its absurdly pretty self to public gaze with an eye-hole hidden somewhere through which the inhabitants behind view the stranger with wary eyes.

Visitors enter the caves by an insignificant opening on the top of a sand-dune, and, being cautioned by the guide, leave coats behind. It is an immediate

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and rapid descent within into a fantastic palace for fairies. It is a miniature Lluch turned upside down. Here are precipices, gorges, hillsides, galleries, and abysses, but rock instead of sky above. Pillars rise from every side and descend from lovely domes of delicate bosses and panels. Rock, rock on every side, above and below, but so disguised by color and lace-like tracery as to seem made of fragility. The air is fresh but warm, and one wonders why the banners, white and glistening, do not move. They are like trophies of some bloodless triumph, unsullied as snow. There are lofty temples whose roofs are hung with millions of delicate fantasies of stone supported by columns which, through eons of time, have patiently sought and found one another as they grew upward and downward in the darkness. The coloring differs. Some are of rose, others palest gray, others of alabaster, or glistening with crystals which throw back light from a thousand facets on walls which seem covered with gems.

Far within, a lake spreads crystal-clear water without a ripple, so transparent that one walks into it without discerning that the floor is submerged. A large boat, with a prow carved and gilded in the shape of a dragon's head, carries

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one gently through that place of enchantment, skirting walls from which hang lace-like draperies. Below, the bottom is caverned into black abysses, or pinnacles rise from unknown depths. At times the roof just escapes our bent heads, so fretted with millions of tiny silvery stalactites that a breath would seem to set them quivering. Yet all is solid rock, marvelous architecture in the womb of the world.

Along these unimaginable surfaces the shadow of the prow moves like some prehistoric beast risen from its sleep to guard these treasures. The oars' slow motion sends ripples across the glassy surface, which pass on and on through water-ways of mystery, among columns, into recesses where the eye loses perspective. Suddenly calcium flares shatter the shadows, and the place becomes a dream of loveliness. New heights above; new depths below; fairy caverns, fantastic images, spring to meet others from every side. Vistas open, luminous and filled with magic, revealing great plateaus of rock rooted far below. In the water, fluted pillars reach upward worthy of a cathedral aisle supporting the roof of pellucid waters.

We rest on our oars, and silence broods upon the waters. Such a silence! There is nothing like

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it in the world but that of the desert, where no living things stirs, where no blade of grass quivers or bird's wing vibrates. It seems tangible, beating on the ear-drum with a sensation of sudden deafness.

Then, as one becomes accustomed to it, a curious sense of arrested being holds one motionless. Now and then the sound of a drop of water falling, distant and unseen, accentuates that profound silence. The dignity of uninhabited spaces makes itself felt. We are but evanescent phenomena in that place of unfathomable beauty. The ageless silence will regain its power when we have passed from its secret solitudes, like breath upon its waters.

Beyond our sight are watery ways where no human eye has ever penetrated, or can ever penetrate, guarding their gods in sacred temples of eternal darkness. In these chambers where only spirits wander, they wait for some ultimate good through the ages. This loveliness of sculptured laces, flowers, and intricate grace is growth without roots or sustenance, taking and giving of itself to itself, asking nothing of nature but time. . . .

Far above it are the world's radiant spaces, teeming life, spring's joyous activities, where hu-
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manity strives and hurries, hates and loves, slaves and sleeps, while these dark places remain immutable, guarding their secret beauties.

When we came out into the upper world, a thrush soared upward—singing.

CHAPTER IX

Cathedral and Churches

GASTON VUILLER says of Palma's cathedral, "Gothic art never appeared more intelligent, more correct, or more impressive." This is quite true, but the word "correct" is misleading. It smacks of smug self-satisfaction and demands recognition of impeccability. All this may appeal to the fastidious intellectual, but it does not appeal to the heart. Of all the churches belonging to Spain, this is the most affectionately disposed toward its worshiper. Modern science now teaches that material things absorb and exhale those moral influences which are engendered by human thought. These stones, wrought with prayer, impregnated by centuries of spiritual aspiration, haven for wingèd hopes, and the resignation of sorrowful souls, exhale that peace which wisdom gives.

Through this vaulted roof millions of prayers have mounted heavenward. Here enemies have been forgiven and bitterness forgotten. Here the

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love which passeth understanding has sweetened life's acrid waters. Here pardon has been asked and granted, and all that is noble and most kind has been brought to birth from sterile souls. Every flying buttress, arched portal, carven saint, and dim groining is impregnated with holiness. Sit on the worn marble bench near the altar and feel serenity sink deep, until, like a star in a dark pool, reflected heaven is within you. Creed and dogma seem too small for such greatness. These mighty walls exhale that profound yet broad wisdom which the centuries have given them. A kneeling figure seems only a visible expression of one's attitude of mind.

When King Jaime conceived this edifice, it was in a spirit of triumphant thanksgiving, and the architect must have felt that desire, for he made it a song of praise in stone. Within and without, such is the harmony of line and proportion that they merge like lovely notes of music until the edifice becomes a celestial choir.

Ralph Adams Cram of Boston, one of America's greatest architects, himself now busied in creating New York's cathedral, asserts that Palma's cathedral is one of the four finest in the world. When it was built, convention was not enthroned as it is

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to-day. The artisan worked, not so much for hire, as to the glory of God, for he believed that each blow of his chisel brought him nearer to paradise. Like the nobles at Chartres, who replaced horses and hauled the stones from the quarries for their cathedral with chanting priests and swinging censers, so the artisans of this church performed their toil as a religious observance.

Twenty-five years ago the choir was removed from the center of the nave, where it had stood, as is usual in Spanish churches. The eye can enjoy, uninterruptedly, three hundred feet of vista between the soaring columns. The latter, over five feet in diameter and eighty feet high, are almost devoid of bases, and so slender that they seem like shadows piercing the shafts of colored light, which, in the late afternoon, spread across 120 feet to the opposite side, from the great windows above. In a chapel on one side is the coffin of King Jaime II under a red velvet pall, and opposite, in an urn, are the ashes of his son, Jaime III.

The church is rich in color. The choir walls during high festival are hung with splendid tapestries, and everywhere the light catches polished marbles and glint of gold. The side-chapels es-

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pecially are luminous with carved and painted wood, brocade, nimbused saints, and rich pictures. No tawdriness such as one finds on the Continent mars the dignity and reticence of the splendid edifice.

The walls of the apse are covered with a unique decoration by Juan Rubio of Barcelona. Gold has been worked into the wall surface, and on this are gigantic palm-branches whose fronds are of majolica. These catch the radiance from the windows above. In the center is the stone chair of great antiquity on which many prelates have sat in state. The choir-stalls are among the finest in Europe. Between the seats stand carven saints, winged for upward flight. Below them, the arms of the seats are carved to resemble extraordinary beasts with scaled bodies, outstretched claws, horns, and writhing tails. Many of them stand on their heads, facing the saints, tails disrespectfully turned backward toward the calm indifference depicted on the faces above them.

Among the florid altars of antiquity, there gleams like a pearl a comparatively modern altar, done by Ruffino of Barcelona, to St. Bernardo. The statue is life-size, robed in what resembles a heavy white fabric covered nearly to the waist with a

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semblance of gold embroidery wrought in marble. The young saint is treated Greek fashion, by having faintly tinted cheeks and eyes which seem to see heavenly visions.

The pulpit is another striking example of sculptured marble. It is twenty feet high and delicately carved from base to summit. The acoustic properties are very fine, and on fête days, when the church is crowded, every shade of intonation is clearly audible in the most distant part of the edifice.

The pageantry which marks these religious fêtes is entirely of the Middle Ages both in detail and in reverence, which cannot be said of those elsewhere in Spain. All that pertains to Holy Week is carried out regardless of cost in both money and effort. On Maundy Thursday a torch-light procession of "penitents" fills the narrow, dimly lighted streets, headed by mounted officers, who clear the way with drawn sabers. These are followed by prelates of the church and distinguished citizens in brilliant and authentic medieval costumes. Then follow the "stations of the cross," illustrated by life-size wooden statues with real hair and beards. These are borne, mounted on unwieldy platforms, by other citizens; and though

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the weight is heavy, this privilege is eagerly sought by the pious. Five hundred or more penitents follow. Their feet are bare, and each wears a strange stole of white, purple, or black, their waists bound with a hempen cord from which hangs a rosary, scourge, and crucifix. Each wears a conical hat five feet high matching in color the robe, and from these are hung pieces of cloth which mask the face, save for slits cut for the eyes. At the bottom of this long mask is imprinted in color the station of the cross which the wearer follows.

This procession is a weird thing to see as it passes through the kneeling thousands, to the sound of solemn music from the military band. In the narrow streets, gaunt shadows spring on walls, and smoke from the hundreds of torches mingles with the scent of incense and tossing flames. The soft padding of naked feet, the mournful intoning of solemn supplications, echo between old palace walls which have witnessed similar processions for centuries.

The night of Good Friday is also a time of unique celebration. The cathedral is in darkness save for two lighted candles beside the gigantic crucifix, which stands on the high altar, denuded

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of all else. At the foot of the cross lies a life-size effigy of the Christ, covered with the rent veil. The clergy, choir, and two thousand worshipers can hardly be discerned in the scented gloom.

Suddenly a silver bell tinkles, and the bells in the tower high above answer, as bishops and prelates gather about the altar. Four men in white wigs and black robes raise the simple bier on which the Christ lies, with its sable veil which sweeps the pavement; and followed by priests and choir-boys, each bearing a torch, the procession slowly passes down the nave through the prostrate throng. The effigy of the Holy Mother robed in black, a silver nimbus about her head, follows the bier. They pass down the nave and then turn and go up the west aisle to a side-chapel, where a golden sarcophagus awaits before the altar. Within this the Christ is laid. For a long time the vast throng remains kneeling in silence so profound that the flickering flame of the torches seems the only voice.

Easter morning the poignant drama is completed by a burst of gorgeous color, music, and pageantry such as one rarely sees in Europe. The bishop, in miter and scarlet gloves, his magnificent

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crimson train borne by crimson-robed prelates, sits high in his marble niche among the glistening majolica palm-branches. A long procession of priests in splendid silks and laces; vergers in purple, bearing silver maces, and wearing white wigs; the city council in evening-dress, green satin sashes, and enameled orders about their necks, moves in stately procession against a background of dark stalls and marble and gilded walls—a gorgeous spectacle in the effulgence of shafts of colored light which sweeps downward from above. Bells clang; organ-notes surge above the flowers. There are incense, rustle of fans and black mantillas, a resurrection of joy on every hand.

And just outside, on either side of the central doors, there lie two great stone cannon-balls. These were thrown from a catapult over Moorish walls by King Jaime's soldiery, into a Moorish city six hundred years before, that this church might be established on the island of Mallorca.

The Church of San Francisco is next in interest. It stands in a plaza of that name and was built in the thirteenth century. Its façade, which is several hundred years later, is almost bare save for its central door, which is one of the finest in Spain

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in richness of design. Within, it is too dark to enable the visitor to see details, but the tomb of Raimon Lull is evident.

This church was the scene of one of the most tragic events in the history of Mallorca. In the fifteenth century the island was divided among several cliques of the reigning families, descended from those nobles to whom King Jaime I bequeathed lands. Among them were two noble families, which, like the Capulets and Montagues, detested each other whole-heartedly. The origin of this feud was as absurd as the results were disastrous.

It appears that one day during the carnival Don Jaime Armadans passed before the house of his enemy, Don Pedro Spanyol. From an upper window a stupid maid-servant emptied a jar of dirty water, as was the custom in those days, when the center of the street furnished the only drain. Alas, the water fell plump on Don Jaime's arrogant head! Enraged, he entered the house, dashed up the stair, and in spite of the pleas and explanations of Pedro's wife, proceeded to give her maid a sound beating.

Pedro's wrath when he heard of this was beyond bounds. He engaged the sympathy of his

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friends, and one night, with fifty of them, broke into Don Jaime's palace and killed the latter and his wife. The authorities were scandalized, but fear of such powerful nobles frustrated justice, and a sentence was passed that each and all of those engaged in the murders should hold themselves prisoner in their own houses. Later they were pardoned, because of services to the king in the past.

The affair seemed to have ended, but on November 2, 1490, when all Palma was celebrating the Jours des Morts, these two factions found themselves in the Church of San Francisco. Some imprudent gesture or word started four cavaliers quarreling, among them Pedro de San Juan and Francisco de Armadans. Others joined in the fray, and in a few moments the church became a slaughter-house. Blades rang, cries for mercy resounded, blood flowed, while the priest in vain besought and commanded from the steps of the high altar. Many of the first nobles of the island died in hand-to-hand fighting, and when at last all was over, three hundred dead lay on the pavement.

From this scene of hate and murder one passes into the cloisters through a small door near the altar. There is nothing more lovely of the kind in all Europe, for even Monreale might well look to

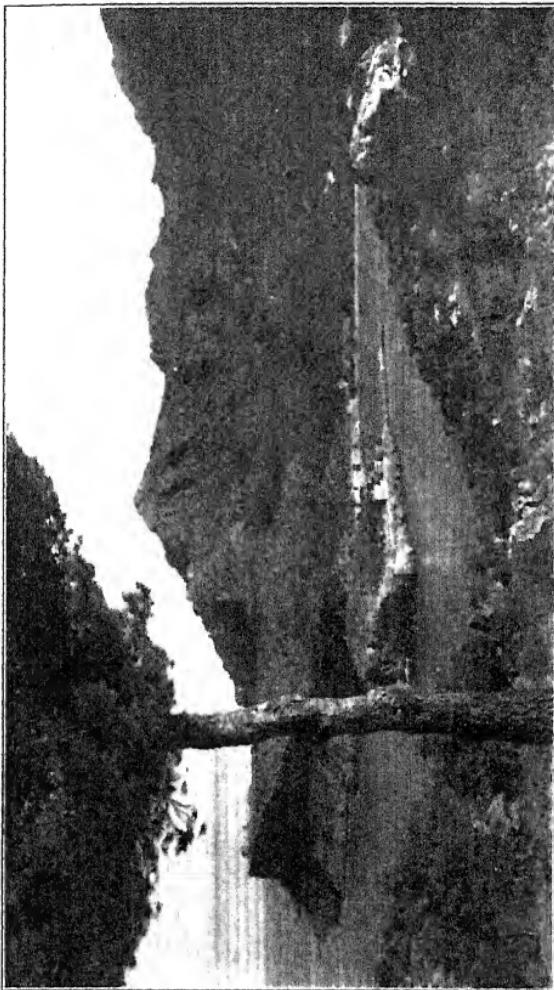
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its laurels. The airy arches, worn by six hundred years, surround a garden where orange and lemon, almond and iris, calla-lilies and violets, preen their beauty in friendly rivalry. Unlike the columns at Monreale, no glittering mosaics disturb their gray softness of contour. Their slenderness and carved capitals are sufficient unto themselves.

In the center is a well, whose stone border is worn into deep ruts by the ropes which have hoisted water aloft. Look within, and you will see the walls below all a-quiver with maidenhair fern as far down as the eye can see. Suddenly you will hear the laughter of children and running feet. It is a lay brother playing tag with his pupils. He runs well, soutane well tucked up over his bare sandaled feet. These cloisters were, at one time, a prison for state offenders, who brought their own furniture with them and lived in luxury in the cells.

There are forty-three other churches in Palma, each possessing some sculptured doorway, dome, carved woodwork, or marble worth seeing. When hung in their crimson damask for fête days, they are especially worth visiting.

One of the notable things is the multitude of angels both in churches and out of them. Their



BAY OF SÖLLER.



CALVARY AT POLLENSA.

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wings spread in arrested flight on pinnacles of churches, surmount windows, uphold carved and gilded eaves, porticoes, and window-sills. Even the portal of the Lonja, formerly the Exchange, is graced by a gigantic angel whose feathered pinions spread against the door. Within the churches these winged beings are everywhere—supporting the great lamps, hovering below dim domes, in lace-like niches. The choir-stalls seem a-flutter with their airy pinions, and altars break into a veritable spray of delicate wings.

The small village churches have a charm all their own. Their surroundings lend themselves to the idyllic simplicity about them. These villages, after the middle of April, are usually set among flowers and verdure, the center of which is the wee chapel. All the life there is centers before the altar. Every child considers it his or her special privilege to tend and ornament it. It usually faces on some tiny plaza whose fountain, flowers, and benches are the background for all festivities. On these the church smiles; its creamy façade, speckless with whitewash, is forever prepared for even the visit of the king.

Often the walls were once part of a mosque, and one finds inset delightful tiles, plainly of

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Moorish origin. These churches are devoid of stained glass, and sunshine enters freely by open windows and doors.

Their decorations are often primitive. Their naïveté is delightful. With tremulous pride an ancient verger will reveal frescoed angels sitting awkwardly on crimson clouds, while below yawns hell—the real thing, in which bodies writhe amid burning flames, horned devils, and scaly monsters, who with pitchforks throw sinners into the pit. There is always God above, quite unmoved by the sufferings of His creatures.

And below there are also, always, flowers, freshly culled. Neat old women in black, with spotless kerchiefs, sit near the church door, knitting and gossiping. There is no sign or odor of poverty. Everything is sweet-smelling and gay. Far below in the valley the men labor, but before they sleep they will pass through the ever open door and kneel before the little altar to give thanks for many blessings.

The open church is a factor in every detail of these villagers' existence. Its priest is their censor for act and thought. As babies they are introduced to it. In youth they tend it, and old age finds them clinging to its support. When dead they lie in its

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shadow among the flowers, surrounded by their friends and neighbors, still a part of that tranquil village life. The mountains guard above, the valleys smile below, and the bell in the wee belfry sends forth its daily message in its own tongue, as did the muezzin's voice long ago: "There is no conqueror but God."

CHAPTER X

Sóller

SÓLLER is reached by train or by motor. The train leaves at 7:50 A.M. from Palma and again at 2:30; it is a trip of about an hour and a half. The road runs through magnificent scenery. The afternoon train connects with a motor-bus at Sóller, which goes to Deyá, Miramar, and Valldemosa. The road for motors is "military" and first-class. It winds up one side of the pass and down the other to the valley, a trip of about two hours and a half.

It is a mistake to pass only a day or so at Sóller, for the walks about the town, and from it up into the mountains, are many and picturesque. Sóller nestles in a garden valley, surrounded by wild mountains, one of which, the Puig (pronounced Pouche) Mayor, nearly five thousand feet high, is at times capped with snow. The town of nine thousand inhabitants is divided by a mountain torrent

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restrained by massive walls eighty feet high and crossed by an arched bridge built by the Romans. In places ancient houses rise from the bed of the stream, and in others residences of the better class turn their backs, or rather their lovely gardens, to the stream, showering the green waters with orange and rose petals.

The little river flows down through the mountain gorge and spreads beyond into a valley filled with orange, lemon, and almond trees, then debouches into one of the most remarkable harbors in Europe. It presents a perfect circle of snowy sand, except at the outlet to the sea, where each side is protected by great cliffs rising sheer from the turquoise water, so clear that, in spite of its depth, pale gray wrinkled sand is visible. It was into this tiny bay that Jaime I brought his fleet on his second visit to the island, and through the narrow inlet corsairs and Barbary pirates once spread terror in the valley.

Except for the church spires above the trees of the square, Sóller gives the impression of an Arab town, with its streets twenty feet wide, white, un-decorated façades, and hidden gardens which one glimpses through patios. It is said that no one ever emigrates for life from this place of industrious

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peace and plenty. Some go to France but always return, and one finds fishermen who speak French fluently. This conserved energy preserves Sóller's prosperity, although it is cut off from the bustling world of trade. It ships to Spain and France almonds, pears, cherries, oranges, lemons, olives, wheat, apples, bananas, strawberries, peaches, vegetables, and plums.

The church is a delightful edifice, whose façade is being, alas, renovated; but vestiges of an ancient moat, when a fortress stood there, can still be discerned at its base, erected in the sixteenth century for defense against the Moors who came from Algiers, constantly seeking vengeance for their loss of Mallorca.

One of these invasions, on May 11, 1561, is celebrated yearly, in memory of the time when the watchman in the tower on the coast discerned twenty-two armed galleys approaching. At midnight they anchored offshore but gave no sign of hostilities. But in the darkness seven hundred Moors silently debarked in small boats around the point and stole warily to a promontory called Illa. But a native named Bartolomeo Valls chanced to be rowing alone in the shadow of a cliff and gave the alarm. Sóller's infantry was speedily put in

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the field, but the Moors had two divisions coming by different routes along the coast.

At dawn one division was thrown against the Sóller contingent, while the other hacked its way townward, burning, sacking, and capturing women and children. They reached the church and murdered the priests, who heroically defended the altars in a hand-to-hand struggle. The infantry outside the town could hear the cries from their wives and children, yet were helpless, as a division was attacking them from the rear. They hastily decided to place their difficulties before God, and, falling on their knees, besought His advice. The solution presented itself in the person of Antonio Soler, who had fought with Charles V and profited by the experience. He rallied the little force with so great effect that they turned upon the Moors behind them with such fury and valor that they fled to the port, leaving their leader dead.

The Moorish division in the town speedily concluded to save themselves and their prisoners by joining their fleeing comrades. Driving the women and children before them along the waterless riverbed, they found another unpleasant surprise awaiting them. A band of marauders, bent on private enterprise, had secreted themselves among

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the rocks on the cliff above the port before the Moors arrived the night before. Seeing the fleeing enemy, they decided to take a hand and rolled huge rocks down upon the Moors, crushing many to death. But the unfortunate prisoners were in the *mélée*, and had it not been for the timely arrival of Don Guillen de Racafull with a considerable force, the result might have been disastrous for friends as well as foes. The Moors fled waist-deep in the blood-dyed waters and regained their boats, leaving 418 dead behind them, whereas only six Mallorcans were killed. The former bandits who saved the situation were pardoned their past crimes by Philip II of Spain and became model citizens.

This miraculous victory is commemorated each year at Sóller. On May 11 the town is *en fête*, and the whole affair is reënacted. Garlands of flowers, gay stuffs, and palm-branches decorate houses. Native costumes are in evidence; bands play, and the square is filled with booths.

At one o'clock the procession forms, composed of fifty young men, dressed as brigands, led by a fine old gentleman on a horse, who represents the bandit captain. The brigands dispose them-
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selves deftly among the rocks in ambush on both sides of the narrow inlet to the port. After ample time has been given, eight boats appear (towed by a motor-boat), and the battle begins. The Moors disembark; rocks (carefully) roll down the cliff at a safe distance. There is much firing of guns, shouts of savagery and triumph, when the standard is captured. Then the captive Moors are led in chains to the high altar; a *Te Deum* is sung, and everybody is delighted, captives as well as victors. The entire night Sóller dances, feasts, and sings, and this continues for three days, when, exhausted, the inhabitants sink into their customary sobriety.

At sunset the valley is remarkably beautiful, as the mountains, filled with iron ore, tower skyward in pinnacles not unlike the Dolomites, reflecting the light like an alpenglow. The valley is filled with a veritable refulgence of glory in which the white houses seem to float as in a mirage. In April, when roses climb forty feet high over the walls, and orange and lemon blossoms give forth their scent, Sóller exhales perfume, which, on still nights, can be detected half a mile out to sea.

The traveler should take a room at the excellent

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steam-heated Hotel Ferrocarril; pension is about nine or ten pesetas a day, or \$1.25; and then walk up among the hills.

You will come upon absurdly pretty villages, swept and garnished as though for a visit from the king. No one seems to work. Women in black dresses and white kerchiefs sit in their doorways, backed by courts filled with massed calla-lilies near which the invariable fountain splashes. There are tiny piazzas with a central crucifix, and crooked streets of shallow steps leading up to orchards, other mazy streets, and olive-presses where patient mules go round and round squeezing the oil for the great amphoræ leaning against sunny walls. So neat are the villages that the writer once saw a peasant stop and stare with surprised displeasure at something on the ground. He stooped, picked up a burned match, looked about for a nook in which to deposit so intrusive a thing, and, finding none, put it in his pocket to be disposed of elsewhere.

There are many sheep under the olive-trees, which grow on terraces piled one above the other a mile up the mountain-sides. The sheep-bells always are heard. Their music drifts downward, or rises from the valley, and sometimes the pedes-

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trian has to climb a wall to allow passage for the great flocks whose tawny backs go undulating by like a living wave.

Nowhere on Mallorca does one glean a more comprehensive idea of the island's fertility, which totals fifty thousand acres of vineyards, thirty-three thousand acres of almond-trees, and eighty-six thousand acres of olive-trees in valleys, besides seventy thousand on terraced mountain-sides.

But beside these main products, as in Sóller, tropical and semitropical fruits and vegetables flourish side by side. Small rose-colored apples of intensive sweetness, pears, cherries, quinces, grapes, bananas, dates, melons, figs, Japanese plums, blackberries, strawberries—New England and Honolulu cheek by jowl. The white grape is never exported, as the skin is so thin and the fruit so bursting with sweet juice that it would not survive packing. But, to eat, it is nectar.

CHAPTER XI

Pollensa and Alcudia

POLLENSA lies four miles from the sea in the north corner of the island. It is easily reached by motor, in which case the return trip to Palma may be made in the same day. By train, one goes to Inca, where a motor-bus connects and deposits the traveler at a little inn, clean, simple, but primitive. The city was of Roman origin, as the bridge assures us, and was a stronghold of the Romans, Moors, and, later, Spanish nobles during the uprising of the peasants in 1522. It is a sleepy, dusty little town of nine thousand inhabitants and, unlike all others on the island, seemingly out of touch with ambitious thrift.

One reaches the celebrated Calvary by a remarkable flight of shallow steps almost half a mile long, which rises agreeably from the valley bordered by ancient cypresses. On the summit is a small chapel and a view of surpassing beauty.

POLLENSA AND ALCUDIA

The coast and almost landlocked port of Pollensa, four miles away, lie spread below, walled by mountains. Lovely little bays and tree-covered promontories break the shore-line, and the massive cape of Alcudia across the bay rises in solemn grandeur.

On one of the pinnacles is the ruin of the Castillo del Rey, in which the Moors defied the Spaniards for three months until they were starved into submission. The mountain of Puig (pronounced Pouche) is isolated from the range and dominates the valley. On the summit are the white walls of a convent which, before the Spanish-American War, was utilized as a barrack for soldiers. Pollensa is Arab in aspect from its ill paved streets, narrow and tortuous, its many fountains and water-runnels, and the somnolence of its inhabitants.

Its one fine church, Santa María de los Angeles, has near it, in the Casa Consistorial, an interesting collection of ancient arms, some of which date from the time of the Turkish corsairs, who in 1531 landed in the bay, but were driven off, as at Sóller, by valiant citizens. Again in 1550 a larger band of pirates appeared, but again they were put to flight, leaving behind them the women and children, who

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had fled to the church as the only available fortress, while the masculine population fought the enemy hand to hand. The port of Pollensa, four miles away, is charming; a primitive fishing hamlet with a new inn, built by a man who has been in America and thus furnished his hostelry with baths and hot water, where full board and good food is supplied for eight pesetas a day. Many artists make the port their headquarters, for the walks and views are delightful.

From here one takes a motor-boat across the bay to Alcudia, one of the most interesting places in Mallorca. Here came Charles V in 1535 and conferred the title of "The Faithful City," in memory of its heroic defense during the eleven months' siege when surrounded by rebellious peasantry in the revolution of that year.

Alcudia is one of the oldest cities in the world. Metellus founded it; Phenicians, Carthaginians, and Rhodians all left their marks upon it. Rome then had a large commerce in the bay, and the remains of an amphitheater, coins, vases, and sculptures, testify to luxury and cultivation. One enters the city by land under a magnificent Gothic

POLLENSA AND ALCUDIA

gateway, worthy of Carcassonne, one of the most ancient and perfect relics of the Middle Ages. Its walls are flanked by square towers pierced by vaulted portals. Each stone is a history of heroic defense and assault during the centuries. Some years ago it came near being demolished for building materials. But José Quadrada, in the name of the Committee of Provincial Monuments, sent a poignant appeal to the Royal Academy at Madrid, which saved it.

The town is small, walled, and now boasts over two thousand inhabitants, whose physiognomies are strongly Oriental. Here and there the eye meets delicious bits of rich sculpture. The many fountains, the sharp shadows on sun-bleached walls, the windows and doors of the fifteenth century with their sumptuous Gothic carving, combine to render Alcudia a storehouse of material for artists.

To the east of the town, there is a great swamp, which, because of its rich soil, was drained by a syndicate, and for some time it yielded profitable crops. But Mallorcan indifference to wealth that had to be won by too much exertion allowed invading water to nullify these good results, and

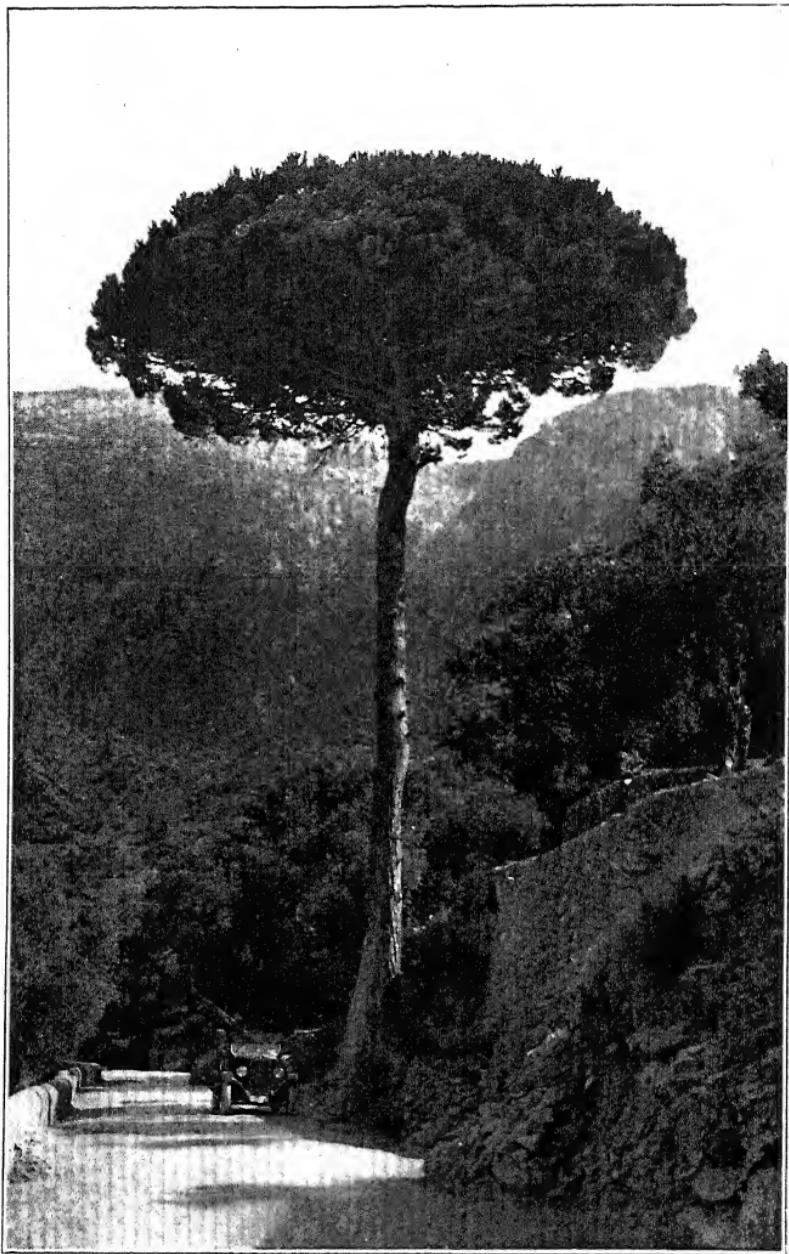
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to-day the place only yields rice, rushes from which a coarse paper is manufactured, and mosquitoes.

The bay of Pollensa is one of the finest harbors on the Mediterranean, and to it almost yearly comes the English fleet, as well as the American Mediterranean Squadron. These visits are occasions of great festivities at Palma, whither the officers and sailors flock. Balls are given by the Anglo-Saxon colony, and the fleets return these hospitalities in their customary smart and generous fashion. On these occasions a few of the Spanish young girls appear, wide-eyed and charming. Then the bay of Alcudia is gay with motor-launches. Its shores are shared with picnickers, and halting Spanish is heard mingled with weird English. Both the American and English flag-ships give brilliant balls, to which all socially elect are bidden. The townspeople look on with dignified unconcern, with no effort to accomplish any profiteering. They regard these periodical visitations as a phenomenon to be endured rather than enjoyed, but keep their daughters within doors, for are not a large share of these good-looking youths "unbelievers"?



SHORE OF MIRAMAR.



ON THE ROAD TO DEYÁ.

CHAPTER XII

Beaches

THE first imprint of Mallorca's history was made on the fair pages of her beaches. These stretches of pale sand waited through eons of time for humanity's coming. In the shadowy past when life emerged from the protoplasm of the sea, it was on these beaches that the first delicate designs were printed of insect, bird, and beast. Strange mammoths laved their ungainly bodies in these translucent pools, and gigantic winged lizards of the air descended to repose upon these satin beds. Perhaps at some period beings half of the sea and half of the land gave birth to legendary mermaids and mermen, whose wet and shining bodies acquired new powers in their effort to explore this wonderland of sand and stone.

At last man evolved, and in time he too found Mallorca's shores. He came in a rude shallop, haired like a gorilla, armed with a club, robed in

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skins. The caves gave him congenial shelter, and inland he found game and fruit in plenty. The loveliness and ease of the surroundings softened and refined these creatures, so little removed from animals. They reacted to peace and plenty and the safety of this isolated paradise. Their enormities disappeared, and in time doubtless a sort of Golden Age obtained, before civilization had as yet made its demands and while nature provided every need. Their naked bodies knew the cooling touch of these sands. Their offspring played with the mauve and rosy shells, those flowers of the sea which never fade. They too were charmed by the delicate fronds of sea-fern suspended motionless in these translucent pools, vividly green, honey-colored, or crimson as submerged fires. Then, as now, childish hands would dip and take, only to find dull massed disillusionment spread on a palm. Then, as now, sea-anemones, starfish, slow-crawling monsters fortressed in shining green, jewel-like fish with impalpable fins, nebulous cuttlefish, and a thousand other marvels moved among the pools and were cast up by the waves that children might have their toys to play with.

The beaches of Mallorca, could one read their secret language, could tell many tales of strange

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peoples, manners, customs, clothing, religions, and heroisms. Their shifting sands, at once so hard yet so impressionable, have absorbed and buried a thousand experiences. Their accumulated wisdom lies deep, close-hidden and unreachable, buried in that silence of forgotten things which baffles human knowledge. Each grain of sand is a scribe of a history which we shall never know. The waves have obliterated every material imprint, but the moral traces of mankind are indelible, and their results indestructible. As the world grew older, human nature grew bitter and ambitious. Other peoples came to these shores, saw their beauty, and desired possession of them; made war and spread war's tentacles of pain and fear over the island. These white sands had their first baptism of blood. Sullied and soiled, they welcomed the waves which brought them solace and purity again.

But the horrors which man wrote on these white pages sank deep. Their peace was gone, never to return. As civilization waxed stronger, mailed warriors piled their arms on these fringes of sheltering harbors. On the sands were the first prints of horse, camel, dog, cat, and mule, for there must always be a first comer to an island. As the strength of the islanders increased, they too sought

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far afield for power and gain. The stone-slingers of Mallorca, famed for their prowess throughout Europe, were found among the Roman legions in Africa, and they wrought havoc all along the shores of the Mediterranean.

Like all else, there was a time when the first galleys came from Africa loaded to the poop with turbaned men whose burnouses the wind flung wide. Then the green flag of Mohammed was first lifted while these new-comers bowed their heads once, twice, thrice to the sand, calling aloud, "There is no conqueror but God and Mohammed is His Prophet."

Centuries passed, and another people and another emblem of faith appeared. The cross, emblem of humility and love, was planted in the sand, while warriors whetted their swords or slept prone above the line of curling waves, preparing for another spilling of blood on their clean bed to which the sea would again give back its purity.

And so through the centuries peoples came and went, leaving their evanescent traces. Shallops were replaced by splendid galleys rowed by slaves chained to the oars. These were followed by great vessels which had chained to their service steam

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and electricity. For them docks replaced the beaches, and from these the lovely life was driven, and with it their peace. But for other beaches these good things remained, and are still there, waiting to give themselves to their true lovers.

The beaches of Mallorca are as different as human moods and needs. Each has its form of expression and speaks its special language to those who will give attentive ears. Some possess dignity, grandeur, and austerity. There are beaches formed for solitude, others for intimacy and gaiety. Some exhale a dark and sinister prophecy of dangerous and mysterious things, for the shadows of their cliffs fall darkly, and strange echoes beat about them as though from winged things of evil. Elsewhere there is sunny coquetry, laughter of waves, song of birds. The sea dances landward, tiptoe with fun, teasing the pebbles with their game of hide-and-seek; creeping here, pouncing there, and then running away with a backward toss of curling crest which throws a golden mist skyward.

Then there are those beaches which give rest to the weary. These lie hidden in still nooks, without ripple or murmur, just mirrors for the beauty

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which encircles them. Peace broods on them with folded wings. Still reflections of those ramparts of the sky lie deep within them. The gold and rose of that pageantry of sky is theirs also. No tint is lost; no slow grace of drifting cloud is obscured. One can easily imagine Adam leading Eve to these strands only yesterday and showing her these fresh beauties which know neither disturbance nor fear. Gulls rest motionless on this duplicate of sky and, with heads tucked beneath their wings, sleep. The pale tinted sands seem never to have been utilized for that book of mankind's history which always left the page marred. These shores were too gentle for such rough handling. They smile, like a child asleep, rapt in some dream, lovely and tender. Even the careful stroke of the oar, and the dripping water from its blade, seem an intrusion on such serenity.

There is such a jolly little beach at Deyá. To reach it, go to Sóller by train (three quarters of an hour) or by motor. The railroad ends at Sóller. Then drive to Deyá on a road, worthy of Hyde Park, which skirts the coast. Far beneath spreads the Mediterranean, its surface pierced by sword-like promontories. From the shore mountains rise,

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curve on curve against the sky, summit above summit, suavely infolding within their embrace deep ravines and tranquil valleys, umbrageous with a thousand gradations of green. Everywhere flow streams like liquid jade, leaping from rocky crests to unseen depths among ferns and purple iris, gushing from rocky walls, rippling over bright-hued pebbles edged with wild onion or purple-starred myrtle. There are other torrents which beautify the hillsides, but these are silent. Over the hundreds of walled terraces which rise to the pine and fir belts on the mountains, a veritable cascade of roses, ivy, geranium, and golden spurge gush downward in a torrent of color and scent.

Deyá is a tiny hamlet perched on the apex of a hill overlooking a garden valley. On the crest is a chapel surrounded by a shabby and delightful little garden in which sleep the dead, among flowers, within sound of the sea, visible through a gap in the mountainous shore. All about the valley other mountains tower, their crests salmon-pink at sunset, solidified flame.

At the wee inn on the hill, one finds a man and wife of stern exteriors but well intentioned. The cell-like rooms are as neat as pins, and the little cemented terrace, inset with flower-beds, over-

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hangs the valley and tiled roofs below. The mountains are so near that they seem about to fall and crush the hamlet. Eagles swing above, and wild canaries dart and trill below. The white road winds along the side of the mountain on the opposite side of the valley like a ribbon, curving in and out among the trees. Foliage is everywhere, reaching to the rose and white summits, and down to the hidden river. Through the soft air yellow butterflies float, mingled with drifting almond-petals. After sunset the valley is filled with a translucent effulgence of color—amethyst, mauve, blue, and creeping shadows which die to purple night.

To reach the beach take plenty of time and rubber-soled shoes. Also perhaps lunch, for your host at the inn charges but nine pesetas a day (including delicious wine), which amounts altogether to about a dollar and a half! Descend the steep bit of road from the inn, and on reaching the main route, leave it and dip abruptly on the left into a lane among olive and orange trees. Follow the track, no matter how eccentric its course, until you reach the stream at the bottom of the valley, which sings as it runs beside you, showing you the way. Turn often and look back. Trees of every clime shelter you, and above tower the mountains,

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their sides terraced two thousand feet for olive-trees.

In an hour you will reach the most adorable of beaches, naïve, ingenuous. No sand here. It is too sturdy for such prettiness. Yet it is very small, not more than two hundred yards of curve, which ends on either side at perpendicular cliffs, which curve toward one another at their extremities until the wee harbor is almost landlocked. To the right a path is faintly discernible climbing the precipitous cliff to where a stone tower stands. By all means, after luncheon, climb this, and follow the path along the coast. You will want to buy the tower, complete it, and live in it for the rest of your life, but, alas, nothing can persuade the owner to part with it. Pebbles, polished to every tint of gray, slope steeply to the water, which is as varied in hues of blue and green as the skin of a pomegranate. The sun, once prisoner within this fairy place, makes no effort to escape. It clings to the cream-colored cliffs, dances with the waves, coquettes with the yellow surge which springs ardently to meet it from its airy home high on the rock. The sea has cut caves into these rocks. One feels that, were one not looking, mermaids would rise from these depths and rest in the shadow of these

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abodes, or would sun themselves on the beds of brown seaweed, soft and deep as scattered down. Orange and lemon trees grow close to the shore, so that the song of birds mingles with the singing brook as it empties into the sea. Here the waves are rarely angry. They come armed only with a thousand coquetties, tossing their mist-garlanded heads as though vain of their prettiness.

It is one of the few beaches on Mallorca which apparently never had any troubles. Nowhere do we read of armed men landing here, for the entrance is too narrow and the cove too small to harbor craft of considerable size. The cliffs on either side are too steep for men to climb burdened by arms, and from above the defenders could annihilate their enemies by throwing rocks on them from a great height. So this delightful beach seems only made for happiness, and it apparently appreciates its blessings, for it always sings.

The beach at Artá is another matter. Here the full majestic power of the sea has its way. There is no singing here. Rather the deep notes of an organ as the great waves roll in from the horizon bringing a breath of vast distances and profound

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depths. The two miles of sand receive their magnificence and power sturdily, seeming too proud to show any mark on their white flanks where the blow strikes. Not a wincing ripple mars that shining surface, as though it were a silver shield which must show no dent. At either end tower the mountains, guardians against violence; and on their sharp sides the snowy spume is tossed futilely high in air. During a storm the thunder of this force echoes from cliff to cliff, until the valley is filled with the majestic music. There is no sign of human habitation. Nature here is unrestrained, and riots intoxicated with her liberty; no human force has ever harnessed her on these shores. The dignity of these proud stretches of sand makes one feel that every grain realizes it is part of a star.

There is another beach where one feels entirely at home. On the road to Andraitx, turn aside on the left, about three miles before reaching the town, into a rough lane which leads to the sea. Back from the shore lies a wide and fertile valley, apparently just waiting to be made into a golf course. Before you lies a tranquil bay about a mile across, guarded by precipitous promontories which

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form a background of striking magnificence. On the eastern half of the shore lies a snowy beach, wide and sloping gently to that tideless sea. The western half is formed of homely sand-dunes, covered with gorse and scrub-palmetto. Above them on gentle slopes, pines loom soberly, and behind them orange-groves spread for miles inland. There is one group of giant palm-trees near a mellow old farm-house where chickens cluck and a donkey brays for its dinner.

This beach seems made for babies, nurses, tents, and pretty mothers in smart Parisian toilets. Sand-birds speed their way delicately across the sands, and bees hum among the flowers. The breezes sing among pine-needles; an eagle swoops from its aëry as a rabbit scurries to its hole in the dune. It is all natural, normal, and amiably ready to receive visitors. One has the odd impression that there must be homes hidden among those pines. A land speculator would swear to it, for those idyllic "sites" cry aloud for somebody to enjoy their domesticity.

Then surely a fleet of yachts must have just left their anchorage in that perfect harbor, but will reappear at dusk for a gay dinner at the large comfortable hotel (not too expensive and luxuri-

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ous) which lies behind that wooded knoll. For no financier in possession of his senses and capital would ever allow this harbor, beach, and valley to escape "development," when, as everybody knows, there is a class of cultivated, sensible, comfort-loving people who have wearied of the dusty crowds of the Riviera and sigh for beauty amid peaceful surroundings in just such a paradise. Alas, that one has to speed away along that splendid road, back to a mundane life, while that dream "home" and golf course melt into the land of vain hopes!

The beach at Pollensa lies on a great bay many miles in circumference, surrounded by mountains but not sufficiently inclosed for rough weather. The sands are as white as the train of a bride, fringed in places with trees whose distorted foliage testifies to the severity of northern gales. Paul and Virginia would have run races on such tempting stretches of sand, in which no pebbles appear, and which are packed hard by the waves that eternally beat upon them. Here many pages of Mallorca's history were imprinted, for the feet of barbarian, Carthaginian, Roman consul, Norseman, trader from the Orient, Greek, Moslem,

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and monk each and all trod these shores. To-day fishermen spread their brown nets where historic feet once strode, and artists pitch their easels to catch that pageantry of color ever changing on mountain flank and sea. This shore seems waiting for some great traffic which never comes. Only the ghosts of former mariners people it, from the days when commerce brought all the riches of the earth to Mallorca. This quiet bay, where now an occasional tawny sail drifts across its tranquillity, harbors most especially memories of Rome. During her sovereignty on the island, Pollensa was her center both of commerce and of elegant pleasures; and although the city lay inland, it was into this bay that the shipping came.

Great fleets anchored here, manned by slaves chained to their oars below decks. A babel of tongues resounded from ship to ship with the crack of lash on naked flesh, the peremptory call of command, clatter of arms, trumpet call, and splash of gilded oars as Those in Authority were rowed to and fro from the white palaces which doubtless rose along the shore. When Charles V, emperor in his turn, paced these sands, he must have thought on the evanescence of human power, for all traces of those past splendors had vanished

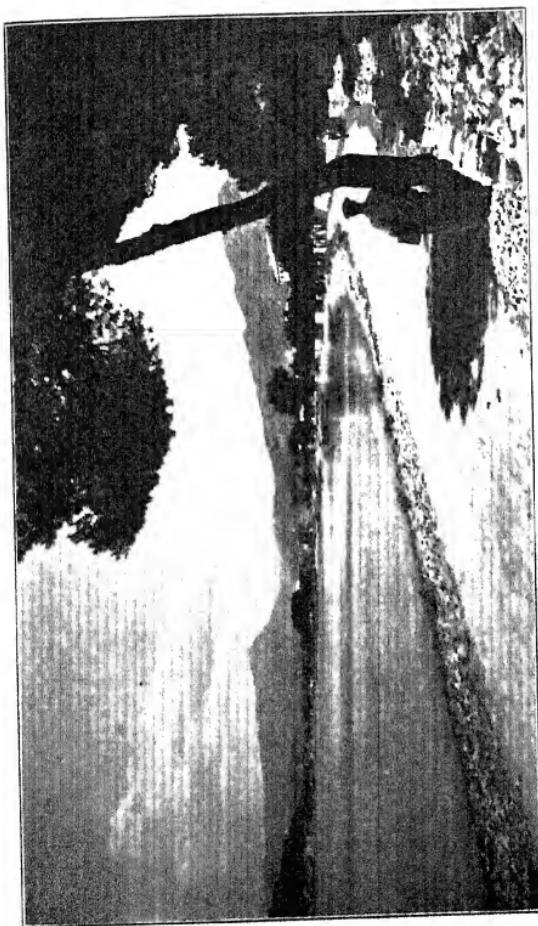
BEACHES

as completely as did the traces of his own footsteps on the shore he trod. The waves of time and the waves of the sea work together.

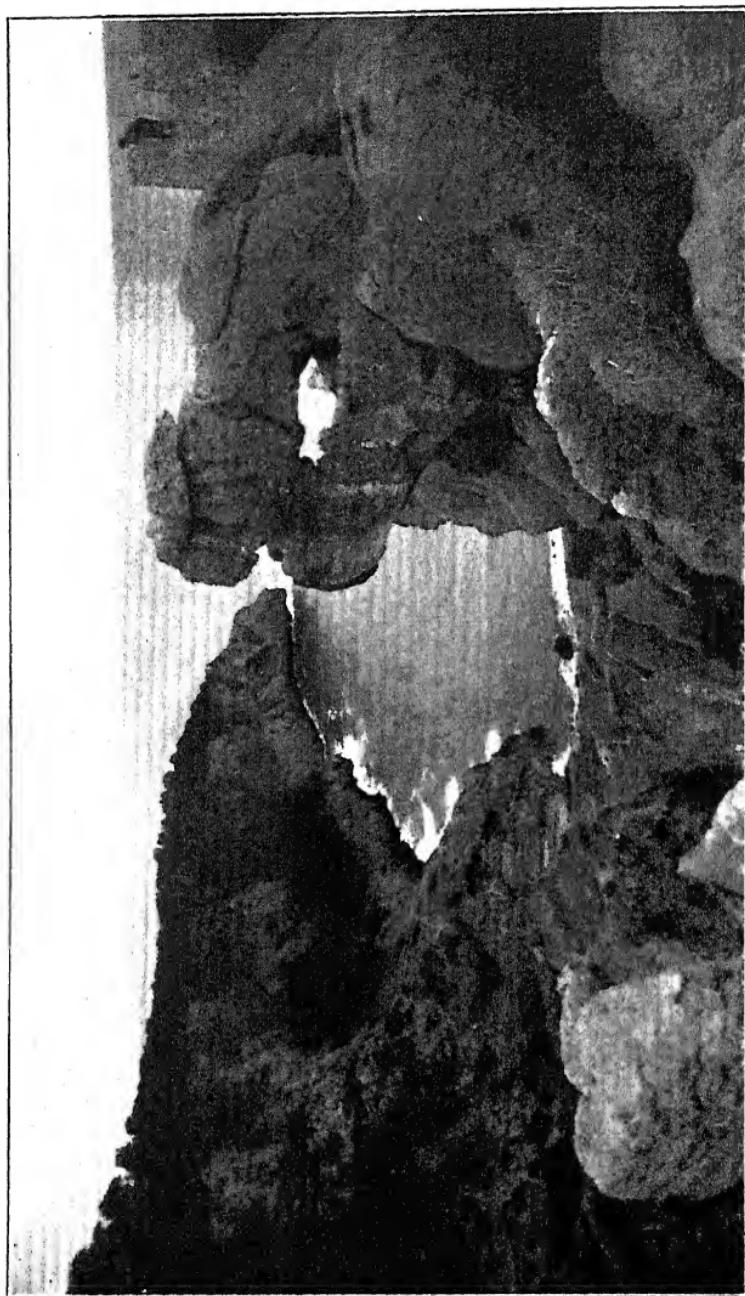
To hire a motor-boat and skirt the coast completely is to make the acquaintance of many delights, for from land only glimpses may be had of wee beaches too far below to be reached afoot. These unknown nooks, filled with color, soft with shadows, are each a temptation. Reclining alone on their miniature slopes beneath the cliffs, the world seems a thousand miles and years away, for there is neither sound nor sight to disprove that you are not the first created human being of a primal world. The untenanted forests above, the untenanted sea beyond, seem made anew for your special pleasure. Yet the sense of profound solitude carries no sense of loneliness with it; rather a discovery of new companionships hitherto overlooked. Minute sounds of a busy life are all about, in the air, on the sand, among the verdure which cloaks your rocky walls, and from which the ardent sun draws pungent perfumes. An intimate kinship is discovered with all sorts of charming scents and activities, and a dim understanding of the language of nature opens vistas of curiosity.

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These unvisited little beaches are quite innocent of events. Perhaps these sands have not known human tread for a century or more, and indeed it seems so, for after a moment's astonishment their tenants continue their affairs without embarrassment or fear. It is plain that nothing has ever hurt or frightened them. The crab continues its amble to a known bourne; the sand-bird daintily trips after minute titbits; the butterflies, like flowers tossed by the breeze, circle high and low until, wearied, they rest among their prototypes which glow among the rocks. Tiny polished beetles are mightily busy about nothing, moving their claw-like forelegs in the air with a manner of supplication to an invisible god; ants scurry about, clamber up the mighty height of a human finger, pause, conscious of unfamiliarity of the substance beneath their feet, and hurry away to more profitable pasturage. One big fellow plainly desires to reach the opposite side of a stone. He climbs up its slippery side arduously. Exhausted, he rests on its top and then—stupid one!—having lost his bearings on that vast plateau, runs down the same side he has climbed. He scurries about, discovers his familiar surroundings, and up he struggles again, only to repeat his former blunder. Exasper-



BEACH AT POLLENSA.



COVE AT DEYÁ.

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ated, you lift him down to the haven where he fain would be, and without a word of thanks, he scurries off with as conceited an air as though he had got there all by himself.

But the sun is hot in your idyllic nook, and the sea lies near. Off come the trammels of civilization, and into the water you go. Mrs. Grundy is safely occupied elsewhere, and mermaids are surprised at nothing. Ah, the touch of those limpid waters! They seem to cleanse the mind as well as the body. Unafraid, one swims seaward around the cliff for fresh adventures. Lo, near at hand a little cave tempts investigation, and, once within, what delights! Still waters, a roof of rock a few feet above, quivering with reflections from the water; the only sound the faint lap against the tinted walls which your stroke has made. You suddenly have a sense of mischief, as though the whole world was playing hide-and-seek, but now can never find you. It must await your pleasure to reappear. Then out again into the glare of sunshine, and lying afloat on your back, through half-closed eyes, you glimpse those serried ranks of ancient pines above, sheer against the sky. They are friendly pines. Their trunks are bronze-colored, and their crests catch the breeze and sing

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faintly a lullaby, tempting you to sleep on your
azure bed.

Drowsy eyelids close as you lie suspended be-
tween earth and sky. Below, white sands and crim-
son fish, brown lengths of seaweed which hardly
move; a thousand busy lives regardless of your
presence. It is so still that the sudden ecstatic song
of a thrush seems to shatter the world and to send
the white clouds above you more swiftly on their
way.

At last you must be on your way also, and
back to the white sands you go to lie for a time,
penetrated by sunshine, steeped in drowsy peace;
and at last as the motor-boat chortles around the
promontory, you blow a kiss with your heart to
that sweet solitude and say, "Keep yourself lovely
until I come again."

But for those who demand what is practical,
there is just the beach for them outside Palma.
It is reached by an eccentric tram which is apt to
stand still on its rails because the electricity has
given out. This tram trundles along the shore
between the sea and a garden plain which is the
widest and longest stretch of earth on Mallorca,
devoid of mountains or even a hillock.

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Delightful windmills stand in serried rows with their frail and often dilapidated arms turning, turning; or, on windless days, a wee donkey is their motive force below, also turning, turning, round and round in the track about the tower which generations of donkeys have circumnavigated. If the glance does not lift, it might be Holland through which one travels.

To the right curve four miles of beach, level as a floor, fringed with heaped brown seaweed which peasants shovel into carts and haul away for fertilizing purposes. No other sign of human life appears until near the end of the journey, and the beach.

Here, alas, all that is practical and hideous holds sway! It is evident that some speculator has been at work, with profit to himself and disaster to the beauty which he has destroyed.

Facing the beach are several inns, squat, clean, ugly, and totally unacquainted with architects. They each have a piazza, tiled floors, wooden pilasters supporting plastered ceilings which need no support, and an air of up-and-doing which jars the sensibilities. A neat maid serves a neat lunch for a few pesetas, but so entirely Mallorcan in its *cuisine* that oil and garlic send one scurrying down

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the menu until the fruit is reached. There one pauses, for Mallorcan fruit is a flawless asset.

From the speckless piazza one has a consoling view of Palma across the bay. It might be Venice rising from the sea, so lovely are the tints of cathedral, church spires, and palaces, idealized by distance.

But one has not come there to admire Palma. The beach is the *raison d'être*, and to the beach we go. Nature plainly had something to say to that speculator when he arrived upon the scene, for with his best intentions to do his worst, he accomplished nothing on that curve of honey-colored sand. Like King Canute the beach said, "So far shalt thou go and no farther, and here shalt thy proud course be stayed."

But the speculator made up for this rebuff when he arrived at his "sites." Here he caused to be built strange and awful constructions of wood, of cement, of brick and stone. They have plate-glass windows which twinkle, doors shining with paint, roofs warranted not to leak or to cast one lovely shadow, real chimneys but no open fireplaces, and garden paths bordered by cement, paved with cement, and provided with wells of cement. Oh,

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yes, nothing could be more sensible or more dreadful!

And around them stir countless pines rising from pretty hillocks. They seem to beckon to the beach, asking for sympathy. "Can nothing be done?" they seem to sigh. Much is done, especially during the summer, when all Mallorca comes here to bathe. The beach welcomes them, for this it understands. Of course Mrs. Grundy comes also to see that proper and dignified behavior pertains to this festivity. No one-piece bathing-suits for her. It is doubtful if she ever saw one; and probably, were she shown the front page of an American newspaper illustrated with pictures of Palm Beach, she would not believe the evidence of her own eyes.

This beach is "growing," according to the parlance of the speculator. In time it will rival in cheap ugliness some of our American beaches. A "Luna Park" is even contemplated, but that it will materialize is doubtful, for Mrs. Grundy would never consent to having her protégés shooting the chutes and tipping the bottle.

Perhaps some happy chance will some day upset a can of kerosene among these sensible edifices,

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and a tactful and wise person will drop a lighted match. Then may a real architect appear upon the scene and make this magnificent beach a place of beauty, with a good hotel in good taste, a pretty bathing pavilion, and roofed terraces where youths can dance and their elders take their *apéritifs* and gossip without offense to either Mrs. Grundy or their host, the beach.

It must not be forgotten that right around this headland lies the real Mallorca, aloof, serene, garmented in beauty.

For Torrente de Pareys, at the port of Sóller hire a motor-boat (forty pesetas) and, ensconced on its cushions, gather together all your capacities for appreciation, for your full stock will be needed. You run out through the narrow opening of the bay and turn abruptly to the right, skirting the coast. At once the eye tries in vain to grasp the panorama of sea and mountain. The water between you and the land is a snare for every shade of azure, vivid green, purple, cyclamen, and a blue so dark as to be apparently black. These amazing colors are due not only to reflections from the rocks above but more to those below the surface, for both are impregnated with

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ores which give them orange, purple, vermillion, and rose. These colors, when submerged by reflection in the sea-water, combine to form the liquid radiance.

To lift the eyes above this wavering and evanescent opalescence is to receive an unforgettable impression. Sheer aloft tower three thousand feet of rock along the coast as far as the eye can see. The summits are pinnacled like shrines or buttressed as for Titans' fortresses, and hollowed into mysteries of darkness, veiled by mists which curl and melt among these glistening peaks whose marble crests gleam like snow. Sharp rapiers of rock pierce the sea, about bays whose calm reflects this effulgence of color and fantastic form. In places there seem to be two colossal constructions, made for genies, one above and one mirrored below. Across them lie velvet shadows, dark as night, blotting out the vision in part, as though some mysterious and soundless upheaval had suddenly wrought their destruction.

The boat passes from headland to headland, skirting fairy-like bays, cutting through inlets so narrow between an island of rock and the mainland that a few yards away it is undiscerned. Here and there, high aloft, a Moorish watch-tower

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keeps guard, seemingly inaccessible save to the gulls whose white wings catch the sun as they swing near their aëries. At last a promontory is rounded, and, opposite a tiny bay, rises its twin in form, color, and majesty. Between them lies a tiny beach, not more than twenty yards long. Ripples of pale green water lave the strand of a primal world. So profound and august is the immensity above and beyond, so profound is the stillness, that man's intrusion seems an impertinence. The voice drops to a whisper as within a shrine.

Inland winds a white level way between mountains two thousand feet high, which rise stark and sheer from that mystical path whose torrent will not fill the gorge from wall to wall until the autumn rains send the waters thundering and leaping down from the range. Woe be to the living thing in its path when it comes! The mountains fold in, one upon another, like titanic petals of a flower whose crown touches the stars and whose roots are in the womb of the world. The sides of these inclosing walls are as though blown into exploding bubbles when the earth congealed, leaving round fissures, red, like gaping wounds. At the summit of one peak immense holes admit the sky as though through pinnacled windows.

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Below, the floor of the gorge is not more than three hundred feet wide and curves with the lapping folds of its walls. White sand mingles with tiny pebbles worn by eons of time to polished surfaces. Here and there are translucent pools of water tinted like a peacock's tail, so clear that its edges deceive. Great patches of bright green fungus growth flare under the shadows. Caves worthy of fairy queens beckon to repose. There is one from whose sandy floor a great fig-tree rises, its roots within the dimness, its branches spreading through the opening and out to the sunshine which fills the gorge with concentrated glory. There are spaces of sward as hard and velvety as a putting-green, bordered by snowdrops and hawthorn, whose scented white blossoms fill the air with strange and incongruous association.

The formation of the rock, as high as the eye can pierce the dazzling effulgence, is wrought in a thousand combinations of form and color. In places the surface is pared down as though by a great knife when the substance was molten, revealing streaks of crimson as though still uncooled from creation's fiery splendors. Here there are patches of plum-colored earth, as though some god had tossed wine from his cup when at table

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on the plateau above. Caverns yawn in the face of the cliffs, whose roofs are threaded with stalactites, pendulously rigid.

The way leads onward, with ever changing drama, eight miles to Lluch. As each sharply defined corner is turned, new vistas open, so strange, so magnificent in their amazing variety that fatigue is forgotten. It is all so colossal, on such a gigantic scale, yet as finely decorated as though Nature had never wearied of her task to render this a place of enchantment. One feels at night, when the moon swings up over those distant peaks and silvers this hidden mystery, that genies must come forth from their secret places. The pale floor is made for strange ceremonies and dances, soundless chants which no human ear is allowed to perceive. These snowdrops must be woven into garlands to deck beings made of dreams. Such silence must be surely waiting. The echoes of human voices, which call again and again to and fro against the stupendous walls, seem to belong to those bodiless beings which inhabit this place of fantasy. One feels that an existence pertains to this place which is not of earth. It is all about, in the motionless air, in the black hollows where no human foot has ever penetrated; it is hiding in

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pools by great boulders which rise from their dazzling depths. The very sward seems to have just felt the impress of flying feet. When we mortals shall have gone, magical life will return. Strange beings will reclaim their fairy kingdom, which has been since the birth of time, and will be until the foundations of the world crumble.

CHAPTER XIII

Housekeeping

THE new-comer to Mallorca is usually filled with the desire to "keep house." Rents are so low, gardens so gay, every one is so anxious to help their ambition to fruition, that it seems the easy and natural thing to do.

Hotels are inadequate in every sense to those accustomed to luxury, and it is to be hoped that before long some enterprising syndicate will see the advantages of building first-class, well heated, *low-ceilinged* hotels with baths, in Palma, at Miramar and Deyá, connected by a good motor-bus service and further embellished by golf links. This combination would fill the investors' pockets speedily, and also fill a crying need. The best land speculation remaining in Europe is on this island of Mallorca. Meanwhile pretty furnished houses can be rented for sums varying from a dollar to four dollars a day, surrounded by gardens, lit by

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electricity, and within fifteen minutes by tram from Palma. In the city there is nothing to tempt the stranger, for the new quarters that are being built with up-to-date apartments like those in Paris are without views or charm, being back from the sea and utterly uninteresting.

Terreno, where these villas are to be rented, is an absurdity architecturally. Never was there such a jumble of nondescript pink, yellow, white, and even mauve façades or such a chaos of towers, pergolas, turrets, Moorish outlooks, and battlemented plaster cupolas. They rise from the rocks facing the bay which commands one of the finest views in the world and spread on up the hill on which Bellver Castle stands in its pine forest. Between them are speckless lanes running parallel with the main road below, where the tram passes from Palma, through Porto Pi and on to Cas Catalá where it ends.

Each villa has its garden surrounded by a high stone wall, over which flowering vines nod and intermingle without ceremony. As these houses are on the side of a hill, each overlooks the roof below, so that no one is deprived of the view, sight, and scent of a neighbor's garden, conversation, crowing hens, or the possibility of borrowing household

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commodities. It is all very cozy indeed. The black cats, which are always in a Mallorcan foreground, prowl from house to house and garden to garden, and as they look precisely alike, they receive general attention. Every house has its terrace, orange and lemon trees, cemented garden paths, well, flight of tiled steps sometimes of prodigious height, and gate which too often forbids sight of the prettiness within. Some houses are large, elaborate, and luxurious (from a Mallorcan point of view), and others are minute enough for dolls to inhabit. At first sight these abodes seem untenanted, for all blinds are closed. But be not deceived, for each has a family within, whose every member has a wholesome fear of sunlight.

When the visitor has been unable to withstand the temptation to occupy one of these adorable domiciles at perhaps thirty-five dollars a month, the house is selected, and a visit of inspection is arranged with the proprietor on some sunny morning. Doors and windows are wide to the brightness without and the perfume of flowers. The sea below and radiant sky above all smile upon the undertaking. The proprietor smiles the most cheerfully of all. He shows us through the clean bright little house. There are electric lights and

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a porcelain bath, which we admire without examining, pleased by this proof of modern progress. There is much wicker and olive-wood furniture, inviting mattresses, tiled floors and stairs, white walls, doors of natural wood, and a wee kitchen with a mysterious arrangement of holes for burning charcoal. There is also a well in the kitchen from which water for the house is drawn up in a bucket. The lease is signed and the tenant moves in, enchanted. Never was there such cleanliness, prettiness, and comfort for so little money.

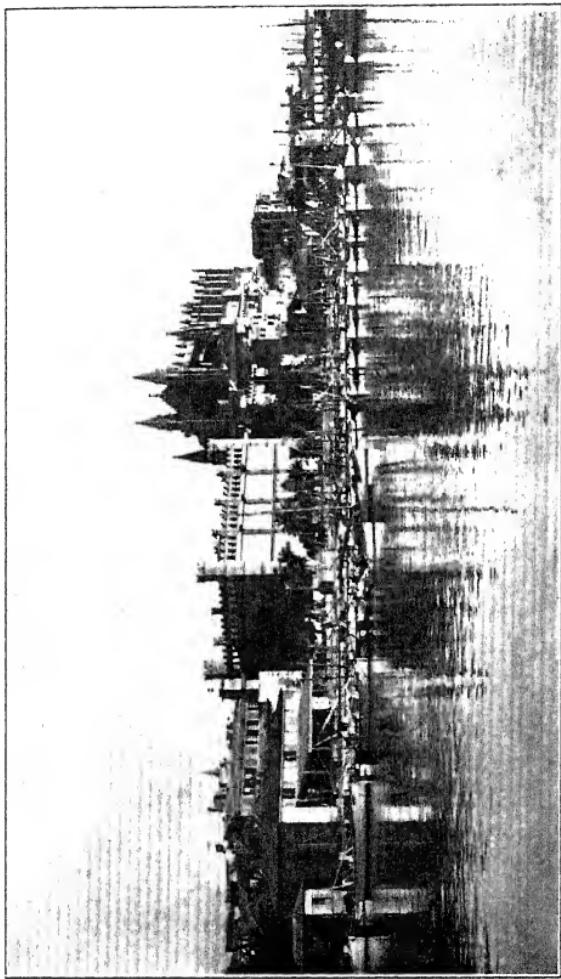
It must be admitted that the charm usually remains, although on inspection one discovers that the porcelain tub has but one faucet, for *cold* water—unconnected. The doors have no handles, only locks; and occupants are continually being imprisoned—or surprised by unexpected intruders. The tiled floors give forth a deadly chilliness, and there is no heat whatever save what is furnished by the sun—when it shines, and even in Mallorca clouds will occasionally appear. One also discovers that the side of the house on which the sun rests the major part of the day either has no windows at all or windows so small as to be useless. This, it is explained, prevents discomfort from heat in

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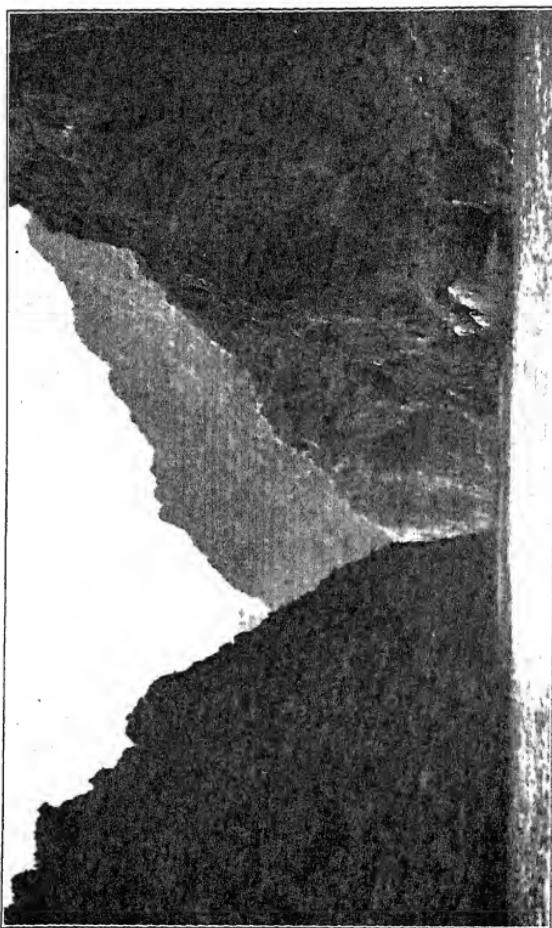
summer, when the proprietor occupies the villa. We seek the smiling landlord and explain our sufferings when north winds and sunless skies render our habitation too cold for comfort. May we put in a stove, just a little stove—with a pipe through the wall? He shudders; it would ruin the appearance of his beautiful pink walls. Then may a pipe be put through a window-pane, which will be replaced, of course at our expense? This will leave no trace. He grieves but is obdurate. No one ever permits stoves in Mallorca.

So we buy kerosene-heaters and find we are perfectly comfortable after all. We also purchase round tin tubs, such as are found in the "best houses" in England, and wonder why porcelain tubs had ever seemed so necessary a part of existence. Servants are easily obtained and are amiable, clean, and ignorant. If the cook "lives in," she is paid about sixty pesetas a month (nine dollars). If she "lives out," which is unwise, she receives about seventy pesetas a month, (ten dollars). The cook likes to direct the house, make the menu, and do the marketing, on which she does *not* receive a percentage. It is not polite to count the change in her presence.

Food is very cheap and is bought best at the



CATHEDRAL FROM BAY OF PALMA.



GORGE OF TORRENTE DE PAREYS.

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market in Palma, though Terreno shops furnish general commodities. A good roasting chicken costs about seven pesetas (one dollar); a head of lettuce, two cents; cauliflower, ten cents; delicious beef and lamb, about thirty-six cents a pound. Fish is plentiful and exceedingly cheap. Bread is left at the door daily; the white has a slightly acid taste, liked by Mallorcans, but the whole-wheat bread is sweet and excellent. The *cocos* is a round glorified bun, which when toasted and buttered is beyond praise. Wine flows like water of course. A good table-wine costs ten cents a quart, and a champagne, which is never exported and one of the best in Europe, costs about seventy-five cents a quart. The native Benedictine is delicious.

The asparagus is thin as straw and bitter. If some enterprising altruist would introduce the best, he would confer upon the island a profitable industry. Green peas are obtainable all the year round, but are allowed to remain on the vine too long before picking. Bananas are very small but tender and sweet. Rice is eaten in all manners, principally inadequately boiled, mixed with olive-oil, cockscombs, mussels, and a number of other mysteries impossible and perhaps unwise to dis-

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cover. But the result is good. Cake shops are plentiful, and their wares equal those in France.

It is said that Mallorca boasts 145 sauces. As Greville said of Lady Hamilton, they "have lots of taste but most of it is bad." The Moorish influence is detected in their flavor of turnip, garlic, and onion. Also certain cakes, heavy with honey and powdered sugar, resemble those served in a Moorish harem with mint-flavored tea. But some cooks both speak French and cook French, and the exquisite cleanliness which pertains to all they do lends a savory flavor.

In fact Mallorcan servants are possessed by a veritable mania for cleaning and seem to regard a pail and mop as *objets d'art*, never to be out of sight. They scrub all the floors daily, all the stairs, the inevitable steep steps which climb up through the terraces of the garden, the windows, and even the cement walks between the flower-beds. They do this with vigor, and with song. For singing is a habit not to be eradicated except by a gag. The cook sings over her minute fires in the little round holes on which she creates elaborate meals by mysterious methods. The housemaid sings as she pokes the untufted wool mattresses into new cushions of ease. The gardener sings as

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he prunes; he rarely weeds. The laundress sings in the rear garden among the roses. To add to this lyrical orgy, each maid is apt to bring her pet thrush or canary in its wicker cage, and these are hung in a row on the garden wall, well out of reach of the ubiquitous black cats, which lick their whiskers in vain hopes of a savory meal.

Mallorcans, like all Spaniards, rise late, eat late, and retire late. It takes some time to impress upon the cook that coffee and rolls are to be served before eleven, and that dinner is not to be served between nine and ten at night. The making of tea is to her a strange ceremony. The cook, anxious to please, is likely to boil it half an hour to insure its excellence. A large pitcher of boiled milk is usually served with it. Toast is another mystery to her and is usually burned. When an electric toaster is obtained, her delight knows no bounds, and thereafter toast is served in soup, around roasts, in sauces, under fish, with stewed fruit, and with after-dinner coffee, until one grows to miss it when it fails to appear.

There are delightful houses in the country for which rent is so small as hardly to be worth mentioning. The primitiveness of their interiors is compensated for by the beauty which surrounds them.

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Many have been bought by English residents, who have done them over artistically, preserving their simplicity; and these make delightful homes. Their gardens supply fruit and vegetables the year round; fish are caught near at hand, and living is reduced to a minimum of expense.

Before long houses will be built on the glorious sites which seem to plead for habitations. Nowhere in the world are there greater possibilities for a delightful and inexpensive existence than on this idyllic island. The combination of sea and mountain air renders its climate one of the healthiest in the world. Rheumatism, asthma, sciatica, arthritis, bronchitis, nervous disorders, and anemia disappear as if by magic. A placid sense of vigorous well-being replaces the sense of depletion resulting from the hectic life elsewhere. There is no haste, for the reason that there is nothing to hurry for.

Government statistics show that of wet days there are forty-three, of cloudy days 140, and of cloudless days 170. The clothing necessary for winter months should include warm woolen coats, sweaters, low-heeled rubber-soled shoes for mountain-climbing, and one evening-dress for rare occasions. Fur coats are unnecessary.

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There are excellent dentists, a good hospital, and doctors. Also at Terreno there is a first-class circulating library containing French and English literature.

The shops furnish every necessity and many luxuries. Boot-making is a specialty, and foot-gear of the latest mode is cheap and good. Hand-embroidered linens are remarkable and took the first prize at the late exposition in Paris.

But let no devotee of fashion intrude here. The *café chantant*, jazz, roulette, and cocktail restaurants are unknown quantities in Mallorca, and may they be remembered only to give thanks for their absence. Destiny has been kind in setting this sylvan paradise apart from the outer world, where the ubiquitous motorists cannot whirl in, kick up the dust in every obnoxious sense, and whirl away again, leaving nothing behind them but confusion, and taking away nothing but a note in their journal that "Mallorca is done."

Let none but understanding souls intrude upon this serenity, that those who love nature, art, sunshine, and peace may lay claim to this kingdom of loveliness. It is the Golden Age in which one lives on this enchanted isle.

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